
DEAD LANDS™
HELL ON EARTH™
Children o' the Atom

Deadlands™

Nuke 'Em 'til They Glow!



That's pretty much what happenned to turn the Weird West™ into the Wasted West™: irradiated ghost-rock bombs flattened all the major cities on Judgment Day. That was 13 years ago, and places are still glowing with residual radiation (not to mention the howling souls of the damned that whirl all about).

The rads killed a lot of folks, and those who didn't die often wish they had instead of having to live out their lives as mutants in the wastelands. Some of these muties rose above the ordeal, though: strange radiation priests preaching the words of the Cult o' Doom. We call 'em Doomsayers.

Children o' the Atom draws back the leaded radshield to expose the secrets of the Doomsayers, both the original cultists led by the mad Silas Rasmussen and the enlightened Schismatics led by a woman known only as Joan. It includes new gear, Edges, Hindrances, and archetypes, descriptions of nearly 60 radpriest miracles, and a whole new school of Doomsayers known as the Hekants. Plus there's a full-length adventure featuring the Doomsayers' arch-enemies: the Doombringers!

So get out your radsuit, and pry open these covers, brainer—and get ready to tap the power of the Atom!

PINNACLE



Children o' the Atom

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Look for regular, free updates on the Pinnacle website: www.peginc.com!



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Dedicated to:
From Rick: to my parents, Stephen and Karen, for everything.
From Jack: to Elizabeth Lane, my inspiration.

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Posse Territory





Posse: 6

Tales o' Doom: A Librarian's Pursuit of the Doomsayers

Librarian's Note: The following is a series of reports relating to Silas Rasmussen, the Cult of Doom, the Schismatics (an order of Cult priests who have broken from Rasmussen's following), and the Hekants (another order of mutants with apparent arcane powers). These reports were compiled over the course of four months of travel, and include files provided by subject Trevor Baines, purportedly the direct words of Silas Rasmussen and Joan themselves. The raw transcripts can be found in files TB1311.0, Joan0034.0, SR1437.0, and MJC0439.0.

Librarian Robert Goodwin

Interview with a Doomsayer

This report is a transcript of the interrogation of Schismatic Doomsayer Trevor Baines by citizens of the town of Ely, Nevada, on July 15th, 2094. The town had been assaulted by a mutant army the previous day; Mr. Baines arrived at the town the morning of this interview and was immediately taken captive.

OUCH! Hey, cut that out! Do I look like a cow to you? Damn, that hurts. Listen guys, you don't need to prod me with that thing. I'll tell you what you wanna know, no problem. What's that camera for anyway? Recording my statement for posterity? Shoot from the left; I've got fewer blisters on that side of my face. I'm ready for my close-up Mr. De—AAGH! Okay, okay, no more funny stuff.

So listen, what you gotta realize is that I have nothing to do with the Chosen, er, I mean mutants who attacked you all yesterday. I'm a good guy, see? That's why I wear this purple robe. Those guys, they had on green robes didn't they? That means they work for the bad guys, my friends, and therefore definitely do not have your best interests at heart. Yeah, we both call ourselves Doomsayers but we mean it in different ways.

YEEOUCH!

Hey, cut it out, I'm trying to explain this to you! Just listen up for a minute. Okay? Give me a chance to explain, and then you can kill me if you still think it's necessary. I'm willing to bet you'll be apologizing in a bit though, just you wait and—stop! You don't need to hit me again!

I'll get to the point. As I mentioned, there are good Doomsayers (who wear purple) and bad Doomsayers (who wear green). Now that's a true statement about how things are today, but it hasn't always been that way. To make any sense of this you have to go back a few years, back to 2083, just a few years after the bombs dropped. It all began with Silas Rasmussen, whom I guess you've probably heard of. There are a lot of stories about what happened with him in Las Vegas, and I'm not going to repeat any of them. What I'm gonna do is tell you what I saw with my own two eyes, because I was there from the beginning.

The Day the Music Died

By the way, my name is Trevor Baines, not that you ever asked. Before the war I was a geologist. My area of specialty: ghost rock. I

worked for the US government as a field agent. My job, along with about a thousand other folks, was to scour the US for possible sources of ghost rock. You see, at that time g-rock supplies all over the planet were dwindling, and the Faraway War made off-planet ghost rock expensive. The Great Maze was still putting out rock, but according to the Hauptman Survey it was all gonna run out in the next few years.

I know a lot of people thought Hauptman was full of bull, but I am, or rather was, a geologist, and I went over his report. He was dead on the money. My coworkers and I were out scouring the deserts and mountains of the US, looking for previously undiscovered ghost-rock veins. We even found a couple of small ones in our time. When the big day came—you know, the Apocalypse—I was out in the desert a couple hundred miles from anything. I don't need to tell you all how bad it was that day, so I'll skip the ugly details and move on to the part that has something to do with Doomsayers.

There was enough food and water to keep me going for several weeks, and I managed to scrounge up some more to hold me for a while. It was easy then. I lived out in the desert for a good, long while, futilely trying to pick up signs of civilization on my radio and wondering just what the Hell was going on. Eventually I decided to head towards Vegas and see if anything was left of my home and friends.

I guess you know what I found: the whole damned city surrounded by this whirling cyclone of wind, sand, and dead souls. You didn't have to be an expert (which I was) to figure out that this, um, unusual weather condition was the result of a big old ghost-rock bomb. I must have spent a whole day just staring at the thing. Have you ever done that? Just stared at a maelstrom wall? It's hypnotic. It really gets you thinking about the awesome power that lies trapped within every ounce of ghost rock. It's living—well, I guess really unliving—proof of the power of the atom and the power of the human spirit joined in one.

Hey! That thing's sharp! If you'll just let me tell my story, I promise it'll all be worth it.

Most folks never believed that whole idea that ghost rock contains the spirits of the dead. I didn't even believe it for a long while. But if I didn't before the bombs dropped, I damn sure knew it to be true as I stood in front of that maelstrom. Then I saw something amazing: Some guy walks right into the storm as if it were nothing. I couldn't believe it! The guy had just killed himself easy as you please. A few hours later, an even more amazing thing happened. You guessed it: The guy walked back out.

No one had to tell me twice. Like a zombie I walked straight into that wall of souls. It turns out it wasn't nearly as easy as that other fella made it look, and I damn dear died in there. But a few steps later, I was on the other side and in Vegas, baby.

De Rebus Mutatis

I'm betting none of you guys have been into Vegas, huh, at least not since the bombs fell? Okay, stupid question. Put down the nine iron. Well, today it's a lot different, but back then, just after the Big Day, it was a horrible place. As soon as I made it through the storm, that whole hypnotism thing disappeared. Now I was just damn scared—certainly too scared to try walking back out through the storm wall again.

All I could do was march off into the city itself, or what was left of it. The people inside were not a pretty sight. Everyone alive had suffered ghost-rock/radiation mutation to one degree or another. Worse yet, the city was, radioactively speaking, still hot enough to fry an egg (and your genes). You didn't need a Geiger counter to see it either. As soon as it got dark, it didn't. I mean, the city glowed, friends, more so than any other I've seen, by the way.

Being an expert on such matters, I knew what was going to happen to me long before it did. An odd thing happens when you combine ghost rock and nuclear energy: Life begins to change in very weird and usually horrifying ways. With your normal atomic bomb, people die or get radiation sickness and die later. Maybe a few survive with bad radiation burns and messed up genes, but most of them just get cancer and keel over dead later. If they lived and had any kids, the offspring might show signs of mutation: missing limbs, screwed up faces, and so on.

With ghost-rock bombs you get an entirely different result. Sure, it looks the same early on: lots of dead folks followed by lots more sick folks who die a few days later from radiation poisoning. The big difference is that instead of the survivors passing on damaged genes to their kids, they get to enjoy the full effects of the change right then and there. Some people start to change within minutes. Most take longer, but the end result is the same.

Let me rephrase that. The end result is never the same. That is to say, the ghost-rock-induced mutations don't follow any specific patterns. I once thought this was because of the unstable and spiritual nature of ghost rock. That's true, and it's the universe's way of speeding up evolution.

OOOOF! Hey, you don't have to hit me every time I say something you don't like! I'm just telling you what I believe. Isn't that what you guys wanted to know about? Okay then, just sit still and listen for a few. Where was I? Yeah, right, mutations.

Mutations

The important thing here is that mutants can display a dizzying array of mutations, from changes in bone and muscle structure, to altered senses and brain functions, to radical transformations so bizarre you no longer recognize them as humans. What's more, these ghost-rock mutations can alter a person at a frightening rate, causing them to grow inches in hours, age incredibly fast, or even transform into mindless beasts right before your eyes. The basic rules of biology, physics, and chemistry simply do not apply here, at least not as we learned them in school.

It's freaky, and despite how some folks try to rationalize it off as science, it's not. It's pure magic, baby. Supernatural weirdo stuff.

Life in the Ruins

With nowhere else to go, I took up with these mutated survivors living in the ruins of Las Vegas. Back then, mutants weren't quite as mean as they tend to be these days. Remember, this wasn't but a few months after the bombs had fallen, and everyone was still pretty shell-shocked. Plus you had the Four Horseman riding around making everyone too scared to show their heads for fear of losing them. In those days, mutants didn't much care if you were one of them or not—we were all survivors of one sort or another. Soon it didn't matter, because after a few weeks my first mutation showed up and I was one of them anyway.

That first mutation is like a first kiss: You never forget it. It's not as fun though. I was horrified when I began to change. My skin took on the sort of pale white-blue it is today. Nothing too bad really, but I thought it was the beginning of the end. I felt the same thing a few months later when I woke up one morning to find these angry-looking red pustules covering the entire right side of my body. Not that I was any matinee idol before, but now I looked like I'd fallen through the proverbial ugly tree and hit every branch.

Hey, you guys can smile after all! Ouch!

Right. Back to the story.

Other changes occurred over the next couple of years, but like everyone else around me, I was too self-involved in my own situation to either notice or care. You see, even though most of them won't admit it, mutants still want to look like normal folks—to be like normal folks—and when their bodies start to degenerate, their minds often do too. Those of us in the city turned into savages. We had to just to survive. It was like we stopped thinking about life in general and just lived from moment to moment. Life was about finding food and water while avoiding the monsters at the same time. None of that was easy. To find food, you had to either take it from someone or scavenge in the darkest ruins where the monsters lived. Some resorted to eating radrats, but those kinds of critters are loaded with more radiation than even a Doomsayer can handle.

I remember a bunch of us would get together and raid another bunch's camp to steal food, guns, or whatever we could find. The next day, you'd find yourself with another bunch, maybe even raiding the very folks you'd been fighting beside the day before.

It was a confusing, mixed-up time. I know now that part of it was getting used to life at ground zero. See, things are different in the bomb craters than they are outside. There are more monsters, people are terrified of anything and everything, and you spend most of your day



Hunting radrats. Them's good eatin'!

either hiding in the shadows or wondering what's already in there looking out at you. It's almost as if the land itself *hates* you.

You get a little used to it after a while, but the first few years a person spends at ground zero, what some folks call a "Deadland," are hard on a person. And it makes them do bad things. But as bad as we got, we didn't begin to compare to a horror we called "Grendel."

Grendel

Grendel was this huge, glowing-green creature that lived in the ruins of the old Tropicana Hotel and Casino in Vegas. It's like a jungle in the middle of their old arboretum. I guess all the plants they once grew there have gone wild now. Many have even mutated and become giant man-eaters. Hey, laugh if you want. They are in the center of a Deadland, you know.

The monster called Grendel lived in this stuff. Maybe even controlled it, since the man-eaters never seemed to gobble him up. I saw him once. Grendel was a huge humanoid creature with glowing, scaly skin.

He got his name from his habit of stealing into mutants' homes and devouring them—just like the old Beowulf tale. The only difference was that the mythical Grendel didn't have a following of bloodthirsty loonies worshipping him.

The "Cult of Grendel" (as we called them) decided there was a way to keep their idol from randomly striking mutie homes. They decided to feed him by staking folks to the lightpoles in front of the Tropicana. At first they staked out the most violent trogs, then blood simple muties, cannibals, and the like, so no one did much to stop them. At the rate of one victim a day, however, the cult started being less choosy. Of course it was growing quite large and powerful by this time, so before the muties in town finally thought to try and stop them, it was too late.

Then Silas came to town.

Coming of the Prophet

Silas didn't seem any more special than other muties in town. I was one of the first to actually talk to him when he came into town. He offered me a can of cat food if I would let him take shelter in my little hovel. I selfishly held out for two, and he spent the night huddled under the concrete slab I used to call home.

Silas didn't have a mutation to his name that night, and something about his civilized ways (civilized by comparison, that is) drew me out of my mental shell. Turns out Silas used to be a physics professor Back East. Once he started talking the lingo, all sorts of facts I'd thought I'd forgotten came back to me. We stayed up the whole night discussing theories about ghost rock, the power of the atom, the maelstrom, and, most of all, mutations.

The next morning Silas went on his way. I heard later that the first group he encountered on his tour of Las Vegas was the cult. They were "trying" a mutie who had stolen some food from them, and they sentenced him to be Grendel's daily meal. Some of the mutie's friends disagreed—violently. They started a firefight right there in the center of the old tourist district. The cultists proved their "holy" might by firing blasts of green energy from their hands.

Silas didn't get involved in the fight, and he didn't say anything when all the surviving "rebels" were hauled off to serve as daily sacrifices along with their friend. He noted the power they wielded, though—both of the supernatural and political variety. He never forgot that.

Silas the Rebel

Silas saw there was a lot of power in this whole "cult" thing. The worship of some dumb monster had actually managed to unite the cultists and create a submissive populace, something no one else had been able to do (at least no one that Silas had seen in his travels). He figured that it would work even better if they worshipped someone smart—like him.

The cult believed their power came from Grendel, but Silas thought otherwise. Before the war he had worked with radiation and ghost rock. He thought the cultists' powers came from the incredible supernatural radiation surrounding them.

Silas slowly became known as a "wise man." He showed us how to distill spook juice, repair tech, and even grow food in the parks and gardens of the old casinos. He was sometimes hard to find though. We knew he was conducting some kind of experiment on his own, but no one knew just what. Turns out Silas was learning to master the same dark arts the cult of Grendel used. And he did. Probably in record time. It was almost as if he was fated to master these powers.

You'd think it'd take a person years, maybe a lifetime to do the things Silas learned to do in weeks, but he took up with it like an old lover come home. And when he felt ready, he made his play.

His timing couldn't have been better. The cult grew afraid of him. They started rumors saying Silas was engaging in cruel experiments on



Silas takes on Grendel.

fellow muties. It might have even been true—I'm not sure. All I know is that on November 19, 2083, the cult declared Silas would be Grendel's next victim. That proved a little embarrassing for them, because they couldn't find him for the next three days. Grendel proved strangely patient and didn't strike for that entire time.

Finally, on November 22, the cult held a public "rally" to condemn Silas and have alleged "survivors" of his vivisections testify to his evil. Grendel must have smelled a feast, because he chose that moment to come bursting out of the Tropicana and tear the crowd to bloody bits.

The cult's powers were useless against their own "god," and the few bullets fired from the crowd bounced off the monster's hide like it was Kevlar. It had already sliced open and ripped up half a dozen mutants when a tall figure came walking out of the shadows wearing a brilliant green robe and a deep hood that obscured his face.

It was a weird scene. The whole crowd stood stock still, including, amazingly enough, Grendel and the poor fellow caught in his claws. It might have been funny if it hadn't been so gruesome.

Slowly, the figure walked through the crowd, parting it like the Red Sea, and got within thirty feet or so of the monster. He raised his head, let the hood fall back, and revealed himself as none other than the accused himself, Silas Rasmussen.

Then he says, and I'll never forget it:

In the name of the twisted,
In the image of the deformed,
In the fury of the atom,
In the glow of the bomb,
The new age arises!

That last word was later changed to "arose," but I guess this was the moment. Silas raised his arm, and a tremendous beam of brilliant energy shot from his palm. Grendel raised his own arm to shield himself, and he screamed when it sizzled, popped, and finally exploded.

Grendel ran shrieking back to the Trop. I'll tell you what happened to the monster later.

The important thing is that Silas had just taken over the city in one easy strike. He quickly pointed to the cult, said it was time to stop their "reign of terror," and he instructed the crowd to arrest them.

The onlookers—many of whom had previously been supporters of the cult—did it without hesitation, and the cult priests were taken to the arboretum. Silas said they would be the last of

the sacrifices. After they had suffered justice, he would go into Grendel's lair and finish off the terrible creature himself.

The muties had been suffering a long time under the cult, and they were ready for blood. They chucked in the cultists, closed the barricades, and listened to the horrible screams that came soon after. I'll never forget that sound. I've heard a lot of screaming since that day, but never as horrible as that.

When it was over, the crowd started cheering for Silas. Someone yelled that he was the new mutant "king." Silas didn't disagree.

The Mutant King

Of the many amazing things that happened that day, one of the most subtle but maybe the most important was what happened to Silas' voice. It projected like the voice of God Himself. Maybe it was some neat trick he'd learned. Maybe it was just the acoustics of the ruins. Whatever happened, his words boomed louder than a rock concert. At first I thought maybe he used microphones and hidden speakers to create this speaking-with-the-voice-of-God effect, but it turned out later to be a miracle now called "the sibilant speech of Silas" I was probably one of the few to even give this whole matter a second thought. Everyone else was caught up in the moment. I was too, but I had talked with Silas several times before and just couldn't help notice the change.

From Fallen to Chosen

Silas is more than just a brilliant theoretician and gifted thinker. It also turns out he's a great public speaker. When I first heard him, I was surprised. You see, I had spent a whole night talking one on one with this guy, and back then he had trouble making any kind of sense. Not that he wasn't smart, no—the truth is he was too smart. His brain got ahead of his mouth, and he stumbled over sentences, left thoughts unfinished, and generally spoke like an addle-brained professor (which, of course, is what he was).

But this was the new and improved Silas. Not only could he handle a crowd like a pro, he could speak to it like a silver-tongued devil.

The Prophecy of Doom

Silas made a short but powerful speech. In it, he made everything—all the death, the horror, and the painful mutations we'd all suffered—make sense.

OUCH!

I know it doesn't make sense to you but—

AARRGH!

I'm thrying tho exthplain ith. Lithen! LITHEN! Juth lithen one Goddamned minuth! Thank you, thir, for calming down your friend there. I'm glad to thee that thome of you want to hear what I have to thay. Could you puth my thooth back inth?

Thank you. It was making it very hard to talk.

As I was saying, the truth that Silas spoke that day is something most mutants agree about. In fact, it's just about the only thing we agree about. Hear ye then, the truth, normies.

It all starts with Darwin, at least as far as we're concerned. As the first major proponent and basic inventor of evolutionary theory, Darwin let the world in on the fact that all life evolves. For all of its existence—billions and billions of years—life has slowly, inexorably evolved. Sometimes a life-form evolves itself into a dead end and dies. Sometimes it can't adapt fast enough, and it dies out. Sometimes it drops a few million tons of bombs on the world and tries to wipe itself out.

Avoiding extinction boils down to a little luck and choosing the right evolutionary path. Most of the time evolution takes millions of years to do its work. Now all of a sudden that has changed. Why? You guessed it: the combination of ghost rock and atomic energy.

I already talked about how ghost rock makes things mutate faster and more spectacularly than ordinary radiation. We all thought this mutating business was a curse, but Silas made us understand that it was just Darwin's theories at work. Only this time, modern science and the bizarre properties of radiation and ghost rock lent nature a helping hand.

The mutations are not necessarily bad—in fact they're actually evolution's experiments, attempts to find the next successful evolutionary path. Think of it as evolution brainstorming, just trying out different things to see what works. We, the chosen few who have proven ourselves strong enough to survive direct exposure to irradiated ghost rock, are evolution's tools in this experiment.

Sure, not all of the mutations we've been given are pleasant or useful, but at least we've been honored with the strength to contribute to humanity's future. See, we the Chosen are to humans what homo sapiens were to the Neanderthals. Eventually homo sapiens will die out, unable to compete with the superior race destined to take your place as the dominant species. What you see in us is that race—homo mutatis—in its very formation.

Spirit and Body

As you can imagine, the idea that mutants are destined to rule the world appealed to all of us who heard Silas speak. We hooted, hollered, and jumped up and down, each of us knowing in our hearts the truth of what he said.

Silas proclaimed that rather than hating the bombs, we should love them, for they had given us a chance to become greater beings than anyone had ever dreamed possible.

It was thanks to the Second and Third Great Saints of the Cult of Doom (the names of which I'll explain in a minute) that this new step in human evolution was even possible: Drs. Robert Oppenheimer and Darius Hellstromme. Oppenheimer invented the first atomic bombs for use in World War II. Without atomic weapons, humanity would never have been able to spread the evolutionary power of radioactivity around the world.

Dr. Darius Hellstromme refined the bomb by irradiating ghost rock and creating a new kind of weapon of mass destruction. Without Hellstromme's g-rock bombs, accelerated evolution would have been impossible. The old-school bombs might nudge up mutations a little, but their effects would still have been measured in generations. With Hellstromme's ghost-rock bombs, we measure the effects in days, hours, and sometimes even minutes!

Although both saints were scientists rather than religious men, what Hellstromme did was add the element of spirituality into the mix. The fact is that ghost rock has strong ties to the spirit world. The ghost-rock Apocalypse we live in is thus as much a spiritual event as it is a physical one. Most folks, when you say supernatural or spiritual, think of the Four Horsemen and their armies of walking dead. As far as the Doomsayers are concerned, all that is just an aberration, a blip on the screen of humanity's history. The important spiritual revelation of the Apocalypse is that we, the Chosen—mutants as you call us—have evolved into beings that are equal parts spiritual and physical. We have physical bodies and lead physical lives, and yet we harness the spiritual power of irradiated ghost rock to work miracles.

The First Saint

I already mentioned the Second and Third Great Saints of the Cult of Doom: Oppenheimer and Hellstromme. I bet you think Darwin is the First Saint right? Wrong. Actually, he's the Seventh. Einstein is the Fourth, Marie Curie is the Fifth, Andrew Bates is the Sixth, Gregor Mendel is the Eighth, and Isaac Newton is the Ninth Great Saint. Nope, Silas isn't the First Saint either. The illustrious title of First Saint belongs to none other than Megan Holst.



An old picture of Dr. Darius Hellstromme. No one's seen him for years.

What do you mean, "Who?" Megan Holst! You've never heard of her? Well, I guess maybe it's not that unusual. I'm just so used to being around other Chosen and Doomsayers that I think her name should be a household word.

First I better explain this whole "saints" business. Silas revealed the truth of the saints on that first day when he spoke to the assembled muties of Las Vegas. The saints were the people who had made the discoveries that ultimately made it possible for accelerated human evolution to begin and, just as importantly, made it possible for the full melding of body and spirit that can only be found in the Chosen (or, if you insist, mutants). These saints aren't exactly gods, but they're not exactly "not gods" either. There's a hierarchy of saints, from nine on up to number one. The lower saints we just pretty much revere as wise folks who saw pieces of the truth and told everyone else about it.

The top three saints—now there you have a different story. Their contributions to humanity's evolution are so great that their spirits have

surely ascended to a higher, if you will, more divine level. We know all about Two and Three (who, by the way, we regard as equals). Above them sits Megan Holst, the First Saint. You see, Megan was one of Silas' teachers before the Last War. Megan, a talented physicist and an incredibly inventive person, thought along paths that no professor at MIT had ever dared to pursue. She studied seriously things like the Chinese concept of ch'i, energy auras, and other stuff usually associated with new age wackos.

Megan approached these topics with a skeptical mind but ultimately found some truth in them. Where she made her big breakthrough was in using ghost rock, particularly irradiated ghost rock. Megan's lab experiments may have been a little on the shady side—she was working on a secret government grant at the time—but no one can deny the importance of her results.

Megan found that when she exposed someone to irradiated ghost rock for short periods of time and then scanned his brain and nervous system, you could actually see the energy pathways (called meridians) that Chinese doctors had talked about for centuries. Acupuncturists and martial artists had been manipulating these meridians for millennia, but now Megan had scientific proof they existed.



Megan Holst engrossed in one of her prewar experiments.

OWWW!

I am not full of crap! Listen, ask your Librarian pal over there in the corner! And thanks to you, bub. You know I'm one of the good guys, but you stinking librarians never get involved! Just sit there and take notes while these baboons—

OUCH!

Ow. That really hurt. I'm beginning to lose my pat—

YOW!

Listen. This is all well-documented stuff. Besides, you saw the truth of it when the BAD Doomsayers attacked you. Remember? The guys in the *green* robes!

Lousy norms. You better hope I'm in a good mood by the time we—

OOOOF!

Was that necessary?

May I finish now? Thank you.

Megan's Discovery

The proof that energy meridians existed led Megan's research down a whole new path of inquiry. She studied meditation, self-hypnosis, martial arts, yoga, traditional Chinese medicine, and a number of other techniques designed to manipulate the flow of energy along the meridians. She was able to boil all these down to a few core techniques that seemed to really work.

Then the next phase of her experiment went into effect. By increasing the doses of irradiated ghost rock, she found that the amount of energy flowing through the body increased as well. She postulated that a body exposed to really large doses would have incredible amounts of energy flowing through it.

Who knows what other discoveries she might have made. No matter, though, because she had made the most important discovery and passed it on to her fellow scientists, including a young assistant professor named—you guessed it—Silas Rasmussen.

The Cult of Doom

Silas said that the rest of us, mutants with ghost-rock radiation running through our blood and opening our meridians, could learn to harness the power of the atom as well. When we heard we could blast monsters like he had done, we were ready to follow him anywhere. At that moment, it became so very obvious what the future held. How could any other species compete with beings who could work miracles with but a thought and survive the deadly

radiation that plagued all other life? Silas could teach us to no longer fear radiation, but to harness it to do our bidding. We were the future. Evolutionarily speaking, the rest of humanity was doomed.

So that's where the name comes from. We believe that, quite simply, the rest of you guys are doomed to die out someday—

UNGH!

Hey, I'm just telling you what we believe! No reason to take it personally, normie.

If you'll stop beating on me for just a bit longer, I'm almost done. Then we'll discuss the fee for this little interview.

Silas had us all fired up. He began to train us in the Way of the Atom—what you guys might call radiation magic. The first thing we all learned how to do was shield ourselves from dangerous radiation and refocus it in a more positive fashion. Then he began to indoctrinate us into the more ritualistic aspects of his new cult. We bought into the whole package because, for the first time since the war, we actually felt hope. Maybe even a purpose for all the horror we'd experienced.



A week later, Silas returned to the Trop and came back with Grendel's head as he had promised. He declared the arboretum off-limits, saying the taint of the place could create a new Grendel. Someone must not have listened, because there are still occasional attacks in the dead of night that reek of Grendel. I don't know why Silas doesn't just burn the place down.

Anyway, we turned our attention to learning how to channel radiation and to helping the suffering. Silas showed us how to heal, how to cure the glows, even how to "eat" radiation when real food was scarce. Amazing stuff, and it worked.

Over the next year or so, Silas worked out all the kinks. He created the Doomsayers from the most gifted of his followers. I'm proud to say I was one of them. The rest of the masses were labeled the Chosen, and the entire group was called the Cult of Doom. Why did Silas call us a "cult?" I think because we don't worship divinities. We worship a "thing": The Glow, we call it. The power of radiation, supernatural energy, and life force all combined into one holy trinity. Silas might also have wanted to scare the norms, and nothing scares folks like cults.

The Flock Gathers

Anyone know what the opposite of "exodus" is? Hmm. Well, that's what happened. Mutants all over the West somehow got word of what was going on in Vegas. Thousands immigrated in that year. Silas knew that so many restless souls would cause trouble, so he put them to work restoring the old Luxor Hotel as the cult's new temple. That turned out to be something of a fiasco. The place was full of monsters and required an incredible amount of labor. The unstable nature of the early Chosen also made them very dangerous. One mutant would get mad at one of his coworkers and cut a rope holding a huge block of stone, sending it down to crush scores of others. Or maybe one newcomer would just cut loose with a nuke right into a crowd.

The Reorganization

Silas quickly learned that he couldn't trust just anyone with the power of the Glow. While the temple was being completed, he retreated to his own sanctum to reorganize his efforts. The end result was that only the most faithful and trusted followers were taught to draw on the Glow. Other mutants would serve the cult in other ways. Here's how it broke down.

The Prophet

Silas Rasmussen himself sits at the top of the food chain: one part king, one part prophet, and 100% insane (now, at least). Silas' word is law, and if you're in the cult his wish is your command. Formally, Silas is the Mutant King, though he prefers to be called the "Prophet." He rules from his temple in the old Luxor pyramid in Las Vegas and is attended by hundreds of powerful, fanatically loyal guards.

I guess technically the saints are above Silas in the galactic scheme of things, but since they're all dead or at least not talking, Silas is pretty much it.

The High Priests

Believe it or not, I was one of these guys once upon a time. These are the choice few, the most powerful of Silas' followers. They have a great deal of power in the cult. They are not only religious leaders, but generals as well. They marshal the troops, coordinate missionary work, and help teach other members some of the finer points of the Way of the Atom.

There are only a few dozen of these guys all told. A good half of them never leave Vegas, and the rest are spread around the West in various cult communities. They're not really important to you 'cause you'll never see them. Just realize that one of these guys is very likely in charge of directing any major attack, like the one you just survived.

The Doombringers

These guys are relatively new. Back in my day we didn't have them at all. I guess you could say they're a reactionary measure to the fact that we good Doomsayers broke off on our own. The Doombringers are some of the meanest, toughest, and deadliest of the Chosen. They answer only to the Prophet Silas and the High Priests. They specialize in using the Way of the Atom to blast anything and everything into oblivion, especially us purple robes. It's a good thing you didn't see one of those things in your little altercation yesterday, or you wouldn't be here talking to me now.

You'll run into these green-hooded freaks wandering the West looking for any sign of a purple robe, usually accompanied by groups of trogs, Grundies, and heavily armed muties. Doombringers have the explicit authority to command anyone of lower rank in the cult to help them in fulfilling their sacred duties. Sometimes that means helping waste a town of survivors, and sometimes it means shining the Doombringer's shoes. Either way, refusing a Doombringer's order is a sure way to end up food. See, for some reason, the Doombringers pride themselves on being cannibals.

The Adepts

The Adepts of the Cult of Doom make up another small group. These are the guys and gals who have devoted themselves to studying the more esoteric aspects of the Way of the Atom. Unlike the Doomsayers who go out into the world and convert heathens, Adepts pretty much stay at home. Under the guidance of the High Priests and Silas himself, the Adepts work day and night to further unlock the secrets of the Way of the Atom. In addition to experimenting with new applications of the Glow, they have built up a library of Silas' teachings, sayings, and—well—rantings. Think of them as our own private librarians.

Some of the Adepts have somewhat debilitating mutations that make it hard for them to get around. One I heard about weighs over 600 pounds! Her arms barely protrude from her fat. Don't be fooled though. She and the others are so skilled in the Way of the Atom that they more than make up for any physical disabilities they might have.

The Adepts are pretty much the middle of the cult hierarchy. They have to do whatever their betters tell them (including Doomsayers), but all of the lower ranks hold them in a kind of awe—mostly because they're never seen and are therefore mysterious.

Doomsayers

Now I know folks sometimes say "Doomsayers" when they're actually talking about the Cult of Doom as a whole. Hell, I do the same thing, mostly because Doomsayers is easier to say then "members of the Cult of Doom." True, Doomsayers make up only a part of the whole cult, but it's a very important part. Doomsayers act as missionaries. They travel through the world spreading the gospel of the Glow and the Great Saints to all of the other Chosen out there who have yet to see the light. Green-robed Doomsayers usually have nothing to do with non-mutants. In fact, as you kind folks have already discovered, they'd just as soon kill you as look at you if you're not one of the Chosen.

The Doomsayers have a lot of freedom in carrying out their mission. To normals like yourselves, guys wandering through the wilderness in green robes, preaching some crazy religion of the atom probably seems pretty screwed up. That's because you don't know what it's like to mutate. To those of us who've undergone the change, their message strikes a special chord in our hearts. From my perspective, the Doomsayers have so much success because what they're saying is fundamentally true. Unfortunately, Silas' bunch has taken things one step too far and wants to hurry the evolutionary process itself.

The Initiates

Before you get to become a Doomsayer, you have to learn a few things about the Way of the Atom and the general tenets of cult doctrine. While you are doing this, they call you an "Initiate." That means you've begun to learn how to channel radioactive energy and proven yourself truly committed to the cause. Initiates wear green tunics instead of full robes.

Initiates are trained by veteran Doomsayers informally called taskmasters. When one of their Initiates is ready to receive his full robe, the taskmaster sends him off on a mission of some sort. Those who return successful get their robes. Those who don't usually die. Survival of the fittest, you know.

The Vengants

The Vengants are the cult's soldiers. Muties who want to someday become Doomsayers usually start here. The brightest (or at least most fanatical) are sometimes pulled out and taught the Way of the Atom. It's very competitive, so you can bet that makes for some fanatical bloodletting among the troops.

Until that day, the Vengants serve as the cult's army. Silas named them that because it is their task to seek revenge on those who have wronged mutantkind.

To become a Vengant, a mutant just needs to be able to fight. Silas has turned control of the army over to High Priest Adolf Zane, a crazy German who came over with the Southern Alliance during the war. Silas is smart and all, but he's no general. It scares me to think what someone like Zane might do with the cult's army.

Joan and the Schismatics use Vengants as well. In our case, these are folks (mostly mutants) who want to help but don't have the moxie to become Doomsayers. We say they're "Vengants" because they're going to get revenge on Silas for ruining our religion. There aren't many Schismatic Vengants, and we don't really gather them in large groups (it scares the norms). Sometimes you'll see an individual Doomsayer towing a couple with him though.

The Chosen

The cult calls all mutants the "Chosen." Those who join the cult are the future of humanity (according to Silas). Those who oppose it are genetic "misprints" that must be eliminated just like norms.

Downhill from Here

Everything sort of went to Hell from here. It was really quite sad. You see, I still believe with all my heart in the old Silas, the Silas who first brought the light of wisdom and the Great Saints. Unfortunately, Silas could not maintain that state of grace. He fell. He fell hard and brought most everyone else down with him.

Silas somehow got it into his head that since the world's normal folks are doomed anyway, he might as well help them along. I guess norms weren't dying fast enough for him.

I think he just got a taste of real power, liked it, and wanted more. He was one of those rare souls who really came into his own when the world blew up, just like Simon Mercer, the Grandmaster of the Templars, or General Throckmorton, the leader of the Combine.

The Cult of Doom says what happened next was because of attacks on mutants, and that's partially true, but Silas was already itching for a fight. When two muties were beaten and killed in Virginia City, the Mutant King had his excuse.

Silas took us to war. Maybe you've heard of what happened. I'm ashamed to say I was there, right up front. Thousands of us died, mostly from the ranks of the Vengants. We assaulted



The attack on Virginia City.

the city, straight up the high mountain it rests upon. If you've ever been there, you might remember there's no cover going up that hill, so the norms mowed us down in droves. The slopes ran red with blood.

It took Silas and several of the High Priests themselves to finally take the place. They used their powers to take out the heavy weapons, then hurled the Vengants at what was left. Once in, the most savage mutants killed the few remaining survivors. It was gruesome. I still can't sleep nights thinking about it, and I've tried to make amends by helping others where I can ever since.

Silas' Motive?

Silas claims he attacked Virginia City because of what happened to the mutants there. Again, that's mostly an excuse. The same kind of thing was happening everywhere. So why Virginia City? If you take a look at a map, it's not very close to Vegas. It took our army nearly three weeks to make the trip.

There were rumors that Silas was searching for someone. If so, he must have wanted that someone dead, because there was never any talk of asking for surrender, only a mad desire to completely annihilate everyone inside. I saw Silas kicking his way through the remains afterward, and if the rumor is true, the disgusted look on his face meant his quarry had escaped.

Voices of Dissent

But even this massacre didn't sate Silas' bloodlust. On the way home, our battered army was hurled once more at a settlement of norms. This time Silas attacked the well-fortified survivor town of Carson City. We High Priests pleaded with Silas not to attack—not necessarily out of pity for the norms, but because our troops were in no shape for another fight.

Silas refused. He gathered what was left of the army and declared a holy crusade to wipe the Earth clean of all but the Chosen. Many of the Chosen, who I told you earlier suffered mentally as well, were driven to a frenzy by this mad prophet.

Some of us refused to follow Silas on his mad plan. He had lost clarity of vision. He had fallen out of touch with the Great Saints, overcome by his own hubris.

We tried talking some sense into him, but anyone who opened her mouth found herself missing her face a few seconds later. Silas ordered all the dissenters rounded up and placed in hastily made "prison" wagons.

Fortunately for everyone but Silas, he got his butt kicked at Carson City. He slunk back to Vegas with what was left of his army to lick his wounds. Along the way he took out his frustrations on the dissenters, berating us to the survivors, blaming us for the defeat, depriving us of water despite the desert heat, and even torturing our leaders. One of those he persecuted the hardest was a woman named Joan. I'll get back to her soon.

Back to Vegas

Back in Vegas, things only got worse for the dissenters. Silas executed several a day, just to put the fear of the Atom into anyone else who thought more than once about disobeying his commands.

You should have seen the unique ways he executed us "heretics." Some were strapped to slabs and slowly microwaved to death; others were mutated until they became unrecognizable as human beings. Joan was scheduled to suffer some such gruesome fate, when, thank the Atom, Joan managed to melt her chains, free the rest of us, and stage a daring breakout.

About 50 of us had to fight our way out of the Luxor, and if half the temple's residents hadn't been away watching the executions, we wouldn't have made it. Even so, only a couple dozen did. Fortunately, myself and a few other dissenters were very experienced with the Glow, so the guards who opposed us ended up as puddles—which is why you should never mess with a Doomsayer, friends. More on that later.

The Mutant Rebellion

These days, Silas has figured out that the direct approach is not always the best. He hasn't sallied forth in force since Carson City, but he has been pumping out Doomsayers and Doombringers like they were going out of style.

His new plan makes a whole lot of sense really. That's the scary thing about Silas: He may be crazy, but he's far from stupid. He never makes the same mistake twice. Now that he knows the rest of the world can fight back, he realizes he's not quite ready to wipe all the normals from the face of the Earth all by himself. It turns out there are still a lot of mortals out there, and some, like the Combine, have really fancy, very deadly weapons.

So Silas is trying the "insurgency" approach for now. He sends his Doomsayers out into the wastes to rally the Chosen and instigate them to raid normals like guerillas. He rarely encourages straight-up fights anymore. That's what's so

frustrating to norms like you. In a way, it reminds me of the Indian Wars they fought out here in the West a couple hundred years back. Just replace the Indians with mutants. The muties have the worst weapons, but are sneaky, use hit-and-run tactics, and outnumber norms in some locales. Survivor settlements are better armed and organized, but outnumbered. When they leave their "forts" to scavenge supplies, they find themselves at the mercy of the hordes.

Satellites o' Doom

While the Doombringers search for heretics like me, Silas' Doomsayers preach the word to the masses. His Doomsayers have managed to convince plenty of mutants to join the cult. Some of them head for Vegas to join the ranks of the Devoted. Most stay put, and usually a Doomsayer stays right there with them. The Doomsayer and her converts form the nucleus of a new Cult of Doom community.

These days, there are probably hundreds of these satellite cult communities. Some of the largest are in Arizona, Southern Oregon, and even a couple in the Great Maze. These last few are particularly important, since, like everyone else, Silas wants to get his hands on as much ghost rock as he can.

Rumor has it there's some kind of special community in Idaho. According to what I've heard, Silas exiled some of the nastiest, most horribly mutated members of the cult. They banded together and headed north.

Joan and the Heretics

Now I finally get to the part about some of us Doomsayers being good and not bad. This is the part of the story I want you guys to pay close attention to, especially the golf pro over there. And you too, Mr. Librarian. If I ever get hold of that palmcorder, I'll be sure to show everyone just how much you helped me out.

Back to the story. Those of us who survived the flight from Silas formed our own little band of the faithful. Mostly we were mutants from the old school, folks who had first started following Silas back when he truly followed the faith and spoke the truth. We decided to keep alive the original teachings of Rasmussen and the Nine Great Saints (we now call him Rasmussen when we're revering his original teachings and Silas when we're talking about the power-hungry madman he's become).

Deep down, we all believe the same thing. We know from divine revelation and our faith that humanity has reached a turning point. The future of humanity walks the Earth today, and it looks like me and my fellow Chosen. I know it pisses you off to hear me say stuff like that, but it's the truth. Now before you go swinging that damned club, hear me out.

When Joan first got this whole Schism thing started, she wanted to make sure she never fell into the same trap Rasmussen did when he fell from grace. We have no animosity toward norms. In fact, as our forebears, we hold normal humanity in great respect.

If you want me to leave out all the religious elements, you can look at it from a purely practical point of view. Even though you guys are normal, your genes probably aren't anymore. No one on this planet has been able to avoid being exposed to some degree of radiation. More likely than not, your kids won't be normals; they'll be Chosen. Killing you off is really just like killing off the future of our race.

But you don't really even have to think of it in those terms either. The truth of the matter is that deep down we're all just people. And most of us are *good* people. We don't want to see folks die. We don't want civilization to crumble any more than it already has. Ultimately we want peace and hope restored to the world. Even if we



Joan, leader of the Schismatics.

did believe in mutie versus norm, why waste thousands of mutant lives killing the norms when you're all going to die pretty soon anyway?

The New Messiah

Joan used to be a blackjack dealer in one of the casinos. She's also something of a new age hippy, if you remember those types. She doesn't like to talk about the days before the war, and we don't ask her. Hell, most of us haven't even seen her since those first few weeks after we broke away from Silas. Joan is sure as Hell a lot more than a card dealer these days. Even back when we were all one big, happy Cult of Doom, there was something different about Joan. She had the kind of faith others aspire to. She was so perfectly devout in the Word of the Atom that you felt she was talking with the Great Saints themselves.

I guess it was only a matter of time before she actually did talk to a Saint, and not just any one of them, but the head honcho herself: Megan Holst, the First Saint. To hear Joan tell it, Megan appeared to her in a dream. With her trademark buzzcut white hair and intense eyes, she was unmistakable (Vegas has portraits of her and all the other Great Saints all over the place). Megan told Joan that soon one would come who would lead the world into a new golden age, the age of the Chosen. Joan would recognize this new mutant messiah by its pale skin and "blazing-red third eye."

According to Joan, Megan said she was "sending" the new messiah to the world. What that means is open to interpretation. Joan talked to a group of us about it the next morning, and we couldn't quite agree. Joan took to calling this new messiah the "Harbinger," and the name stuck.

The question was, what did Saint Megan mean when she said that she was "sending" the Harbinger? If Megan died during the war, which all assumed was the case, then it meant she was probably sending the Harbinger from the other side. That pointed to reincarnation and the idea that we should be looking out for a baby with a third eye. Joan and most of the others leaned toward this explanation.

A few of us thought maybe the Harbinger already walked the Earth. Maybe, just maybe, Megan was still alive somewhere, and she was sending the Harbinger out to help us. In that case, the Harbinger could be old or young. Obviously this was not an argument anyone was going to win that day. Joan decided it was better just to play it safe and leave our minds open to any possibility. That's when she came up with the idea for the Pact.

Sayers of Doom, Seekers of Hope

At first, Joan had planned to try to launch a counter-cult to oppose Silas. We would raise our own army of good Chosen and march on Vegas to restore the good name of Doomsayers. Part of Joan's vision included a revelation that this was a really stupid plan. A civil war among the Chosen wouldn't do anyone any good, and odds are we'd never be powerful enough to overthrow Silas anyway. More importantly, fighting a war like that, the way Silas would, just brings us down to his level.

Instead, Joan decided we should trust in the Great Saints and follow Megan's vision. Silas was not our main concern now; the Harbinger was. We had to find and protect the Harbinger until he or she grew strong enough to lead us into the new golden era. That last part, about a golden era, is something we view as especially important. Like I said before, we want peace between humans and Chosen and that means making sure the two get along. Silas and his crew give mutants a bad name. If we are going to protect the Harbinger and help usher in an era of peace, we have to do something to convince people that mutants and the *true* Cult of Doom are not to be feared, but are shepherds looking over the flock of normals as we travel to the next era.

So we set ourselves up as very public good examples of what Doomsayers can be. We traded our green robes in for purple ones as a sign that we had broken away from Silas completely. Joan then organized us along the lines of a spy or terrorist network. The only difference being that instead of trying to steal information or plant bombs, we try to spread the truth and sow the seeds of hope. Okay, yeah, it's a little corny, but damn it, it's the truth.

The Cell System

If you've ever run into a Doombringer, you know Silas must hate us an awful lot to set things like that on our tail. As much as Silas wants to rule the world, he wants Joan and the rest of us dead, dead, dead. He even knows about the Harbinger. I don't know how he found out, but he did, so now we have to make extra sure we find it before he does.

Joan's plan doesn't call for a lot of central organization. We only have two goals: spread the word and find the big H. The former we do everywhere we go; the latter could be anywhere. We pretty much just wander around looking under every rock until we find someone who'll listen to us. If you've looked under a rock recently, you know there's some really ugly stuff

lurking out there. Luckily we Doomsayers know how to protect ourselves. Praise be to the Great Saints and Rasmussen for their gift of knowledge.

Ouch! Okay, I'll stop praying and get back to the story. And yes, I'm almost finished. Then we'll talk about my treatment here.

Since we had to go everywhere but nowhere in specific, Joan came up with the cell system I mentioned a minute ago. Each of us pretty much just heads off on his own, or maybe with one or two other Doomsayers. We try not to gather in large groups if we can at all help it. First of all, large groups make better targets for Silas' goons. Second, normals who don't know the difference between greens and purples tend to get nervous when they see just one of us. They see a whole bunch, and they're liable to shoot first and ask questions later.

Most of us don't know where the others have gone or what they're up to. Hell, most newbies have never even laid eyes on Joan. Your average Doomsayer knows Joan is holed up in a silo somewhere in Nevada and that's it. He might also know some of the favorite haunts of his Mentor (the veteran Doomsayer who teaches him his powers). It's very important for a young Doomsayer to keep in touch with his Mentor because that's how he learns new powers.

Being this diffuse means Silas and his Doombringers can't capture one of us and find out where the rest are. A single Doomsayer usually knows the general whereabouts of two, maybe three others at any given time. It is actually very important that we keep in touch at least that much. This loose chain of communication allows messages and stories to gradually filter their way back to Joan. She keeps track of where we do good, where Silas does bad, and if anyone finds any signs of the Harbinger. If need be, she can also send messages back out along the network and give orders. I can't remember a time when she has done this. The only thing that would make her do so is someone finding the Harbinger or if the cult found her silo.

Additionally, we keep hundreds of what Joan calls "letter drops" all over the West. These are secret little hidey holes in caves, under boulders, in the walls of old buildings, trees, and all kinds of out-of-the-way places. We mark the drops in our own special way, using a Way of the Atom. Only those Doomsayers who Joan or her Mentors have taught to see the signs can read them. Mostly we put messages in the drops. Things like "Up the road five miles are two dozen Chosen loyal to Silas." Or "Friendly normals ahead."



Heretical Doomsayers seek to aid normals as well as mutants.

We do most of our communicating through these drops. We even write in a special code you can only translate through the Way. It can't even be spoken aloud, so it's impossible to teach it to someone. No, I can't show you what it looks like no matter how hard you beat me. Unless you become a Doomsayer yourself, you just can't read it.

The Future

I hope I've taught you folks a thing or two. Now you know the guys in green robes who attacked you were Silas' bad Doomsayers. I wear purple, so I must be a good guy. Sure, sometimes the bad guys put on a purple robe and try to give us a bad name, but it's not easy. I mean, if the Doomsayer hurts you or your town, he's a bad guy, no matter what color robe he's wearing, right? On the flip side, Schismatics heal your sick, fight violent mutants, and go out of our way to show you the love, so you've got no reason to be afraid of us.

That's what's so odd about our war—both sides believe the same thing. We just have different views on how we ought to get there. Both loyalists and Schismatics believe it is important to know the Chosen, mutants if you



Trevor Baines, as he was last seen.

prefer, are the future of humanity. And we both believe in telling everyone about it. That's why it's so rare to see a Doomsayer out of his or her robe. Going undercover defeats the purpose.

Even the Adepts and Initiates of the Cult of Doom wear something to identify them as followers of Silas. Same with us, although we don't actually have nearly as many followers who aren't full-fledged Doomsayers.

It's also easy to tell us apart because Silas' kind throw bolts of radioactive energy at you while we're purifying your water and healing your sick and wounded. We're out to show you just how nice we actually are. Hopefully you'll take it in your heart to help us out as well, although we never demand any payment from those we help. Sometimes there may be a little retribution, however, such as when you unfairly harm the Chosen. Again, we'll talk about that soon.

Silas' next move depends on a lot of things. He's been building up his forces for a good long while now, and he has satellite communities all over the West. He may be getting ready to launch another major offensive, grab himself some more territory, or even form an alliance with some other force (like, Atom forbid, the Combine).

As for us heretics, we don't care about such things. Our only goal is to nurture the evolutionary process and make the transition as painless as possible for both norms and mutants alike. We do that by helping people and, hopefully, finding the Harbinger.

That's why I came here. I heard there was a large force from the Cult of Doom heading your way, and I came to either talk some sense into them or blast them into atoms. Then I get here, and you beat me senseless. Some thanks.

The Big Finale

On that note, I think it's time to show you the true power of a soul at one with the Glow.

I want to thank you normies for your charming hospitality. I've enjoyed sitting and chatting with you for the last hour.

And to you, Librarian, I hope your recorder managed to capture everything I had to say. Everything I've told you is the saint's honest truth. Spread the word.

Now I must be going. I've had a chance to get my wind back, and I'm ready to leave. Places to go, things to do, you know. I'll just melt these hand cuffs off and... Ahhh, much better.

<CRACK>

Stand back friends! I have no intention of harming you, but I will if you get in my way. Again.

I'm sorry about the wall as well. I know it's fine right now, but wait a second... There. We call that "meltdown."

Be well, my friends. I hope we can meet again under more friendly circumstances some day. I'm off to make that horde that attacked your town pay—even though I'm not entirely sure it was undeserved. The Glow be with you.

Oh, I almost forgot about you, Librarian.

<ZZZZZT! CRACKLE! POP!>

There. That ought to give you a new appreciation for the Chosen. Ah, I see you are already one of us. Tell me, did your pals here know of the mutations lurking beneath your clothes? I thought not. You see, my friends, we are all brothers and sisters with the lights off, so to speak.

Now I leave you all with one final, priceless present: the words of Joan herself. Give me your palmcorder, Librarian.

Do not anger me. I'm not going to erase your interview. I would not have sat for it if I didn't want the message spread to the masses. I simply want to transfer a clip from my own dataslug.

Thank you.

<SNIK!>

There. I've downloaded a message from Joan to all the other heretics out there so you can see the truth of my words.

Listen well, for you will see within our leader a light so pure only the holy Hell of a ghost-rock bomb can compare. You will hear words so true even a child will know they are sincere. Allow yourself to feel her touch, and the warmth of her love deep reach your as-yet-un-Chosen heart. Then you will know Joan is the true messiah of the next era.

A Message from Joan

Greetings fellow Chosen! May the Glow bless you with its wisdom and guide you in your times of need! The Glow is pleased you have seen its shining light and found the path to the future.

> Librarian's Note: The following is a data file downloaded into my palmcorder by Doomsayer Trevor Baines at the conclusion of his interrogation at Ely, Nevada. Its authenticity cannot be verified.

I am Joan.

I'm truly sorry I couldn't vibe with you in person, but these are dark times. Machines are so impersonal, but I hope this message will comfort you until the day we are free to meet openly and in peaceful harmony.

The purpose of my groove here is to give you some words of guidance as you set off down the path of the Chosen. Since you are reading this, one of my closest followers must have deemed you worthy of donning our purple robes and carrying the truth of humanity's difficult fate and the bright, hope-filled future of the Chosen. You have not set upon on easy course, my friend, but it is one that will one day bring harmony and a beautiful peace to people everywhere.

From here on, you will spend much of your time on your own or with those few companions you choose to surround yourself with. Loneliness is the curse that Silas' wrath lays on those of us who dig the purple cloth—his fear and anger drives him to hunt us, making it too dangerous for us to gather together. But that's cool too, for the Glow's wisdom permeates even Silas' bad vibe. Mother Earth is a very big place, and there are very few of us. As we scatter about, we carry our sacred message to people everywhere.

Our Cause

As a true and righteous Doomsayer, it falls upon your shoulders to spread the love of the Glow as first revealed to the Great Prophet Rasmussen. The old world is gone, man, but if you look through the darkness and fear you can see a new world being brought to light all around us. We, the Chosen, are that new world made flesh. The normals, the poor Doomed normals, are the dying flesh of the old world. And it's their time to move on, you know?

I'm sure your Mentor has already told you about the wonderful future before you, but let me put it to you in my own words. There are three basic tenets by which we all live, tenets to follow if you are to truly bring the Glow's shining wisdom to those who need it most.

Pity the Doomed

As the new Children of the Atom, we owe much to the Doomed. They made the ultimate sacrifice, man. They gave up their entire world so that we would be born in the ashes. Just as the child must one day grow up to care for her sick and dying parents, so too must we help care for the sick and dying norms. We must give them comfort in their final hours so that they might, like, go gently into that good night. And think of all the Chosen who will yet be born to normal parents—it's our sacred responsibility to make sure our future brothers and sisters make it into the new world in safety.

This is the Way of the Glow: to spread the Word of Doom and give comfort in the face of the Glow.

Shepherd the Flock

The second tenet of our faith goes hand-in-hand with the first. Just as we, like, spread the Word of Doom to the normals, so too must we spread words of hope to the Chosen. You must constantly seek out your fellow Children of the Atom. Many of those you'll meet have lost hope and possibly even their minds, for the Glow can be a harsh mistress to those who do not understand it. We could not succeed in our sacred calling if we did not make every effort to show these poor souls the true glory of their Chosen nature. Draw them forth, and lead them down the path to righteousness.

This is the Way of the Glow: to spread the Word of Hope and bring the Chosen into the Glow's healing light.

Find the Harbinger

The third tenet stems from the truth revealed directly to me by the Glow itself in this trippy dream I once had. The Glow has sent us our future in one person, one most perfect child of our existence, who we call the Harbinger. We must, one and all, seek out the Harbinger to protect and nurture him. None of us know how he'll appear, but rest assured, you will know him if he chooses to reveal himself to you. The Harbinger is, like, our future, you know? I mean, he's the future of everyone. We devote ourselves fully to finding and protecting this glorious being and ultimately helping him remake the world in peace and harmony.

This is the Way of the Glow: to search all creation for the Harbinger and help bring forth its glorious era of peace.



A Doomsayer initiate lives for 40 days on nothing but radiation.

The Way of the Atom

Any Chosen can embrace the loving light of the Glow, but only a Sayer of Doom can master the Way of the Atom. The Glow is our master, but it loves us so much it's willing to let us master it as well. That's just, like, such a groovy mind trip.

Now that you've devoted yourself to our glorious cause, you need to know how to use the Glow to help others and protect yourself. The First Saint taught us that all we ever need is already within us, and with the Glow that's so true. Just as Rasmussen first taught me and his other followers the Way of the Atom, my followers and I will teach you the mysteries of the Way as well. With the power of the Glow opened within you, none shall stand in your path.

Learning to wield the power of the Glow is, like, the most beautiful experience in your life. But it's also a journey through struggle and pain, just as any birth is. You survived the end of the old world or were born into a world more heinous than anything humanity has ever known, but all the bad vibes in your old life are nothing next to the trials you'll face learning the Way. The horrors of the outside world pale beside the demons and desires and things that haunt your own soul. To master the Glow, you must look within yourself and release all your hatred and anger with the world. You must take all your energy and use it for good. Only then will the Glow embrace you and allow you to be its master.

Yes, Silas and the Cult of Doom have evil in their hearts, and the Glow serves them too. But it also devours them in the process. Look to the Doombringers. That is what the power of hate can do to a person's heart. Their hate has eaten them up inside, turning them into monsters controlled by their fears. Only through love can you master the power of the Glow and realize your full potential. Only through love can you help us reach the shining future that awaits us.

Your Training

Your training begins by learning the songs and prayers of our faith. Any of our number can teach you the prayers. By committing them to your heart, you free your spirit; by reciting them, you channel your energies into certain pathways, like meridians if you've ever like studied Zen. That is your first step toward mastering the Glow.

Once you have set your soul and thoughts in order and accepted the Glow into your heart, you can proceed to the next level.

Now you begin to actually manipulate the flow of energy through your own body. Embrace it. Channeling the Glow is an orgasmic experience. Learn to control it well, however, or it may overtake you—and that's a risk you cannot allow in the face of the many dangers ahead of you. Your Mentor will guide you during this critical stage of learning and growth.

It's true that some Chosen have learned to master the Glow without a Mentor or even without becoming Doomsayers, but these are very rare and special people. Rasmussen's technique, inspired by the teachings of the First Saint Megan Holst, is the only way to learn the power of the Glow. Only by studying with an experienced Doomsayer can you learn to wield that power, and find the wisdom to wield it well.

Initiation

When you have mastered the miracle we call "tolerance," your Mentor will submit you to the Initiation. Then you will live on nothing but the power of the atom and your faith for 40 days. During that time, you will meditate and learn to control your own emotions to handle the incredible energy of the Glow.

At the end of the Initiation, your teacher will, like, imprint the secrets of the Way directly into your mind, where they'll remain forever lodged, your comfort and strong right arm in times of need. It's a most glorious feeling.

After your Initiation, you can learn various applications of the Way with the help of your fellow Doomsayers. Learning to perform individual miracles takes time and practice, but it's not so gnarly when compared to the mental and spiritual rigors of the Initiation.

The Journey

Once you've learned a few miracles, it's time to strike out on your own and fulfill your most sacred duties. Seek your Mentor only when you have important news of the Harbinger or Silas' corrupted minions.

You must now begin your new life as a Doomsayer. What you do next is largely up to you and where your soul takes you. Unlike the deluded Silas and the poor souls that follow him, we are a commune of like-minded individuals. We do not gather in armies to commit acts of violence. We do not tell you what to do, beyond your training and the basic beliefs I've already outlined.

In fact, you will probably meet your fellow Heretics only rarely. There is too much work to be done for you to travel in groups.

Letter Drops

Your Mentor will tell you how to make contact with him and others of our cause should you need them. To do this, we use these secret hiding places called letter drops. We have drops scattered all over the land to communicate important and secret information to each other without having to actually meet.

You'll find letter drops outside major cities and in thousands of other places as well. To see them, we use the miracle "sigil." With this miracle, you can spot a drop and even leave messages that only fellow Schismatics can read. Silas will someday figure out how to break our code, as we will learn to break his, so be careful even when sending information by the drops.

Should you find the Harbinger, never reveal his location. Instead, leave directions on where *you* can be found, then watch anyone who seeks you carefully.

But enough about what you can't do—that's such a bummer, and serving the Glow should be a happy, enlightening life. Let's talk about all the groovy things you *can* do.

We chose to bring you into our fold because you showed a commitment to the cause, a love of the Glow, and because you are a capable and independent soul. You think quickly and creatively, you have the confidence to know you are in the right, and you can develop the inner peace and harmony to be both master and slave of the Glow.

These are the hallmarks of a true Doomsayer. Now it is up to you to apply those traits. Do so wisely, for we are the future of humanity.

Preaching to the Chosen

As your pilgrimage takes you across the land, you must try to engage every one of the Chosen you come across and teach them the truth. Unfortunately, many of the Chosen are not ready. They may hear, but they do not listen.

The Glow takes many different forms, and most people have a hard time dealing with it.

They tend to lose themselves in despair and anger, letting the bestial sides of their natures consume and rule them. Some of them truly become monsters.

Be tolerant. See the person within the monster, and redeem him if you can. Stay your hand; kill only if you must. Sometimes just showing such people the power the Glow gives you can stop a deranged Chosen in his tracks and tell him, "Hey, man, I've got the Glow on my side. It could be on your side too if you change your ways. Peace be with you, my friend—or I'll blast you." The truth of your words should bring most Chosen around.

If words and a show of power fail you, if a Chosen is so deranged or violent that he'll kill even after seeing the Glow's goodness, you may have to resort to more drastic measures. Use your power when you need to. A true Doomsayer doesn't dig violence, but if you allow the really dangerous Chosen to live, they will only destroy the lives of the innocent, turning the norms against the Chosen and giving their strength to Silas' cause. Even worse, violent monsters are likely to kill our beloved Harbinger.

Be the hammer that forges peace through evolution. Weed out the violent genes from the future of humanity when you must. But always protect and nurture the gentle plants destined for greatness.

Slaying your brother and sister Chosen might leave you with a bad vibe. Do not lose faith. It just means it was not their time to see the truth. Use your violence as love to return their atoms to the Glow. Eventually the wisdom and temper of our way will create a new future of hope for all.

Do I sound like Silas? I'm afraid so. But where Silas uses force to kill innocent norms, we use our force only to nurture those who are good and peaceful, and to wipe out those who would plunge the future into a new age of barbarism and despair. We've seen the sorrow that path leads to once. Don't allow it to happen again.

On Dealing with the Damned

You will inevitably come across communities of Chosen who have already given themselves to the Cult of Doom. That's always a major bummer, but take heart. Most of them follow the Cult because they see the Truth of Rasmussen's teachings buried within the perversions of Silas' words. Try to convince them of the error of their ways. Tell the Truth that we know. Show them the love of the Glow. If that fails, you must unfortunately teach them the power of the Glow with the full fury of the Atom.

On Dealing with the Cult of Doom

Silas will never let us be. In response, we must never let him have a moment's peace. You may find yourself fighting the Cult of Doom on more than a few occasions. Although we never take joy in killing fellow Chosen, you must protect your own life to continue preaching the Truth. Never lose sight of that. Never hesitate to protect yourself and to bring to an end those evil Doomsayers that would use the power of the Glow against you, our cause, or any innocent, norm, or Chosen.

Convert whenever you can. Kill if you must.

Let's talk about the Doombringers. Whatever strange and terrifying process Silas uses to create these servants leaves them totally without humanity. The Doombringers are not Chosen, they are the Damned given form on Earth. There's no greater threat to us or the Harbinger than these abominations. Do not stay your hand; destroy these foul hatemongers on sight. Don't let the vibe bum you, for they are no longer human. But likewise beware, for though your weapons may put them down, only the pure power of the Glow can destroy these inhuman monsters forever.



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Some of Silas' other servants are almost as bad. His High Priests and Adepts are particularly wicked. Evil and temptation has so pervaded their souls that they are beyond redemption. You will probably never encounter one of these heinous creatures outside the Temple of Doom in Lost Vegas, but if you do, strike a blow for the people! That would be a great deed in the legacy of the heretics.

On Dealing with the Doomed

As you travel, you will find normals who have yet to hear of the power of the Glow and of the sad fate that awaits them. Why do we tell them? How can we win them over as friends if we are, like, constantly reminding them of their Doom?

Our ultimate hope is that by informing the Doomed of their fates we can win their support in preserving humanity's one hope: the Chosen. We need to convince them that not all Chosen (muties as they call us) are evil or worthy of scorn. If we make them understand our importance to their children and the fact that we don't mean them any harm, the world will be a better place for both races.

Equally important, we don't want the Doomed to give up on their children who are born Chosen. If they know the Chosen are destined to replace normals as the masters of the world, they will view Chosen children as a blessing, not

a curse. What loving parent would not want to see her child grow in harmony instead of fear? What parent does not want her children to have a better life than she did, especially in these troubled times?

Truly, in this new world after the Apocalypse, only the Chosen are equipped to live happy and fulfilling lives. While at first the Doomed might not like to hear their fate, they usually become more friendly once you prove to them you have their best interests at heart. Defend them from Silas' Doombringers and evil Doomsayers. Purify their water, protect them from the storm, heal their sick and injured, help them rebuild their homes and reap their crops. Even cure them of the Glow if they are not yet ready to accept its touch upon their frail bodies. Every act of aid builds good will. Good will builds harmony and ultimately belief.

Even when you help the normies, they'll probably still resent you. They'll never be comfortable in your presence, never treat you like one of the family. This is only natural. After all, you aren't one of them. You are Chosen, and they are Doomed. Never forget that. Still, you can build relationships with them, benefiting not only them but you and the cause as well.

A few Doomsayers have tried to set up permanent homes in Doomed communities, kind of like the old Peace Corps missionaries used to do. Don't ever do this! There are too few of us to spread the word for anyone to stay in one place. Besides, all you'll do is mark the town for the inevitable arrival of the Cult of Doom. Staying too long in one place and doing good deeds is a worthless gesture, friend, if the Cult of Doom levels the town just to get at you.

Stay on the move. There's plenty of work out there for you to do.

Doomed Relations

Although Doomed and Chosen differ in many important ways, we all still grow from the same roots; we still have the same emotional and spiritual needs. Although most Doomed have not found room in their hearts to love the Chosen, there are a few exceptions. Sometimes you meet such individuals, and you may even become close friends with one. Dude, that's okay. Don't bury your emotions, even toward the Doomed. The life of a Doomsayer can be quite lonely at times. Deal with your issues, man.

The advantages of such soulmates are clear. They provide companionship and even help in dangerous situations. Such friendships also set a good example to the rest of the Doomed. Having Doomed friends shows the world that Chosen and normals can get along in peace and harmony. Of course, your life is dangerous, and you confer some of that danger on those that are close to you. That's a grave issue, friend, that only you can deal with. Just make sure that your friends understand the risks that hanging with you imposes.

A final word of warning: Never reveal the secrets of the Chosen to any of the Doomed, even your closest friends. The identity of other Doomsayers, the locations of our letter drops, anything about myself or my inner circle, the mysteries of the Way of the Atom—all must remain secret. You may trust your friends with your life, but please do not trust our lives with your friends. Even if their intentions are pure, Doomed make mistakes or let the wrong things slip out. They must not know our secret ways.

If we find out you've revealed information to an outsider, we must, with regret, close ourselves to you. No Doomsayer will ever teach you new miracles or share the secrets of our cause. And if one of my inner circle catches you and doesn't blast you, he'll mark you with a traitor's sigil only the rest of us can see. Don't let this pitfall bum you though. Few who have made it as far down the path as you have ever earned such exile.



Being a Doomsayer is a happy and fulfilling lifestyle.

In Silas' Own Words

The following files also come from Trevor Baines, the Doomsayer "interviewed" earlier in this record. There were many segments on his dataslug; it is unclear whether he transferred the following files intentionally or not.

Note the interesting change in Silas' message from the first sermon he delivered in Lost Vegas to the one after the massacre at Virginia City.

First Sermon of Silas

Welcome to all of you, brethren. I am glad to see so many of you here. Some of you I recognize. Many of you are new to me. I greet you all now as you should greet each other, as brothers and sisters, for we are all Children of the Glow, the Blessed of the Bomb. We must stand together or face extinction, just as we must strive to overcome the evil within ourselves and without. For we are locked in a terrifying struggle in which not only our own lives are at stake but our entire species and indeed the very world.

Look around you now. Those of you who are trying to conceal your appearance, throw back the hoods of your robes. Don't flinch. Don't look away. You can see that we all bear the stigma of mutation. This is the mark that sets us apart from those who came before us, who were once our brothers and sisters in flesh as well as spirit. Some of you have horns and claws and hooves. Some of you have skin like armor or that glows like molten metal. I myself have these strange eyes and these blotches on my skin. We are all of us different from what was once considered normal, and in this we are all the same.

Many of you have known rejection from former friends and family. You have been shunned, reviled, cast out by those who had once looked upon you with love. Put aside that pain. We are your new family. We will not shun you. Here you will find hope and strength to continue as, believe me, you must. We need every one of you to help build a better world.

I am here to tell you that a better world is coming and we can all do our part to help create it. I have touched the Glow, the benevolent lifegiving radiation that surrounds us now. It has given me strength and power. It has granted me the strength to overcome the beast which oppressed us, and it has blessed me with the ability to heal those of you who are sick. Look at this halo of light which surrounds my hand. Doubt not my words, for they are true. The Glow exists, and it has chosen me as its vessel.



Silas addresses a crowd. This was back in the early days, before Doomsayers started wearing robes.

I do not know why it has done so, but I am grateful. I claim no special holiness. In my previous life I was not a believer, and I did many evil things, things of which I am deeply ashamed. I can claim no special goodness or worth.

Yet I have been blessed, and perhaps, yes, perhaps that is the point. I was just like all of you—for who here can stand with hand on heart and say that they have not sinned? Perhaps the point is that if I can be Chosen, so can you.

Look around you! Look at these tumbled-down buildings, the ruins of the mighty civilization of which we were all so proud. Think of the open graves and the skeletons in the streets. Look at all this destruction. Think of the billions who died screaming. And ask yourself this: Why was I spared?

Take a moment and do it now.

Think of the gigatons and gigatons of ghost-rock bombs, the most potent destructive devices ever created, that rained down from the heavens. Think of the biological weapons that were unleashed, of the terrifying plagues that killed so many. Think of the endless famines where people died eating grass and shoe leather. Think of the violent conflicts where soldier fought with soldier, and then person fought with person over scraps.

Go on, ask yourself how likely was it that in the middle of this vast maelstrom of violence and death you were spared? For each of you standing here, thousands more are now dead. Was it blind luck that spared you?

No!

Each and every living thing on this planet was spared for a reason. You, my brothers, were spared by the power of the Glow. All of you are its Chosen. We are every one of us here the Chosen of the Glow.

Let me speak to you now of the Glow. I am a simple man. I cannot find the words to tell you one tenth of what I need to describe it.

The Glow surrounds our planet. It is a benevolent thing which aids its chosen. It lay dormant from the dawn of creation and was woken by the falling of the bombs. It is energy in its purest form, and the radiation that the bombs unleashed is one manifestation of its power, through which it can touch our lives and change and alter us. In a very real sense, we are all its children. Its holy radiation altered us, made us what we are today, allowed us to thrive where others died.

Think of it! You, all of you, lived on in a place where radiation is so strong that most so-called normal people sicken and die within hours. You all know this is true!

You have all seen the way the normals shun Lost Vegas. From this day forward, we shall call it Lost Vegas, for the norms have lost this great center of the Glow. And you have all seen what its holy light does to those normals who come here. They either become like us, or they die.

There is a reason for this. The Glow envelopes the world now, and it will become stronger. As it does, only the Chosen will survive. The Glow has chosen us to survive, and the simplest proof of this is that we're here.

The changes that have come over our bodies are not badges of shame. They are symbols that we are the *elect*, that we have been chosen to live and build a new world among the ruins of the old. Show your mutations with pride, knowing that they are part of the covenant between you and the Glow.

Of course, there are those who will oppose us. There are those who do not know their time is done and who do not understand that it is their destiny to be swept away by the tide of history. There are dark things in this world, the dead do not stay in their graves, and many more monsters like Grendel haunt the nights. Fear not! In the end, we will triumph.

I will leave you now to think upon what I have said.

Fourth Sermon of Silas

Brethren, I have a confession to make. I have kept a secret from you. Now that the Glow has chosen me to be your prophet, I feel I must reveal myself to you.

You all know that our world was destroyed by ghost-rock bombs. You all saw them fall. You saw your homes destroyed and your loved ones killed. You saw evil energies unleashed. You saw strange monsters come in the night. You saw your own bodies change into new and unfamiliar shapes. Many of you became sick. Many of you knew fear and loss.

My confession is simple. I was one of those who helped build those bombs that did so much destruction. No, I did not make them with my own hands. I did not pack them into aircraft or missiles. I did not fire them. I did something worse. I helped create them. I worked on the project from Hellstromme's original equations. I helped recreate and improve on his work. In my pride and in my folly, I laid the groundwork for this destruction. I was part of the team that designed these weapons of doom.

You are silent, as well you might be. I understand how you feel. Long nights have I brooded on this thing. Long nights have I lain awake and wrestled with my guilt. I have

meditated and communed with the Glow in the holiest of our hotspots, and I have sought answers to this question. Last night it was given to me.

You know me as the Prophet, the Chosen of the Chosen, Most Blessed of The Bomb. It is a mantle I have taken on reluctantly, but nonetheless I have done my best to be worthy of it. If it is truly the case, then the fact that I helped create these bombs was not an accident. Even then I was a vessel of the Glow and worked unwittingly to perform its will.

I believe that the Glow wanted those bombs built, that all this destruction was part of its great unseen plan to create a new world for its chosen. I believe that we are the elect, that we were chosen to live, just as it was ordained that others would die. The bombs were built, the world was changed, and I stand before you now preaching the will of the Glow. I tell you it was all part of one vast plan, envisioned by a higher power than ourselves.

Think back on the old civilization. Recall what it was like. Was it not ruled by fear and greed and corruption? Think of all the hundreds of nations who competed for scarce resources and who were so afraid of each other that they built weapons capable of such incredible destruction. Think of the poverty and the squalor and the greed that surrounded you. How many of you spent your entire lives in the hopeless pursuit of a dollar in order to put a roof over your head and food upon your table while some rich parasite in a skyscraper tower became rich by the sweat of your brow.

Our civilization, of which we were so proud, was not a blessing to us or to our world. It was a great cancer spreading across the globe, devouring resources, corrupting everything it touched. It was doomed anyway, doomed by the greed of its rulers and its endless hunger for finite resources. In the end, one world was not enough. The cancer had to spread to other worlds, to the moon, to the stars. In the end, nothing was ever enough for it. It would have turned everything it touched to dust and ash.

The Glow looked down upon our world and knew it was doomed. So it decided to give us a clean slate, a tabula rasa, to excise the corruption of our civilization, to kill it the way radiotherapy kills cancer. That is why the bomb was built. That is why the end came for the old world. It was not from cruelty; it was not from greed; it was not from corrupt ambition. It was for the good of the world and for the countless generations to come. It was a treatment for a disease that would have proven fatal to the planet.

I believe that is why I, the Prophet of the Glow, was selected to help create those weapons. I believe it, and I am no longer ashamed of what I did.

I am proud. I am proud of my part in the Glow's vast plans. I am proud that I helped bring Doom to a corrupt civilization and end the fear and madness that sickened our world. I helped create the conditions from which a new and better world can be built.

Those of you who fought in the Last War, the predecessor of the Glow's holy plan, must also be proud. Pick up your weapons again, and help defend our new way.

I will leave you now to think upon this revelation.

The Sermon before Virginia City

Brethren, sad news has come to us today. As you know, the Chosen are persecuted everywhere. Often they are cast out by those that once professed to love them. Sometimes they are slain.

A few days ago, not far from here at a place called Virginia City, such a travesty was committed. Two young men were found to be mutants and exiled. When they were caught returning, they were put to death.

My brothers and sisters, what do you say about this? *Was this right?*

Was this just?

Had they even committed any crime?

I do not think so either, my brothers and sisters. It was not right; it was not just; and they had committed no crime. These two Chosen, these innocent victims, were guilty of one thing only: being different!

The question has been put before me, "What shall the Cult of Doom do about this injustice?" What indeed? Can we stand by when such atrocities are perpetrated against our brethren? *Can we stand idly by while the Chosen are slain by the primitive norms?*

No? Of course we cannot. Then we should MARCH! We should march on this modern-day Gomorrah and strike a blow for the Chosen everywhere! I leave it to you, the leaders of our movement, the most wise citizens of Lost Vegas. Sit, or march? *What say you?*

March. As I thought.

Your voices have been heard. We shall march. Now go to your homes. Gather your friends. Gather your sons and daughters. Gather your weapons. Gather your ammunition. And gather your strength.

It is a long march to Virginia City, my friends. Let us begin our glorious crusade!

The Sermon after Virginia City

Brethren, today we have won a great victory. We have swept aside those who would destroy us and given them cause to fear our might. The Fist of Doom fell on Virginia City like a hammer and split it like a rotten melon. Be proud of what you have done today. You have brought the creation of our new world one step closer. By your strength and your courage, you have cast down a mighty citadel of corruption and evil.

Do not weep for those who fell here. They died doing the Glow's work, and their spirits have returned to it. Do not lament, for they have entered a mode of existence that transcends mere mortality.

Have no remorse about killing our foes. They deserved no mercy. Did they not strafe us with machine-gun fire before we even announced our purpose? Did they not shower us with petrol bombs as we stormed the gates? Did they not hew at our bodies with blades and knives as we entered? They showed us no mercy and in turn knew to expect none.

The so-called normals have looked down upon us for too long. This day we have given them cause to fear us. For too long the so-called normals have tormented us. From this day forth, let them beware. We will no longer tolerate their attacks upon our people. We will no longer suffer their taunts and impudence. We will no longer endure their presence in this world which is ours by divine right.

The Glow has given this world into our keeping. These people have defied its will, and now they must suffer for it. It is no longer enough for us to sit and wait for them to die off. Be assured that it will happen, but why should we tolerate their attacks on our people and their murders of our folk? They are doomed anyway, so let us hasten this doom in order to preserve the lives of our own. Let us cleanse our lands of their wickedness and intolerance. Let us show them that their day is over and a new day has dawned: the day of the mutant!

I am calling on you now to join me in a great crusade, to free this tortured land from those who would slay us. Anyone who falls in battle does so with my blessing, the blessing of the Prophet, and is assured of going directly into the presence of the Glow and mingling his essence with it. Anyone who kills a so-called normal does so with my blessing and thus earns a place for himself among the worthiest of the Chosen. Go forth from this place, and rally our people, and sweep these decadent, evil fools into oblivion.

I leave you now to think on these words.



Silas again, this time after the Virginia City Massacre.

Doomsayers of Renown

Librarian's Note: My next entry is an oral report by a man named "Mad Jack Crow," a scavenger and trader in the Nevada region who claims to have had much exposure to the Cult of Doom, the Schismatics, and their various minions. He also mentioned a previously undocumented society of mutants and Doomsayers operating out of Idaho.

I asked him various questions one night. Most of what he shared has been revealed in more detail elsewhere. Of particular interest, however, was his knowledge on several noteworthy Doomsayers he had encountered. I present for this report here his testament on that subject in full.

You wanna hear tell about Doomsayers, eh? I've told tales and sung songs of heroes and greatness, and of evil beyond imagination—but there is nuthin', and I mean nuthin', more tragic than the tale of the Doomsayers.

If Doomsayers are what ya want, Doomsayers is what ya get. Now let me ask my little Muse to help me with my fadin' memory—things ain't as clear up in the noggin' like they used to be back before the War.

Mebbe if'n my muse had some grub, she could think a little clearer.

Ah, yeah. That's better. Thanks, stranger.



Black Ursa, a Hekant Lector, with his "Helot," the Major.

Black Ursa and the Major

We all hear tell of Silas and Joan—the green and the purples—but there's another type of Doomsayer out there, a whole group o' muties who live by a different code. They keep mostly to themselves, but I've met a few in my day. You see, they live way up in Idaho, up in what they call the Panhandle. They've carved out a nice little life for themselves—but before I git ahead of myself, let me tell you about Black Ursa and the Major.

I was takin' a much needed break from tale tellin' in a joint out in California. It was a waypoint for them foolhardy fellas to go into the Maze, so I thought I'd stop off and earn my keep, maybe even pick up some new tales for the tellin'. A story weaver like me has got to stay on top of it all, y'see.

The bar was real smoky-like, and I could barely see my hand in front of my face. The place was so packed that no one could draw a full breath. People were talking, but you couldn't quite make out the precise words. It was just a constant murmur. All in all, a place close to my heart.

Over the din, I hear the door guard say, "We don't take your kind in here." Now this piqued my interest, so I peered over the crowd to look at the door. The guard was making all tough like, but he was just dwarfed by the shape in the doorway. It looked like a big ol' bear had crawled in from the wilderness, stood up on hind legs, and came into town. The bear was wearin' fancy-type clothes, a real clean white, like clean I don't normally see out in the wastes.

The bear snarled for a moment, but just stood aside. Behind him stood a fella who didn't even come up to the door guard's chin. But if he wasn't big, he was wide—like a brick. He said a few words, but I didn't make out what.

Before you know it, the stubby dude puts his hands on the door guard's neck, and all of a sudden, the door guard just sorta slumps to the floor. The other barhelp squeeze through the crowd to help out, and it looks like a fight's a-comin'. The bear just tosses some shiny nuggets—gold, it musta been—at the barkeep, and everything was okay. The crowd just sorta parted for the bear and his little buddy. No one wanted to get near to him.

Now this was a story. I sat down with the bear—or at least tried to. One minute I was walking toward the table, the next I've got an arm around my throat. I don't know how the little dude got behind me so quick, but bang, there he was. I felt pressure in my head as the

darkness started to close in around my eyes. I like to say I'm a brave man, but it's one thing to die in battle and another to die slowly by bein' strangulated. The bear just sorta waved his hand and said, "Enough, Major, thank you." The arm all o' sudden just disappeared from my throat, and I gasped for a breath.

"Please sit down. I apologize for any inconvenience. The Major can be a little overenthusiastic sometimes." His voice sounded like an avalanche smashing through a forest, but he seemed real polite, so I sat down. An' that's when I seen he wasn't no bear at all, just a mutie what looked an awful lot like one.

Naturally, I started right in with the questions: Who are you? Hell, what are you? Normally, folks with mutations that bad go kinda nutty. But he didn't sound nutty. It sounded like he was real smart, like a professor.

Turns out he was a mutant named Black Ursa from a faraway place called Amarna. Many mutants didn't care for Silas' rantings, so they ran away to this place in Idaho and built their own city. Mutants like Ursa found out the hard way that no one—not Silas, not Joan—really accept the horribly mutated. Ursa used to be a doctor before the war, and Silas made him into some sort o' soldier. Just 'cause someone looks nasty doesn't mean they are, Ursa said. But all the Doomsayers treated him and other hideous mutants real bad, like trogs, just because of the way they look.

I know that sounds weird, but there it is. So this one fella, Avatar they call 'im, organized all the outcast mutants together and set off to search for a new place, which he got in his mind to call Amarna. Ursa lived there for a time, and eventually he got to be some sort of official they got there called a Lector. He said his job was to search the world for information—any type of information—and relay it back to Amarna. It was his duty for this guy Avatar and the other mutants.

Who's the Major, I asked? Somethin' called a heel-alot—sorry, my memory plays tricks on me. I don't know the term, but the Major was some sort of servant to Ursa—a bodyguard. Major was real tight-lipped while Ursa and I talked. It was like he wasn't even there, he was so quiet. Ursa just nodded his head, and the Major finally spoke for himself. He was a soldier who lived in Idaho for a time in one o' them paramilitary camps that became so common in the 2020s. A lot o' folks got sick and tired of the Union and the Confederacy, so they hightailed it to Idaho and stuck their heads under the sand. Major had been a purty good soldier in his day, so his training was much in demand.

He raised his family there and was real happy—at least till the bombs dropped. All Hell broke loose, even in the hinterlands. Before he knew it, the Major was stuck in the middle of a warzone between all these groups fightin' for space, water, and food. People were dyin' not of the bombs, but of their own greed. Then out o' the woods came these creatures. The Major seemed a purty courageous dude, but even he shuddered at the mention of the monsters.

Anyhow, Ursa showed up with a few hundred of his friends—led by this Avatar. The mutants were real, real powerful. Some was trained as Doomsayers; the rest was well-armed. They tamed that land, little by little. The Major joined up with them 'cause life with the mutants was safe for his family. Lots o' humans serve the mutants, because it's a life a whole lot better than anything else.

I been to Amarna since then, and I met many Lectors. Not many people know about 'em, but they're out there studyin' everythin' under the sun.

Cleon Bishop and the 13th Hourmen

Now, I can't say that I ever met the man called Cleon Bishop, but I seen his 13th Hourmen and what it's all about. I can tell you only what I heard, and that'll have to do. Bishop was something humble before the War. I think he worked in a computer store or somethin'. No one knows for sure.



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But after the War, he saw one o' the Horsemen: Famine. As the tales say, Famine rode right into Iowa City, carrying her wrath with her. Bishop had been just a man before, but sure as shootin' he changed that day.

Famine was ridin' down the pike, followed by every sort o' demon your mind can imagine. Slithering, crawling, slobbering, screaming, screeching, flapping, leaping—every sort of motion and sound. Cleon stood right in their path. Maybe his mind just snapped that day, and he couldn't accept what was happening. If you listen to the 13th Hourmen, it was the day he was reborn. Great occasions bring out the greatness in people I reckon.

That day brought out Cleon's greatness. He stared down that rabble of Hell, and Famine too. That skinny bitch rode right on by and left him alone. The amazing thing is Cleon didn't have no powers back then. He did this with sheer force of will and righteous virtue. That's the story anyway.

When the ghost-rock radiation finally left its mark on Cleon, thick, bony horns curled out of his head. Lots of folk in the early days were

quite skittish around muties, so Cleon was forced to wander alone throughout the Wasted West. Cleon says he learned what true faith was then. He said he was being delivered into the Lord's hands. He had seen the spawn of Evil walk the Earth. God would reshape him to fit the needs of a new world.

It wasn't too long before Cleon met up with some purple robes. He became one o' them in time. Now I'm not gonna tell you that Cleon is a glory hound like the Kid, who I'll get to in a minute, but he ain't shy either. Cleon always had big plans for the future. One by one, he gathered a band of fighters around him. Some were mutants; some were human. He took them in and taught them all he knew. Soon he had quite a posse put together. Most of Joan's Doomsayers act individually or in small groups o' two or three. Heck, a group of four or five purple robes might be called a population explosion. Cleon, though, kept adding to his gang until it became almost like his own private army. He dubbed them the 13th Hourmen.

Cleon gave them this fancy moniker because he said that the world is in the 13th hour. He's talkin' about that clock that fancypants scientists used to monitor the war situation. (I think they called it an "atomic clock." Some kinda joke I think but I don't get it.) Anyway, I guess the clock struck midnight when the bombs dropped. Cleon says that we've gone into the 13th hour now that the Apocalypse has come and gone. We can't start a new day, he says, until we clean up the mess from the old one.

Joan's Doomsayers weren't doing the job fast enough, so he kinda went out on his own. He settled his little group down in good ol' Oklahoma and began carving out a nice little niche for himself. The Hourmen became a law-enforcement group. Towns would sign up, and the Hourmen would police their territory—for a nominal fee. Cleon isn't shy about announcing he's got bigger fish to fry than a few rascals and varmints.

Cleon wants to forge an army to destroy Silas once and for all. He calls out to all the purple robes who are frustrated with the small victories and want to end this conflict. Funny thing is, Cleon doesn't discriminate between human and mutant. He takes just about everyone in. The initiation process is supposed to be pretty severe, but the results speak for themselves.

The 13th Hourmen have done a lot o' good, but I hear some pretty strange things coming out o' Oklahoma. Like about some villages that have been burned to the ground, and survivors accusing the 13th Hourmen. Or about the lynching of a few mutants and humans who just didn't see the light. The 13th Hourmen just says these are all damn lies coming out of Silas' agents, but who knows? The Hourmen are absolutely, totally dedicated to bringin' down them green robes. That might be so, but tales say that Joan isn't mighty pleased at the things bein' done by the 13th Hourmen. A lot of them still wear the purple, after all.

Firebringer

The most mysterious Doomsayer I ever met is Firebringer. I ran into him once in the hinterlands of the Great Basin. I was goin' from town to town, singing my tales for food and shelter, when I saw this tall, skinny fella ridin' a black, black horse. You ever seen a black so deep it kinda glowed? Well, that was the horse. And its eyes. It wasn't like the dull glaze of a normal animal where they stare and stare, but don't seem to be lookin'. This horse looked like it not only saw me, but also was studyin' me. Almost like I just might be its dinner. My own little pony turned right skittish. And the saddle, it shined with bits o' metal so bright that it musta been gold. Normally, a fella is askin' for trouble when he rides somethin' as purty as that.

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My glance turned upward toward the fella's face, to see who this guy was. He was darn tall, a kinda tall that a measurin' stick kin never really record. And real, real thin. But not a sickly thin. He had that ropy, wiry strength about him. A deep-purple robe hid the rest of his body. Of course I knows those robes. Those are the robes of Joan's boys. These Doomsayers don't mean no harm, though I just as likely avoid them. Mostly these folks pity us norms. They think we don't have much longer on this here planet, but they ain't tryin' to knock us off like Silas over in Vegas.

Anyhow, my gaze turned up to meet this dude's face, and I kinda gasped. His flesh seemed to be burnt real bad, but it never done healed straight. Normally, fire leaves scars—pretty bad ones too. I got some I'll show ya later, but this guy looked like his burns were fresh. His skin a dark charcoal, cut into pieces by fresh red cracks. He didn't seem to mind my horrified glance. He just sorta smiled, like he meant no harm. He lifted up both his hands to show that he didn't have no gun.

"I'm not going to hurt you, tale-teller."

"How do you know what I am?" says I.

"Your guitar a bit of a clue, old father."

I dun traveled throughout the Wasted West and ain't never seen someone so polite.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To Marble Rock," I replied. That was the town I knew was only a few hours away.

"My good man, Marble Rock is no more. You will find only death there."

I looked over his shoulder and saw in the distance a thin column of smoke waftin' up into the sky.

"Who are you, mister?" I asked. My voice mighta trembled a bit then.

"My name is Firebringer. These parts are dangerous, even to a tale-teller such as yourself. Why don't you ride with me until we get to a safer destination?"

Clearly the work in Marble Rock wasn't goin' to be there, so I figured at least I could tag along for a bit, maybe pick what was left of this dude's crispy brains for a tale or two.

That night we camped together, huddled against a warm fire. I never kin figure out why it's so hot durin' the day, but so cold at night. Normally, people post watches at night, switchin' off sleepin'. I offered to stay awake for the first few hours 'cause I wasn't tired.

"Sleep the sleep of the just, friend," says he. "I shall watch over you. I do not sleep, at least as you mortals do. None shall harm you this night."

Mortal? What was he talkin' 'bout, I thought. Now here's a tale in the makin', just as sure as my name was Mad Jack. Anyhow, I started askin' questions, real sly like. Firebringer just laughed, a deep laugh from the gut. He knew I was pryin', but he didn't mind none.

What he told me sometimes keeps me awake at night.

The first memory he has is of walkin' out of a desert somewhere in Arizona. His skin was black as ghost rock, and he had no clothes. He didn't know why he was there or how he got there. He walked and walked. He didn't get thirsty or nothin', and he knew enough to know that's mighty strange in the desert. He got to a little pond with scraggly bushes growin' around it. He wanted to wash the grime and sand off his body when all of a sudden a couple of wormlings jumped out o' the ground.

He says he wasn't scared none. Wormlings are fierce critters, but this fella was even stranger, so I believe him. He waited, he said, till they surrounded him, then reached down inside himself and touched what he calls the "fire." Suddenly, the world lit up in green flames. A few wormlings were vaporized. The rest ran for cover. Firebringer stood in this here ring of fire for he doesn't know how long—it coulda' been minutes, it coulda' been hours. Then, outta the blue, a purple robe rode up, investigatin' the green flash.

"Who are you?" the Doomsayer asked.



Firebringer.

His response, "I am the bringer of Fire." And that's how he got his moniker.

The purple robe turned out to be Jason Nichols. He trained Firebringer and taught him about his heritage. Turns out Firebringer was a mutant, one who had already been touched by the Glow. The purples said they done never seen someone so strong with the radiation. Firebringer learnt all he could from the purples and even taught them a thing or two. He eventually took on the robes himself. He now fights against Silas and all the forces of destruction.

He began askin' me lots o' questions then: where I been, things I seen. He asked me if I ever heard o' "the Gates." He says he doesn't remember a thing from before that day in the desert, except that he needs to find the Gates. He doesn't know what they are. He just knows that they're out there somewhere. Maybe you heard of them.

Anyway, we stayed up all night tradin' tales and songs. He's a mighty good tale-teller in his own right. He knows a lot o' them ancient tales too, sung long before ghost rock was ever found. He knows them real well—and I ate them up like old time candy. The next day we went our own ways, but I hear tell o' him from time to time.

He's a great man, but not one you ever wanna cross. I pity Silas and his boys 'cause Firebringer is a scrapper.

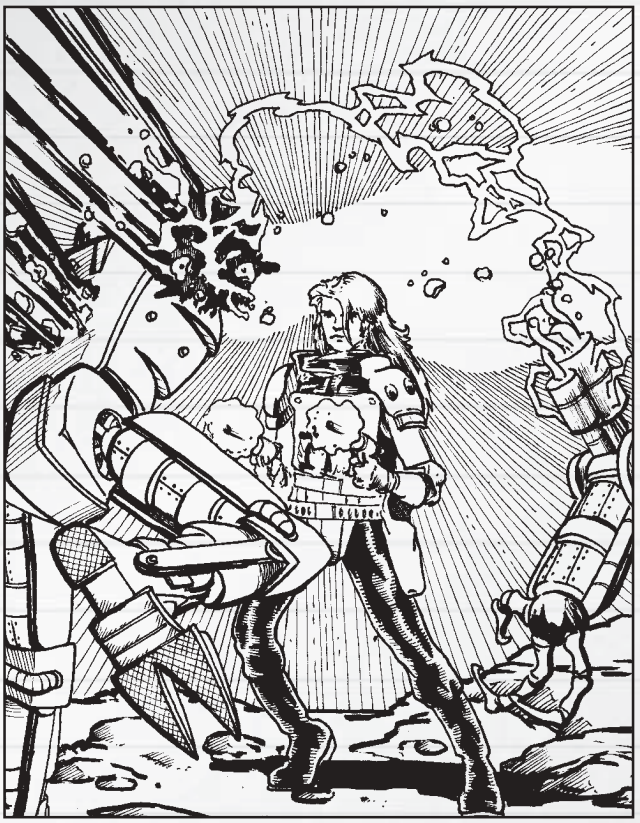
I just wonder what might happen if he ever finds those gates he was lookin' for.

The Philadelphia Kid and Blue Note

Most Doomsayers like to keep a low, low profile. I don't know if that's Joan's idea or what. Some people say Joan ain't even real, that she's a myth the purples use to throw Silas off their trail. Say that to one though, and you're likely to get a fight.

But I met this one little rascal who loves the spotlight so much he hangs with his own personal tale-teller. You've probably heard about this fella before, 'cause his tale-teller spits out a new story every other week about his friend. I'll even admit that those stories are maybe half right and that this Doomsayer is almost as good as he thinks. Course I'm talkin' bout none other than the Philadelphia Kid and Blue Note.

I walked into a saloon once to satisfy my thirst, when I seen this fella playin' cards. He looked like a young cub, not old enough to shave. He was dressed up in battle leather like a soldier, but it was all purple. Now I knew right away that this had to be the Philadelphia Kid, the only Doomsayer who don't wear robes. Off in the corner was a long-haired feller tunin' up a fiddle or some such thing. I guessed that must be Blue Note, the Philadelphia Kid's partner, and it turned out I was right.



The Philadelphia Kid goes to town on a Combine automaton.

The card game seemed to be goin' well enough when the Kid suddenly stood up and said he had an appointment. Blue Note followed him out o' the saloon. Everyone there knew it was the Philadelphia Kid and expected somethin' to be happenin'. We all piled out after the two.

Sure 'nuff, at the edge o' town, there looked to be a Doombringer with a whole mess o' them ugly trogs. I got nuthin' 'gainst them things, but dang, they're so ugly even the mirrors get sick. Anyway, the Kid just stands there in the street and loosens the straps on his six-guns. Blue Note stayed up on the boardwalk, outta the way. The Doombringer just sorta glared at the Kid. I don't know if he recognized him or not, but he weren't pleased.

All of a sudden, the Kid leaped into the air—and not just leaped, but practically flew a few meters high. The spot he had been standin' on suddenly lit up with an explosion. The Kid drew his guns from his holsters and started firin' as soon as he landed back on the ground. The Doombringer's body went herky-jerky, but it kept hurlin' bolts o' fire at the Kid. An' he just kept bouncin' round here, there, and everywhere, firin' his guns. Trogs dropped left and right.

The Doombringer, though, started throwin' flames into the buildings in town. People was screaming and running around. There was just utter chaos. And the Kid was laughing—laughing—like he was enjoying it all. He loves the thrill, I tell you. I won't take a thing away from the kid—he's been quite the hero. It's just I never saw someone so excited in the midst of battle. Least not anyone that I hung around with. Most of 'em got more sense than that.

Now the next bit is only what I saw, and I could be wrong, but Blue Note appeared out of nowhere next to the Doombringer. I've heard Blue Note play that fiddle and tell the Kid's tales, and I'll give him his due: He's pretty good. But that was singin'; this was some kind of teleportin'.

Anyway, Blue Note just kinda appeared out of nothingness and blew up the Doombringer. Don't ask me how. One second he was there; another, there was this big explosion and Blue Note disappeared again. I only saw him later standin' off in an alleyway.

Meanwhile, the crowd gathered around the Philadelphia Kid, cheerin' him and whatnot. I had a couple of questions though—like where did the

Doombringer and trogs come from anyway? Were they going to attack?

If they were, I coulda thought o' a hundred better ways than standing there at the edge of town looking like targets. No one seemed to mind though. They were much more interested in cheerin' on the Kid.

Later I asked the Kid where he got his name. I don't know how old he is, but he can't have been more than a babe when the bombs fell. He says he saw the word Philadelphia on some old map and took a shining to the name. Blue Note, he says, raised him and is sort of his pappy.

I don't think Blue Note really is his father, but you never can tell these days. Blue Note's voice sounds mighty familiar to me, like maybe I heard it before the War. But like I said, my memory plays tricks with me sometimes. And I can't be sure about that.

I will say something about the Philadelphia Kid though. Doomsayer or not, he's one o' the fastest guns I ever saw. And he can jump like a frog on a hotplate.

Brin

Brin is a woman. I think she was from Canada or some such. She's purty—incredibly purty.

No joke.

Weird, huh? Mutations kinda are like that. One fella grows some sort of second head up outta his shoulder; the next becomes the most perfect specimen of womankind what ever walked the earth.

You can imagine the effect she has on the fellas. There ain't a male scav laid eyes on her yet who ain't itchin' to get inside her robe, if you catch my drift.

'Course Brin uses her looks to get her way everywhere she goes. Most folks think she's a norm, but I know better. She's a Doomsayer, and there ain't a one o' them what's a normal. So I figure her mutation was gettin' so all-fired beautiful.

She operates mostly around Junkyard. I hear she hung around with Cole Ballad fer a bit, workin' with him on occasion to take out a group o' Black Hats or green robes.

Heh. You'd think he'd be sweet on her too, like everyone else, but I guess if anyone had the inner strength to resist her wiles, it would have to be him.

Brin is one of Joan's "Mentors." These are her closest friends what broke out of Lost Vegas with her back during the Schism. Now they're the cream of the crop. All the Mentors know plenty of miracles and can cast 'em better than most purple robes you'll meet.



Brin.

The Hekants

Librarian's Note: After recording the testimony of Mad Jack Crow, I sought out those Doomsayers that he had mentioned. In my travels, I was able to find only one of them: Black Ursa. He declined to be interviewed, but his "Helot," known only as "the Major," did. This is particularly enlightening testimony, as it is the first data on Amarna.

I guess you've got a lot of material on Silas and the purple-robed Doomsayers of Joan, but from what I gather, not many people have heard of Amarna. That makes sense, I suppose, as we've been kind of holed up over in Idaho for years. Avatar's only just started sending out his Lectors.

That's what Ursa is: a Lector, one of their more noteworthy citizens, given the job of exploring the ruins of the world and destroying abominations. I'm what they call a "Helot," a normal person assigned to assist and protect a Lector. It's not a bad system—as powerful and strong as someone like Ursa is, he'd be hard-pressed to wander the wastes on his own, looking like he does. All the Hekants are like that: severely mutated, often so bad that they look more like animals than humans.



A mutie artist's rough interpretation of Avatar.

I can tell you quite a bit about the Hekants if you like. I've been with them for many years, and I've made a point to sort of take note of how they do things, understand their history, and so forth. Let me start at the beginning.

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Mustafa

Mustafa Kamal—that's the real name of Avatar, the Hekant leader—was a world-renowned Egyptologist and archeologist before the war. He was curator of the Egyptian museum in Memphis, Tennessee—supposedly the biggest in the world, including Egypt itself.

Mustafa's studies led him to believe that the ancient Egyptians used ghost rock in important rituals thousands of years ago. Because of this interest, he knew about the work of other ghost-rock researchers, like Megan Holst.

When Memphis got the bomb, Mustafa survived in the basement of the museum. He got the "glows," and the mutations transformed his entire body. Feathers sprouted from his skin, fingers contorted into talons, and vestigial wings sprouted from his back. When the glows had run their course, Mustafa looked as much like a bird as a man.

He crossed the Mississippi to escape Memphis, then wandered for nearly a year trying to find a home in this new world. But he found only hatred and suspicion among normal people. He was so severely changed that folk often took him for a monster or abomination of some sort. Even those places that tolerated mutants would not give refuge to such an extreme case.

Occasionally, the former Egyptologist found a small band of pitiful mutants trying to eke out a living far away from everything, but most of the time Mustafa spent his days alone. After a while, he heard about Las Vegas and the Mutant King. Mustafa figured if anyone would take him in, the Mutant King would.

Coming Forth into Day

When Mustafa arrived in Vegas, he was pleased to learn that the Mutant King was more than just another raving madman. He was a man who had actually studied ghost rock under the famous Megan Holst. Well, to make a long story short, he hooked up with Silas (who, I gather, was more approachable then than now) and began to swap theories on ghost rock and mutations. They soon became friends, and Mustafa joined Silas' innermost circle. Silas personally trained Mustafa in Doomsayer stuff, and the birdman drank it up.

Silas' preachings convinced Mustafa that mutants were indeed the Chosen, but Mustafa rejected a lot of the ideology. He believed that radiation was just one tool of a larger, higher power. At first this argument was a purely philosophical one between friends, but it slowly produced a rift between Mustafa and Silus.

Don't let Ursa hear this part, but the birdman was probably starting to slip even back then. He put together this delusion centered around the religion of the ancient Egyptians. He claimed that the power Silus had harnessed was the same the Pharaohs had used to conquer half the Mediterranean thousands of years ago. He figured that the sun, the largest nuclear reaction in our sky, was the true source of this power. The Egyptian gods he had studied were in fact the real Saints, and the mutants were living vessels of the gods' magical power. The gods, led by the sun god Atum, had returned and had created mutants to oversee the planet and shepherd the flocks of humanity. Mustafa dubbed mutants "Hekants." That comes from the Egyptian word for magic, "heka."

Needless to say, Mustafa's ideas flew in the face of Silas' carefully constructed system of saints and radiation magic. Silas might have tolerated these rantings, at least back then, if they hadn't had such an impact on the Vegan hordes. So instead Silas exiled Mustafa, who now called himself Avatar, figuring he was about to become a "trog" and lose all semblance of sanity anyway. But Mustafa did not. More importantly, he was followed by a small but powerful group of mutants—including Ursa. These were people much like Mustafa, who had suffered the most severe mutations. Silas never realized that the most deformed and hideous mutants felt ostracized even among their own kind. Avatar was like them, and they sympathized with his exile.

Avatar had no idea where he would lead his ragtag band of fugitives, but he believed his god Atum would show him the way. The Hekants, which now strictly referred to those mutants who followed Mustafa, wandered without a home for several months before they arrived in the Panhandle of Idaho. It so happened that's where I lived.

The Idaho Fire

The Panhandle had not fared well since the War. It wasn't strategically important (which is why I lived there), but an errant ghost-rock bomb landed outside the city of Coeur d'Alene. The explosion immediately ignited a forest fire which soon spread and consumed much of the northern end of the state. Scores of small towns were completely incinerated by the racing line of fires. The few remaining settlements were helpless to stop it. We called it the Idaho Fire.

Well, that wasn't all. Some time after, plague swept through the region. Hundreds died of cholera and dysentery—half my family went that way. Many of the people in the region were militants, and a lot of them started fighting and killing each other over cattle, food, and gasoline. As if all this wasn't enough, the burned remains of the woods began to grow back into something far worse than the dark forests that had existed before. Twisted, gnarled branches reached higher and higher, cutting out almost all sunlight. All kinds of terrible creatures stalked these charred ruins, killing mercilessly. It was a terrible, terrible time.

Amarna

That was the situation when Avatar and the Hekants arrived at the ruins of Coeur d'Alene. Convinced that Atum had designated this to be the new Hekant homeland because it was ugly and twisted like his people, Avatar immediately began to pacify the area. The Hekants were a powerful, organized bunch. Acre by acre, they cleared the nearby forests of its nasties. The paramilitaries were either completely destroyed, driven off, or absorbed. Avatar managed to create a safe zone extending roughly 30 miles around the north end of Coeur d'Alene Lake. He founded his new town on the eastern shore, about five miles from the ruins of the old city.

Silas

By this time, Silas had begun his campaign to rid the world of norms. Avatar found Silas' plans of genocide distasteful. He felt that we norms were pitiful things, worthy of compassion rather than hatred. He set a new policy that all humans were welcomed in Amarna. Any immigrant would be given housing, food, and protection. In exchange, the human would need to serve the Hekants in whatever way was asked. That's when I went there. By that time, my entire family was dead, and I, like so many others, just wanted a little peace in my life.

Organization

There is nothing in Amarna not tied to the great Pantheon temple which honors Atum and the other various deities. The enormous Pantheon sits on the banks of the lake, dominating the view. According to the

constitution of Amarna, the temple owns all the property within the city limits. The land, however, is leased to Hekants in exchange for a yearly tithe.

All tithes are publicly announced at a festival. Many Hekants use the tithe as a show of their own status by contributing vast sums of crops or salvage to the Pantheon.

Because of the importance of the Pantheon, every Hekant citizen holds some sort of priestly title which designates his place in society.

Hekants are the only ones allowed to own property in Amarna. Since the Pantheon ostensibly controls the city, temple priests hold magisterial powers as well as religious authority.

The Scribes of Life

The highest level of priests, called the Scribes of Life, act as judges in all cases. There is not really any body of law for the Scribes to confer upon; instead, the Scribe decides the merits of each individual case. Surprisingly, the Scribes have so far proven immune to suggestions of bribery or blackmail. The Scribes, like all Hekants, take their faith very seriously. Wealth is nothing compared to their duties to the temple.

Servants of Atum

The next level below the Scribes of Life are the Servants of Atum. There are currently a dozen levels of Servants, so Hekants are referred to as "First" Servants, "Second" Servants, etc. Being a Servant does not entail any special ritual responsibilities; the title comes with being a citizen of Amarna. Successful Hekants often climb the rungs of the Servants by special achievements or large tithes.

Lectors

A new priesthood was recently formed by Avatar to extend Atum's will outside Amarna. For years, the Hekants had been concerned merely with building their city and creating a stable society. But now Amarna is turning its eyes outward. The new priesthood, the Lectors, are handpicked Hekants of exceptional power and skill—like Ursa. Avatar himself has consecrated these priests to be the vanguard against what he believes is the ultimate evil on the planet, the abominations walking the earth. The Lectors are charged with several objectives, but the most important is to attack, destroy, and eliminate any abomination encountered.

Helots

Me, I'm a Helot, as I said. We normal people hold a strange place in Amarna society. Although technically welcome to come and go as we please, we aren't truly free. In return for the protection and support of Amarna, we sign a contract (stored in the temple) that binds us to service, usually for five years or until we are "blessed," as the Hekants like to call it, with a provable mutation. The norm, or "Helot," is assigned to a particular Hekant depending upon his skills. The Hekant, in return, pays a small rental fee to the Pantheon in exchange for the norm' labors.

Helots who run away or otherwise fail to live up to their contracts are simply not allowed back in Amarna.

Believe it or not, relations between mutant and norms have gone quite well, at least so far. The Hekants don't seem to hate normals, but instead view it as their duty to care for what they believe are their inherent inferiors. Hekants deeply believe mutants will one day control their world. One by one, they think the gods are bestowing their magic upon blessed individuals and transforming them into Hekants. Until the whole human race ascends to that next level, the Hekants will take care of us. I guess their bubble is going to burst some day, but things seem pretty stable so far.

Visitors

Visitors to Amarna are permitted only at the invitation of a Hekant. Each Hekant has a unique symbol which he uses to identify both his property and his invited guests. A mark is magic-markered on the left arm of any visitor to indicates his Hekant host. If the visitor commits any crime, both he and his host pay the penalty. Hekant justice tends to be quick and harsh, but I guess that's better than most places these days.

Mutants, especially the Schismatics, are welcomed with open arms. If they report to the Pantheon, they are admitted as Hekants into the city's citizenry. If a particular mutant shows antisocial tendencies during this period, the Scribes act swiftly to deal with the problem, permanently if need be. Normals are also welcomed, but they must sign a contract at the Pantheon as I described above, if they plan on staying more than a week.

Sybaris

So Amarna became a pretty stable place, and eventually we started getting caravans and traders stopping by. Avatar's draconian rules system didn't make it convenient for a lot of out-of-towners coming and going. Plus, I think even the Hekants were getting a little bored with such a structured life. So, rather than let the inevitable happen on its own, Avatar ordered that

a shanty town be built outside of Amarna, about five or six miles away. He dubbed this place Sybaris, after some ancient city supposedly famous for its sins. The rules of Amarna are technically in effect, but they're lightly enforced. Gambling halls, saloons, and brothels have sprung up and have yet to be torn down by the local enforcers. This keeps the out-of-towners, well, out of town, and it also gives the citizens a place to go for forbidden thrills. But the most drastic difference between Sybaris and Amarna is that norms may live there and come and go as they please.

Avatar

Though he's still influential, I get the impression Avatar has tried to remove himself from day-to-day operations of the city. The faithful claim he is absorbed with understanding the nature of the Hekants and their powerful new order, but some wonder if his mutations are finally taking over.

The practical leadership is made up of the Scribes of Life. They view Avatar with awe and reverence, and I don't think they'd dream of making any major decisions without him. Avatar claims he is afraid he will fall into the same trap of tyranny Silas did, so he publicly preaches that the Hekants must believe in themselves more than him. Until that day arrives, however, Avatar makes most decisions by conferring with the Scribes of Life.

One of his biggest edicts was after we heard about the Virginia City Massacre. From that day forward, Avatar vowed the Hekants were the enemies of the Cult of Doom. Their Doomsayers were not welcome in Amarna. They weren't to be attacked, though, except in self-defense or the defense of others.

The vast majority of the Hekants obey this edict—I think it's good for them to have a common enemy. There are some, however, who have been mistreated by norms before and have a soft spot in their hearts for the Cult of Doom and its anti-norm philosophy. There are no doubt spies sent by Silus as well. All told, I'd guess there are dozens of spies and cult sympathizers in Amarna.

The Law

When a mutant becomes a citizen of Amarna and a true Hekant, he must swear to five "Holy Writs," created (of course) by Avatar. These Writs are inscribed in the walls of the Pantheon.

1. Seek and destroy creations of Seth in the name of the shining All Father Atum.

The Hekants believe the Apocalypse was a manifestation of this ongoing cosmic battle between the god of light and order (Atum), and the god of darkness and confusion (Seth). The Hekants see themselves as the champions of Atum against Seth's creations. Atum armed the Hekants with the ability to tap into the magical force which binds the universe and has now taken the form of radiation.

By ridding the world of abominations, the Hekants feel they are reclaiming the world from Seth's grasp.

2. Endeavor never to kill mutants, for that is the way of Seth.

Mutants should always avoid fighting other mutants; they must set the example of virtue and turn the other cheek. Avatar has stressed, though, that his people may fight or even kill other mutants when forced to do so, but they must pay penance to Atum by doing some sort of good deed.

3. Shine Atum's holy light into the shadows of ignorance.

Because of their isolationism for the past several years, the Hekants do not know much of what goes on outside their corner of the world, so Avatar has charged the Lectors with the task of learning as much as possible of the world. All



Avatar addressing his followers before the construction of Amarna.

Lectors send regular reports back to the Pantheon. Scribes collate and digest the various bits of information that trickle in each month.

Avatar realizes that Amarna can't keep to itself. With more and more people traveling to Amarna for trade, Avatar's afraid, I think, of new ideas that might spread through his people like a virus. He wants to gather every scrap of information to arm his priests against the harmful influence of the world outside.

4. Live faith, not speak of it.

Avatar finds the evangelism of Silas and Joan ineffective. Instead, he commands his Hekants to live appropriately to convince others of their sincerity. The soapbox sermons given by Doomsayers of Silas and Joan are completely alien to the Hekants' mindset. They would rather set an example than preach.

5. Guard over the children of the Earth.

Avatar looks on norms as spoiled children who've made a mess of our world. As a result, Hekants view the belief shared by both Silas and Joan—that humans are doomed—with distaste. Hekants believe they have been created for one reason and one reason only: to battle the forces of Seth. Once the planet is returned to a state of normalcy, the Hekants will ascend into the sky and take their place with the other gods on Atum's sun boat. Until then, the Hekants feel they should help the normals learn how to live in peace and avoid Seth's temptations.

Solomon Grundy Syndrome

Librarian's Note: The following is the report of Francis Cullier, a former doctor who fled Lost Vegas when he attempted to find a vaccine for Solomon Grundy Syndrome.

Solomon Grundy,
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday:
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy

You know the rhyme? Good. Grundy Syndrome isn't quite that severe, but it is almost as amazing. It seems to be a form of accelerated aging that strikes maybe half of all newborn mutants in Lost Vegas. Victims' cells grow and divide at roughly five times the normal rate, and they age at five times normal speed.

Believe it or not, in a world like ours where resources are scarce and death is swift, this can be useful. Grundies learn faster than most normals, although not in proportion to the rate at which they age. Most can walk at three months and are fully coordinated by one year. They can talk at the same time. By the age of three they are fully grown. By twenty, if they live so long, most are dead of old age.

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Their condition allows them to become mobile and forage for food far faster than most normal infants, but their emotional maturity does not match their physical appearance. It's a strange sight, let me tell you. You can meet a fellow who looks like a well-muscled young man but throws temper tantrums like a spoiled four year old—which is what he is. It's a dangerous mix. Many Grundies never achieve normal levels of intelligence or maturity.

Those raised in Vegas are ill-educated and naive. For them, there are no cult schools, only preachers who whip them into frenzy and unleash them upon the world. If you've heard about screaming mutant hordes assaulting towns, chances are most of the troops were Grundies. Silas seems to think "Hey, they're going to die soon anyway. There are plenty more where they came from." Its a nasty old world, right enough.

Strangely, they seem immune to mutations! I've never seen one with a mutation other than the Grundy Syndrome. That's why I was so interested in them. Besides the fact that I felt sorry for them, I figured I could analyze their blood and find a way for others to resist radiation and possibly even mutation. Maybe I could even cure these weird feet of mine.

But then Silas got word of what I was up to. His Doombringers destroyed all my research and just about got me, too. And that's when I got the hell out of Vegas, buddy.

Canticles and Prayers

Librarian's Note: Appended here are four fundamental prayers used by both Loyal and Schismatic Doomsayers (though apparently not those of Amarna).

The Canticle of Doom

In the name of the twisted,
In the image of the deformed,
In the fury of the atom,
In the glow of the bomb,
The new age arose.

The Saints Prayer

I give Praise to Saint Newton for his Insight into the nature of Existence.
Blessed be his name and the Truth of Physics.
I give Praise to Saint Mendel for his Discovery of the nature of Heredity.
Blessed be his name and the Truth of Genetics.
I give Praise to Saint Darwin for his Unveiling of the nature of Natural Selection.
Blessed be his name and the Truth of Evolution.
I give Praise to Saint Bates, for his having had the Courage to Act Strongly and bring forth a New Age.
Blessed be his name and the Truth of Atomic War.
I give Praise to Saint Curie for her Revealing the nature of Radiation.
Blessed be her name and the Truth of the Atom.
I give Praise to Saint Einstein for his Sacred Imagination in perceiving the nature of Quantum Physics.
Blessed be his name and the Truth of Genius.
I give Praise to Saint Oppenheimer for his Inspiration and Dedication in building the First Atomic Weapon.
Blessed be his name and the Weapons of Change
I give Praise to Saint Hellstromme for his Holy and Just Revelation of the true nature of Ghost Rock.
Blessed be his name and the Stone of Souls.
I Give Praise to Saint Holst, First Among Saints, for her Divine Guidance in the sacred Way of the Atom.
Blessed be her name and the Truth of the Chosen.

Prayer of the Doomsayer

I speak only the truth of the Atomic Age.
And they shall know me by my words.
I speak to reveal Fate to the Doomed.
And they shall know me by my words.
I speak to bring Hope to the Chosen.
And they shall know me by my words.

I act only to preserve the Truth.
And they shall know me by my deeds.
I act only to succor the Doomed.
And they shall know me by my deeds.
I act only to secure a better world for the Chosen.
And they shall know me by my deeds.

I live only to find the Harbinger.
And they shall know me by my power.
I live only to serve the Harbinger.
And they shall know me by my power.
I live only to protect the Harbinger.
And they shall know me by my power.



A Grundy. This guy is only three years old.

Song of the Chosen

Perverted and Deformed, Disgusting and Reviled,
The Curses of the Doomed slide off us and we feel no pain.

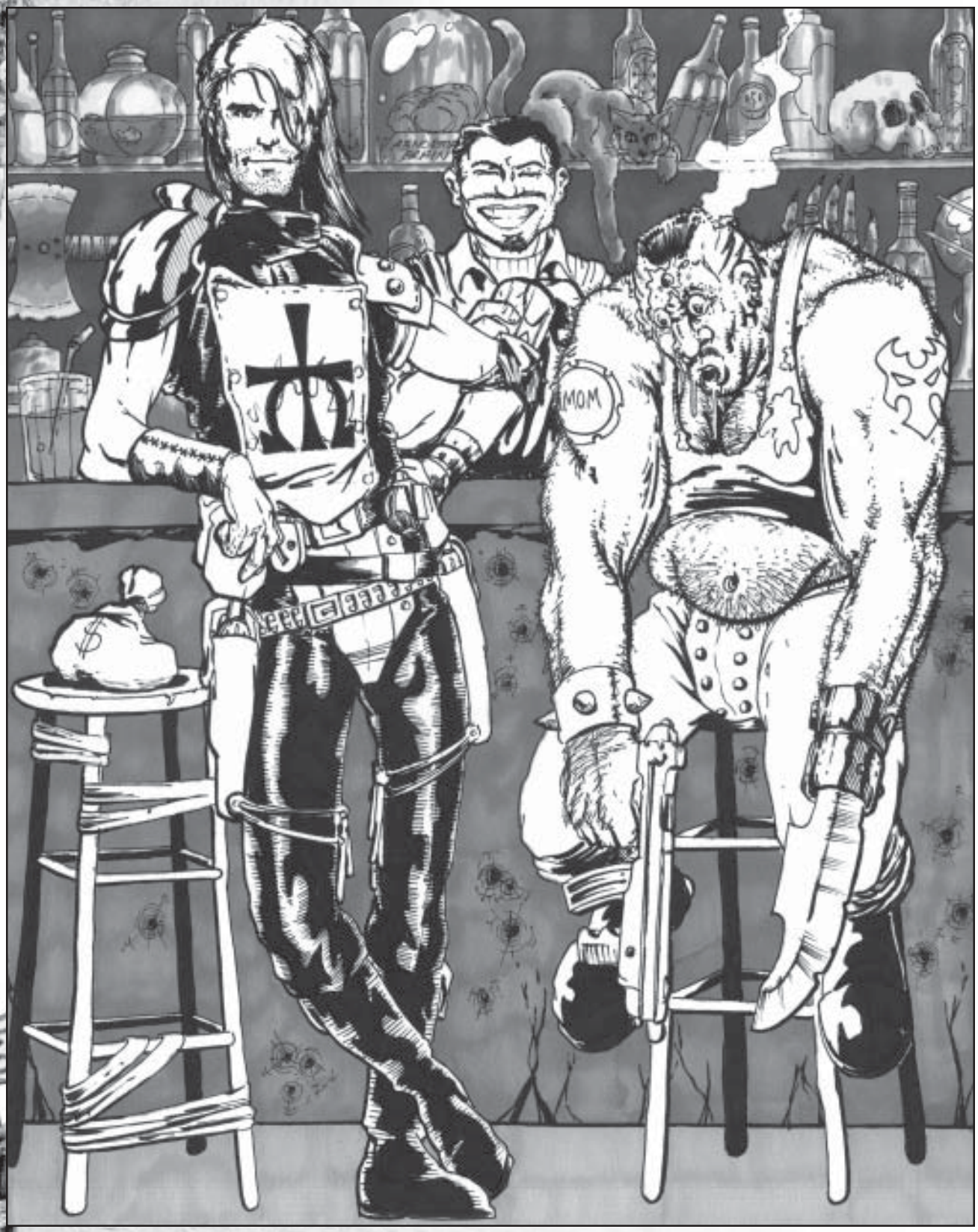
Inhuman and Cursed, Mutated and Maligned,
The Curses of the Ignorant have no meaning to us.

We Know the Truth
Conceived in the Might of the Atom
Forged in the Fires of Ghost Rock
Brought forth in the Glory of the Apocalypse
We Are the Future.

Powerful and Fearsome, Wise and Honored,
The Chosen wield the Power superhuman.

Blessed and Evolved, Gifted and Respected,
The Chosen show humanity the Way to the Future.

We Know the Truth
Taught with the Wisdom of Holst
Strained with the Energy of Life
Transformed by the Power of Soul and Atom
We Are the Future.


MOM



Chapter Two: The Atomic Life

Now you know more about Doomsayers than you ever thought possible. Here we give you everything you need to create your very own radpriest.

First we're going to tell you how your character got to be the awesome rad-wielder that he is, and a little about the folks who made him that way. Then we'll tell you about a new method some Doomsayers have discovered to tap into those raging maelstroms one finds all over the Wasted West. Finally, we'll serve up some new Edges and Hindrances just for Doomsayers. Use 'em as you will, muchacho.

Mentors

Every Doomsayer must be taught the Way of the Atom by a Mentor. Evil Doomsayers learn from Silas or one of his taskmasters in the city of Lost Vegas. They have big classes with scores of students all lined up like soldiers, blasting and screaming litanies of Doom together. Picture one of those kung-fu movies where they have hundreds of students all punching and kicking together. Now picture those same students wearing bright-green robes and breaking bricks with bolts of crackling energy instead of their hands. Got it? Okay. That's the Cult o' Doom way.

Good Doomsayers are a little more low-key. They learn their trade through one of Joan's close friends, the Mentors. That's Mentor with a capital "M." That's their title, and they're sticking to it. These are the guys and gals who learned their powers from Silas and were with Joan when she escaped. A few Mentors have been added since, but most are old-timers who have been one with the Glow for nearly a decade. Needless to say, most folks don't mess with these veterans.

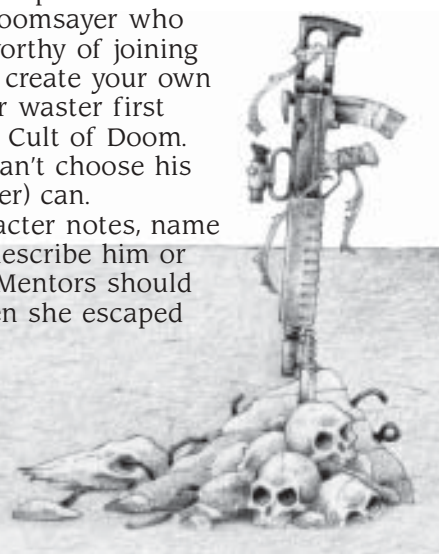
Picking a Mentor

Picking a Mentor isn't like picking your nose. You don't just shove your finger up there and expect to find gold. No, in this case, the booger chooses you.

Okay, that analogy went a little far. Let's start over.

New Doomsayers—Initiates—don't choose their Mentors. The Mentor chooses them. Maybe the character is a mutant who was discovered by one of these folks, or perhaps he's been led to the Mentor by another Doomsayer who thinks the character is worthy of joining the Schismatics. You can create your own backstory as to how your waster first became an Initiate in the Cult of Doom.

Okay, your character can't choose his Mentor, but you (the player) can. Somewhere in your character notes, name your hero's Mentor and describe him or her a bit. Almost all the Mentors should have been with Joan when she escaped



from Lost Vegas. There are just over 50 Mentors, so feel free to make yours a little unusual if you want. You might even want to take the *friends in high places* Edge so that he or she might come to your Doomsayer's aid on occasion.

Just remember that your Doomie's Mentor is a good guy. Joan doesn't allow homicidal maniacs to teach the Way of the Atom. If your Mentor strays a little, that's fine, but don't go too far without good reason. If you do, we'll sic the Doombringers on you.

Here are two of the Mentors we've mentioned in this book, plus a couple more. You can make one of them your hero's Mentor if you want, or you can simply use them as examples of what your character's teacher might be like.

Trevor Baines

Trevor was a geologist before the War. He's the fellow from the Interview with a Doomsayer section at the beginning of this book.

Trevor is truly a good guy, though a little on the simple side. He travels the Nevada area, where he can keep an eye on the Cult of Doom. If he sees or hears of them sending out a large force, he tries to reach their target ahead of time and give the defenders proper warning.

Because Trevor is such a spoiler, Silas wants him dead more than most. He's put a $10,000 reward on his mutated head.

Trevor is six feet tall and has spotty skin and pustules. He's managed to keep his thick brown hair, though his eyebrows are looking a little thin these days.

Emilio Gonzalez

Emilio was a SoCal cop in Lost Angels before the war. He was driving across the desert to pick up a prisoner when the bombs fell. At first, he lent his skills to the survivors, fighting off scavengers and looters while protecting refugee camps and hospitals. Then he gained a nasty mutation—his body scars incredibly easily. Every little scrape turns into a thick welt. As often as this occurred, it wasn't long before Emilio looked like a jigsaw puzzle.

When those he protected became worried that his mutation would infect them, Emilio left the ingrates and headed for Lost Vegas. He became close friends with Joan, following her through imprisonment and escape after the Virginia City Massacre.

Larry Rexing

Ol' Lare was a traveling salesman before the War. One day, after a particularly good weekend, he decided to blow some of his earnings in Vegas. In transit, the world blew up. So much for the slots. Lare continued on into Vegas, where survivors dragged him from his car and looted his luggage, then beat him up and left him for dead. Lare survived, but he found himself trapped in Vegas for several years. He watched the rise of the cult of Grendel, then the Cult of Doom, but was really taken with Joan.

Lare's a large, jovial man who enjoys a drink and a good laugh. His only mutation is a vestigial arm sprouting from his left side, about 10 inches long and completely useless. Lare's simple nature makes him easy to underestimate, but he's a crafty brainer and a powerful Doomsayer, well-capable of blasting his foes on the rare occasion that he can't outwit them.

Barbi Brin

Barbi Brin lived near Vancouver, Canada. Fortunately for her, she lived in the country and so wasn't incinerated when the bombs fell. Unfortunately, radiation wafted over her parent's farm and killed everyone but her. Brin was instead left with a bizarre mutation—she became incredibly beautiful. Incredibly. A brainer might not shoot himself for her, but he'd definitely take a bullet on her behalf.

Contrary to Mad Jack Crow's assessment, Brin does not rely heavily on her charms. In fact, she kind of resents the way they've changed how people see and treat her. She's not beyond letting people underestimate her though. In fact that's the only time she goes by her first name: when she's allowing some stupid scavvie to assume that she's a helpless ditz. Don't call her Barbi yourself, though, brainer, or you'll suffer that scavvie's same fate.

Peter Vladimir

Peter was a young Russian intelligence officer, one of a few in North America during the final days of the Last War. He was in the field when the bombs hit, but was quickly exposed to radiation.

His mutation made him a vampire of sorts. His blood breaks down and bleeds like water, and he must drink about a pint a week or die.

Peter was living as a monster when Joan and others found him. They showed him how to replace his blood without killing, and eventually introduced him to the Way of the Atom.

These days, Peter has gone back to feeding on humans—minions of the Cult of Doom he can catch alone. He frequents Lost Vegas, where he prowls the night, looking for prey. Peter also trails large expeditionary forces and picks off stragglers. He dresses the part, wearing a black sweatsuit and black sneakers.

Tapping

Doomsayers who are near the maelstroms left by ghost-rock bombs can sometimes tap into the phenomena's raw power to fuel their many miracles. *Tapping* is an ability perfected by Silas and his cultists just a year or so ago. Only recently have Joan and her Mentors mimicked the technique.

Your Doomsayer character can learn this ability as well. If you're just making your hero, you can buy *tapping* as a regular *Knowledge*-based Aptitude. If you've been playing your character for a while, she can learn this new ability the next time she contacts her Mentor.

To use the skill, your Doomie needs to have a line of sight to a maelstrom and make a Fair (5) *tapping* roll.

If she is successful in her *tapping* roll, a long stream of ghostly green and black energy races out to the Doomsayer and arcs between her outstretched hands. There's nothing subtle about this effect—the power literally screams with the souls of the damned as they provide their energy for the Doomsayer's miracle in place of her own.

At this point, the Doomsayer has available 2 points of Strain for each success on her *tapping* roll.

She must begin a miracle on her very next action, and she cannot move from the spot lest she break the connection with the storm. She can rotate, point with her hands to cast an *atomic blast* or similar power, but otherwise can't move more than a few inches from her original location.

Failing a *tapping* roll is downright dangerous—playing with fire (especially supernatural, radioactive fire) always is. If the rad priest fails in her attempt to reap the maelstrom, she draws a stream of energy but cannot handle it, and she suffers damage as if she'd passed through the storm. Determine those effects as detailed in the *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* rulebook.

If the Doomie goes bust, she's in real trouble. The ghostly souls swarm about the radiation priest and attempt to carry her off into the storm to join their parade of eternal torment. Give the busted priest one opposed *Spirit* roll versus the spirits (draw a card as usual). Keep rolling on each of the Doomsayer's actions until either she gets a raise over the spirits (in which case they give up and return to the storm), or the spirits get a raise (in which case they carry her off and the character is no more).



Playing a Lector

Want to try a different spin on Doomsayers? Okay. How about playing a Lector, the radiation priests of the Hekants?

Being a Lector is substantially different from being one of Joan's Doomsayers. In the first place, Silas Rasmussen is not considered the primary threat. Instead, the hero searches for monsters to slay. Lectors don't believe in preaching—they believe in doing.

A Lector should also steer clear of any sort of conflict with mutants. As the Holy Writs dictate, Hekants must endeavor not to kill mutants. The Writs are not inflexible, and sometimes killing might be the only option, but such a course should not be taken lightly.

Hekants who do kill or even attack other mutants while away from Amarna must report it to the Ground Zero Oracle. More is explained on the Oracle in the Marshal's section, but in essence the Hekant enters a massive temple carved into the walls of the blast crater left by a ghost-rock bomb. The Oracle, a huge, hideous ogre of a mutant, listens to the wind blow through the gnarled trees growing in the crater to discover the will of Atum. The Oracle then informs the Hekant what he must do to expiate his sin. Lectors, as priests of the Hekants, are bound to the Oracle's will more than most. They'd give their lives to please Atum.

Avatar does not give Lectors any particular orders. He simply sends them off to find their own way. He believes Atum will guide the Lectors to wherever Seth's evil is felt. In time, the Lectors will decrease, if not outright destroy, the Deadlands. Avatar has instilled every Lector with the faith that Atum will triumph in the end. The death of one Lector is not so devastating; there will be a hundred more in the generations to come.

Because all Hekants are hideously mutated, they generally have been mistreated and abused by the entire world—by humans and even other mutants! Amarna is like a paradise to the sufferers, where their deformities are the norm rather than the exception. As Lectors leave the safe boundaries of Amarna, their personalities begin to recede into a shell, expecting the inevitable taunting and abuse for their mutations. If your waster is a Lector, play this up. Lectors tend to begin their adventuring careers very shy and reserved. They acquire boldness only after a great deal of positive experience.

Avatar's training reinforces this reserved disposition by stressing the importance of deliberation before any action. Lectors never charge into combat without first figuring out a strategy. They prefer to bend with a situation until an appropriate time for action presents itself. Avatar stresses that radiation magic is a divine gift and therefore should not be used frivolously. Consequently, Lectors don't carelessly toss around *atomic blasts* when a fight begins. A Lector is far more likely to fire off all his conventional ammunition and then cut loose with one massive *nuke*.

Lectors are almost always accompanied by a highly skilled human Helot. The Helot acts as a sort of bodyguard to the Lector. Although the Lector is technically in charge, the two are expected to act as a team, rather than leader and follower. We'll tell you how to handle this in just a second.

Mutation

Every Lector must be a mutant, and a severely deformed one at that. During character creation, you must draw one normal mutation from the *Hell on Earth* rulebook, and another from the new Major Mutation Table in the Marshal's section of this book.



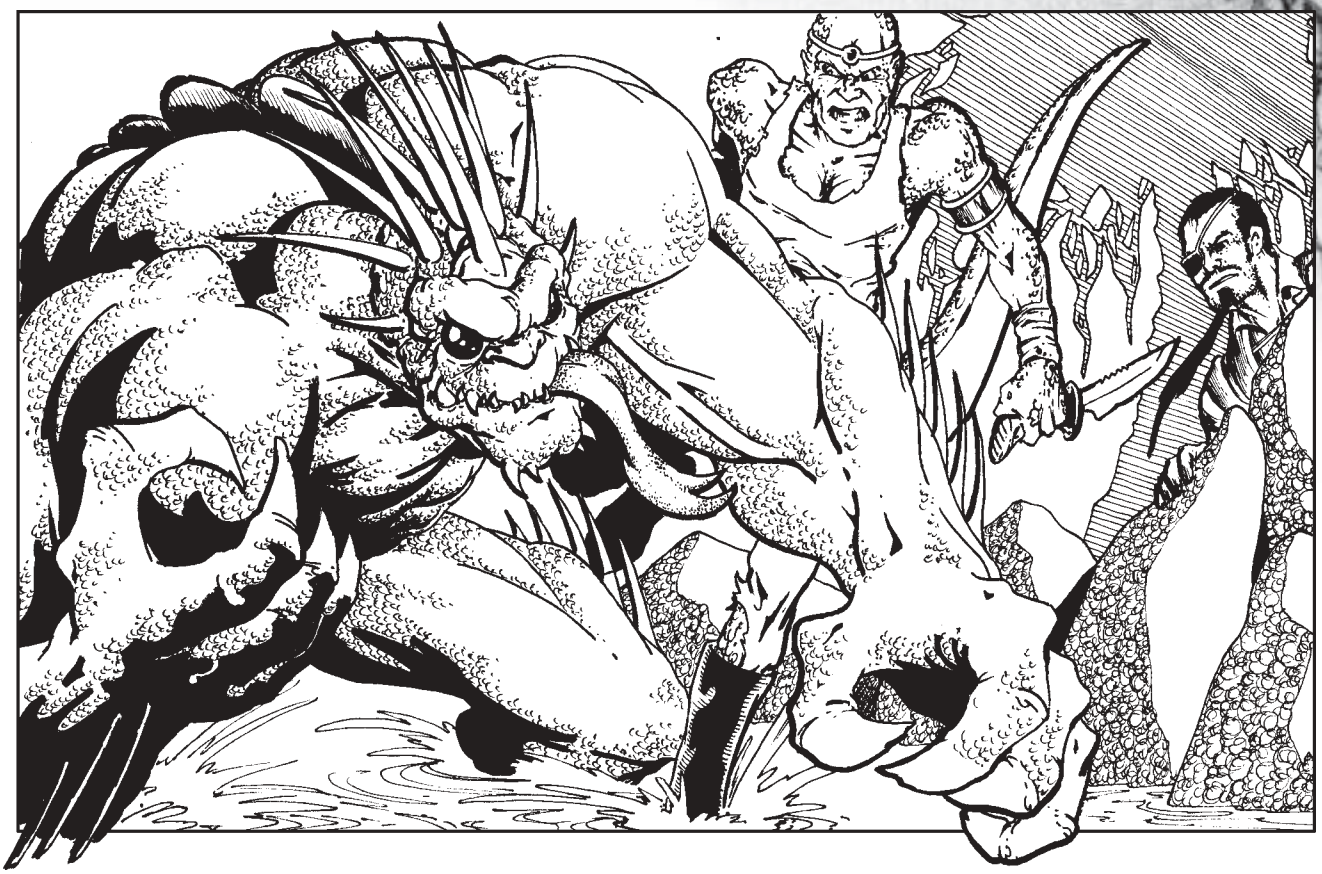
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Because Lectors tend to be the most physically fit of all Hekants, the player may draw two major mutations and pick the one that is the least incapacitating.

Doomsayers of either Joan's or Silas' faction may join the Hekants at any time. The only requirement is that they live in Amarna for one year and obey all of the Holy Writs. If your hero joins the Hekants after play begins, he doesn't need to draw another mutation. His current Mentor will no longer teach him new miracles and other abilities, however. The Schismatics haven't quite figured out what to think about this new faction.

Edges

Lector characters must begin play with *arcane background: Hekant* for 3 points. All Lectors are trained in the Way of the Atom, just like Doomsayers. Lectors sometimes call their miracles by other names. For instance, *atomic blast* might be called *light of Atum*, but otherwise it is exactly identical. All Hekants are thoroughly familiar with the original terminology of the Way of the Atom.



A Lector may also start with a Helot as a *sidekick*. You don't *have* to have a Helot—maybe he died, or your character is a loner—but most do. You and the Marshal should sit down and work out the background of your Helot. Remember, these servants tend to be the scrappers (their primary duty is as bodyguard), so load up on those physical Traits. Lectors and Helots usually develop long friendships in Amarna before ever setting out to adventure, so calculate that into your Helot's background.

Remember your Helot's true role. Sure, Helots are handy for building fires and washing your hero's laundry—at least until they get mad and slit the Lector's throat in the middle of the night.

Hindrances

Your waster is a Hekant, so you've got to take that Hindrance. That gives you the major mutation we discussed just above (remember that as a Lector you get to draw two mutations and take the best). Lectors must also take *enemy: Cult o' Doom* -1. The Cult o' Doom isn't quite as vehemently opposed to the Lectors as they are against Joan, but they still don't like them. Silas hasn't forgotten about Avatar, and he certainly isn't pleased to hear about Amarna.

Your hero must also start out with a 3-point *oath* to obey the Holy Writs. Although Avatar talks a good game, not all Lectors follow the letter of the law, especially as they get farther from Amarna. A Lector who strays too far from the Writs, however, is declared an outlaw. When this happens, Avatar sends out a Lector and a "hunting" party of Helots to bring the heretic in and punish him. Light offenses require a quest to regain good standing. Serious offenses result in death. Such is the price of heresy.

Powers

Lectors may choose one power per level of their *faith*, just like Doomsayers. Also like Doomsayers, a Lector's first power must be *tolerance*, so that he can endure traveling through the radioactive Wasted West. Lectors may learn new powers by spending 5 Bounty Points each.

To learn new powers, the Lector must find another Lector. He may also learn miracles from friendly Doomsayers. As was said before, they may call miracles by different names and might even think they come from different sources, but it's all the same underneath the labels.

New Hindrances

Closed Circuit 3

Maybe it was all the high-fat food your hero used to eat, or just a problem he has meditating with the Glow, but his energy pathways are more constricted than most Doomsayers. As a result, it takes him much longer to refresh himself and reduce Strain.

Strain reduction times are doubled for your character. This penalty applies even if your character uses spook juice injections or other ways of artificially reducing Strain.

Hekant 5



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You're a mutie's mutie. Your hero is so mutated he's barely human. Doomsayers call these folks "hekants" after the residents of Amarna, but you don't have to be from there to take this Hindrance.

Hekants have two mutations and one major mutation. The Marshal has the new table for major mutations in the back of this book

Taking *hekant* confers the Hindrance *ugly as sin* on your character. This is built into the cost—sorry, bunkie, but you don't get any additional points for being so hideous.



Lifetap 2

Your hero draws too much on his own internal energy instead of the Glow. The upside is that he can usually come up with a little more juice than most.

Instead of accumulating just Strain when using powers, your character takes Wind as well. Whenever your Doomie successfully uses a power, half the Strain cost comes from the character's Wind, and half from his Strain. If the Strain is 1, the character may take it from either. Likewise the character gets to decide where the extra point comes from when splitting odd-numbered Strain costs.

Mutant 3

So you really wanted your hero to be a mutant but didn't draw a Black Joker? Okay, we'll fix you up. One little dose of radiation ought to do it... There. Hello, mutie.

Your character is a mutie. Have the Marshal draw a card on the Mutations Table from the *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* rulebook.

Not a Pepper 1

Dr. Pepper reacts REALLY badly with your hero's irradiated blood. Drinking it is like mixing "pop rocks" with soda—and we all know what that did to Mikey.

A Doomsayer with this Hindrance can't handle Dr. Pepper at all. If he drinks an ounce, he suffers damage as described under Dr. Pepper in the next section. Any more than an ounce, and the sucker's blood begins to boil and bubble, expanding and popping all of his veins and arteries at once. It takes 4 rounds for this spectacular effect to run its course, at the end of which the character is a big, bubbling pool of carbonated sludge. He's just dead (don't roll damage), and he can't come back Harrowed.

Outcast 1/3

Both Lectors and heretical Doomsayers may take this Hindrance. Those who do have done some damn fool thing to really piss off Joan and the Schismatics or Avatar and the Hekants. As a result, your character has been declared an *outcast*.

Heretical outcasts are in a world of hurt. Now they've got Joan and her followers—or the even more fanatical Hekants—after them, as well as Silas and his thugs. That means no other Doomsayers or Lectors will help your rad priest in any way, including teaching him new uses of the Way of the Atom.

For 1 point, your character's name is spread through letter drops and word of mouth.

For 3 points, he's been "branded" by Joan or one of her Mentors, or one of the High Priests of the Hekants. Your hero now has a permanent *sigil* emblazoned on his forehead that all Lectors and Doomsayers can see.

Either way, those who recognize your character and realize that he's an *outcast* are obligated not to aid the traitor and to actively oppose him should they see him committing some crime. "Friendly" priests certainly won't teach the traitor new miracles, and probably wouldn't even come to his aid if his life depended on it. Of course, enemy Doomsayers might try to recruit the *outcast.*

Unless your character is a heartless bastard, he should feel a great deal of shame about whatever he has done and want to get back into Joan or Avatar's good graces. Perhaps the whole thing's all a tragic misunderstanding your character is eager to clear up. Either way, you need to describe the situation in detail to help the Marshal work it into his campaign and do the story justice.

Things aren't hopeless for your character. Joan is a new age hippy, after all, so genuine penance and regret should win her over. Lectors can rely on the wisdom of the Ground Zero Oracle for their atonement.

Perhaps if your hero performs some great deed or otherwise proves the "innocence" of whatever got him branded, his masters will let him back into the fold. Only Joan and her Mentors, or Avatar and his High Priests, can remove a *sigil* however.

In any case, if your hero ever atones for his transgressions, you may buy off this Hindrance in the usual way.

Rad Poor 5

Your Doomie just isn't able to really take advantage of the power of the Atom. The Adepts say these individuals simply cannot channel radiation as easily or as effectively as some others. Maybe they drank too much Dr. Pepper before the war.

Your hero has more trouble summoning the power of radiation than other Doomsayers. Whenever he uses any power that requires Strain, he must pay 1 extra point. He maintains powers at the normal rate—only initiating new ones costs the extra point.

Solomon Grundy Syndrome 5

Solomon Grundy Syndrome is available only to characters who did not draw Black Jokers during character generation and don't have any mutations. So why's this Hindrance in the *Children o' the Atom* book? Because we mentioned it earlier, so now we gotta give you the scoop.

Your character was born with *Solomon Grundy Syndrome* in Lost Vegas. His natural lifespan is about 20 years, over which time he's developing, growing, aging, and eventually dying at an incredibly accelerated pace. Most Grundies don't live even half that long, but that's because they're recruited into Silas' army and thrown against norm settlements.

Unfortunately, that's about all most Grundies are good for. Their minds develop as fast as their bodies, but they just don't gain the life experiences to give them mature reasoning ability and comparative cognition.

The environment around the ruins of Lost Vegas doesn't do much to help. Grow up fighting neighbors for food, and there's little hope a soul will become a refined gentleman later in life. Where their minds fail, however, their bodies excel, as the syndrome's rapid development builds oversized and powerful bodies.

Your hero had it a little better than most Grundies. He wasn't raised from birth to be a savage killer—his parents actually tried to give him a normal life, and to some degree it worked. You're not a brainless monster, but you still must reduce your hero's *Smarts* by -1 step. His *Knowledge* is 1d4.

But he's also *thick-skinned,* and his *Strength* and *Vigor* increase by +2 steps each or to a minimum of 2d10, whichever is greater. His *Nimbleness* also increases by +2 steps, or to a minimum of 2d10.

Figure the mental and physical age you have in mind for your character, then divide that by five to get his real age. He might be crafty, even intelligent in his own way, but he's only got a few years' worth of life experiences to draw on. Look at the world as a six-year-old might, then consider he's strong enough to kill anyone he meets with his bare hands. Roleplay that level of maturity, and your short-lived hero should be rewarded with Fate Chips frequently.

Now comes the hard part. Your hero had to escape Lost Vegas at some point. Figure out why, who helped him, and what happened to his compassionate guardians. No Grundy can develop as well as your hero has on his own—he must have had help from family or foster parents of some sort.

One last thing. If your Grundy is still alive when he hits 20 years old, he dies. There's no way to stop it. Yet.

New Edges

Child o' the Atom — i–5

Your character is something like a radiation sponge. His bodily tissues actually soak up the stuff.

Each point of *child o' the Atom* gives your Doomsayer +1 Strain.

Doomsayers who don't start with this Edge can buy it later (at twice the cost as usual). Most all veteran Doomsayers do so as they get more comfortable with the Glow.

I'm a Pepper — i

Dr. Pepper, that strange and terrifying substance, tends to have a nasty effect on Doomsayers (see the next section). For whatever reason, your hero is not only immune to these ill effects, but actually enjoys the stuff. It doesn't reduce radiation in your hero, but it doesn't hurt him either. It sure does taste great, though!

I'm a Pepper Too! — i

Dr. Pepper is a bad thing for most Doomsayers. It's never bothered your hero, and in fact it reduces some of the excess radiation in your system. That's good when the rad count is too high even for your rad-lovin' Doomsayer.

A character has to have *I'm a Pepper* before he can purchase *I'm a Pepper too!* Once purchased, the Doomsayer can handle Dr. Pepper just like any other character. It reduces radiation and doesn't make his blood boil.

Initiate — i

Initiate is a replacement of sorts for the *arcane background* your Doomie normally has to buy.

In essence, your character is just developing his oneness with the Glow, and though he has begun his training he has not actually "graduated" to become a true Doomsayer.

The *Initiate* cannot start the game with a *faith* higher than 1, and he can only raise it once per game session (as usual). He has a single power to start with (*tolerance)*. Otherwise, create your hero as if he were a regular Doomsayer.

Mo' Miracles — 2

Most Doomsayers start the game with 1 power for every level they have in *faith*, and the maximum starting *faith* is 5. With this Edge, you can purchase additional miracles for 2 points each.

There's a limit though. Your Doomsayer can only buy an additional number of miracles equal to his *Knowledge* die type divided by 2. A typical Doomie with *faith* 5 and a *Knowledge* of d12, for instance, could start with up to 11 total powers (five for *faith* plus another six for *Knowledge*).

Rad-Absorbent — 3

Good livin' and a healthy mind have paid off for your Doomsayer. He's wide open to the Glow, allowing him to reduce Strain faster.

The time for recovering Strain by resting is reduced by half. This is cumulative with other accelerants such as injections, items, or powers.

Rad Baby — 5

Your Doomsayer has a natural way with the Glow. Unfortunately, sometimes it has its way with him as well. Be careful, friend. This Edge is more dangerous than it looks.

The Range and Duration of all your Doomie's powers are doubled! This includes miracles your hero is maintaining as well. A power that costs 1 Strain per hour gives your hero two hours per Strain. Even better, miracles that cause damage automatically do +1 extra die. With one raise, for example, *atomic blast* causes 3d10 damage.

Here's the downside. All that atomic energy coursing through your rad priest's veins is killing him. His atomic clock is ticking, so to speak. Whenever he goes bust on a *faith* roll, the power surges through him and fries his central nervous system. Reduce his *Vigor* and *Nimbleness* by -1 die type. Do *not* reduce his Strain rating as his *Vigor* falls, however.

When either Trait is reduced below d4, the Doomsayer's last miracle goes off with double effect (including damage!), then he explodes in a burst of radioactive energy. The explosion causes 4d20 damage and has a Burst Radius of 10. Anyone caught in the blast, whether she takes damage or not, must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll or suffer a mutation. Those who go bust suffer a major mutation (from the Major Mutation Table in this book).

Super Mutant — 5

So you want to be a mutant—but not the ugly, stupid, flesh-eating kind. You'd rather be one of those big, brawny types with weird powers.

Okay, brainer. Buy this Edge, and you can draw cards for a either a standard or major mutation (your choice, but you've got to make it before you draw) until you get a Face Card, Ace, or Red Joker. You've got to keep the first one you draw however. Yes, you can buy this Edge even if your hero is already a mutie.

Doom Gear

Did you dig those cool new Edges and Hindrances, mutie? We hope so. Now let's get into some radical devices some Doomsayers carry in their travels across the Irradiated Plains of the Wasted West.

Dr. Pepper

We already know Dr. Pepper helps normal folks wash harmful rads out of their system. That's a really bad thing for Doomsayers. Dr. Pepper closes down irradiated energy pathways, causing them to discharge energy in random and painful ways.

Subtract the Doomsayer's accumulated Strain (if any) from his base Strain rating. The Doomsayer immediately suffers that many d6 in damage. Obviously Dr. Pepper isn't the kind of thing Doomsayers usually carry around, but sometimes they have it in hypodermic needles for use against Silas' crew or the Doombringers.

Elixir of Change

If you can't beat 'em, make 'em join up. That's the motto of this little trick Silas has come up with. He equips his soldiers with a dose of this mystical liquid: a combination of irradiated spook juice, mutant blood, and secret enzymes Silas developed.

Silas' spies often carry hypos full of this stuff. They can jab one into an unlucky normal to cause an immediate mutation.

Jabbing someone requires a successful hit using *fightin': brawlin'* or *knife*. Scoring any damage means the victim has been injected. He must make an Incredible (11) *Vigor* roll or immediately suffer a randomly drawn mutation. If the victim goes bust on his *Vigor* roll, he suffers a major mutation.

Ghost Lamp

There's nothing more comforting for a Doomsayer than sitting down in a nice hot zone and just feeling that Strain slip away. While most of the Wasted West has bomb sites to spare, sometimes they just aren't handy enough. For those times, well-prepared Doomsayers carry ghost lamps.

A ghost lamp is really nothing more than a specially constructed lead lantern containing half an ounce of irradiated ghost rock blessed with the power of the Atom by Joan, a Mentor, Avatar, a High Priest, Silas, or his Adepts. The





shard emits the characteristic glow associated with irradiated ghost rock, shining a brilliant green light when the lantern's shutter is opened. Note that just any old irradiated ghost rock won't do the trick—it has to be blessed.

The lantern is also special: it's tightly lined with lead. Puttin' one together out of a regular lantern and a few pounds of lead requires a Hard (9) *tinkerin'* roll.

A Doomsayer sitting in front of an open ghost lamp reduces Strain at a rate of 1 point every half hour, just as if he was near a ghost-rock maelstrom.

Other folks don't have it so good. Any non-Doomsayers (yes, that includes mutants) within five yards of an open ghost lamp for more than 10 minutes must make *Vigor* rolls against a TN of 5. Check again every 10 minutes thereafter. A character who fails that roll suffers 1 point of Wind from radiation damage (see the *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* rulebook for details on radiation damage).

Doomsayers don't have to worry about this last bit. They're immune to all ill effects from the lamp thanks to the blessing of their masters.

Juice Jammers

Spook juice is everybody's favorite fuel these days, and some folks even drink the stuff! You can find complete rules for guzzling spook juice in *The Wasted West*.

Silas figured *irradiated* spook juice would be even better for his radiation priests. His Adepts know how to irradiate distilled ghost rock on their own. Everyone else needs some sort of nuclear reactor, so don't expect your Doomsayer to set up a still, wave his hand over a vat of home brew, and make a perfect batch of juice.

When a Doomsayer or Lector injects this stuff straight into his veins, it restores 2d6 Strain. Hypodermic needles already filled with the stuff are called juice jammers. A single juice jammer holds one dose of irradiated spook juice. It takes one action to inject the stuff into a vein.

If drunk, the same amount takes 1d10 minutes to have its desired effect. The spook juice also has its usual effect, as described in *The Wasted West*.

Not surprisingly, it's easy for Doomsayers to get hooked on this stuff. See *The Wasted West* to decipher this addiction code stuff:

Addiction: Onerous (7)/Severe

Nukin' Stick

Silas designs these extra-fancy walking sticks especially for his favorite Doombringers and even some Doomsayers. A few have fallen into Joan's hands over the years, and she has recently figured out how to make her own. Only Silas, Joan, and a few others know how to make these powerful weapons, and they aren't telling anyone.

The stick is usually three or four feet long and made of metal. Rumor is that the sticks are actually control rods from nuclear reactors, which may explain why other Doomsayers haven't been able to make them since they don't have the proper parts. Most of the time, the sticks have some sort of head piece—usually a carved metal (or real) mutant skull. To the uneducated eye, they just look like fancy but normal walking sticks. Of course, put a Geiger counter near one of these, and it'll redline.

The nukin' stick stores 4d6 points of Strain. Any Doomsayer or Lector (but not sykers or other spellcasters who use Strain) can draw upon the stick as long as she is touching it. Yes, that means that two Doomsayers fighting over a nukin' stick can *both* use its power.

Once it's used up, the stick can only be recharged by Joan and her Mentors, Avatar or his High Priests, or Silas and his Adepts. Of course, the stick is good for smacking people over the head too! Treat it as a heavy club, with Defensive Bonus of +1, Speed of 2, and Damage of STR+1d8 (it does a little more damage because of the heavy metal).

Sludge

In the hills above Junkyard, Utah, is a small stream that spills down through the ruins and wastes that were once the outskirts of Salt Lake City. Even before the war, it was so polluted by the factories that people called it Sludge Creek. Afterward, the thick, toxic waters became radioactive as well. The black tar scooped from the bottom of the creek is so acidic it eats through metal and flesh in seconds. It didn't take long for a few Doomsayers to turn Sludge into a weapon.

Fortunately, the Cult of Doom does not yet know about Sludge. If they did, they might have exhausted its supply long ago. For now, only Joan's priests know this trick.

By casting *tolerance,* a Doomsayer can get close to the toxic creek and scoop out some of the acidic sludge. Only glass is immune to the acid, so the character can usually only get a jarful (one quart) at a time.

Anyone not protected by *tolerance* must have a toxic suit to even approach the reeking creek. Even then, the nasty water one must reach through to get at the acidic muck on the bottom can eat through a toxic suit in seconds. Such fools suffer 1d20 damage when they touch the water, and another 1d20 damage each round they remain in contact.

Assuming the sludge is safely gathered, it retains its acidic properties for three hours, or three days if sealed in an airtight container.

A character can pour the sludge out of its container to hit foes below (which is what the Junkyarders do), or he can attempt to sling it out. This is a *throwin'* roll with a Range Increment of 2.

Every quart that hits someone causes 1d20 damage on impact and at the beginning of each additional round for the next 2d6 rounds. After that, the acid burns itself out and becomes inert. It can be removed faster by being scraped or washed off. Whoever does so must make a Fair (5) *Deftness* roll. If successfully removed with a scraper, the tool begins to burn, but the victim takes damage only once more. If washed away, the acid burns twice more.

Even if the victim wasn't killed, the nasty goo is almost sure to cause an infection. Anyone who suffers even a single wound must make an Incredible (11) *Vigor* check after the sludge has become inert or been removed. If he fails, he gains the *ailin': minor* Hindrance.

Tac Nuke

It's not a real, honest-to-God tactical nuclear weapon, but it is the next best thing. Like a real nuke, the heart of this little baby is a chunk of irradiated ghost rock. Unlike a normal nuke, this version needs a Doomsayer around to set it off.

Basically, the tac nuke is a magnified application of the *nuke* power waiting to happen. Silas manufactures these babies in Lost Vegas, usually out of old bowling balls. The ball is cut in half, hollowed out, lined with lead, and filled with a secret combination of irradiated ghost rock and spook juice. In a final step, a *doomstone* is created by the Doomsayer who will set off the nuke, and placed within it. The bowling ball is then sealed back up. Only Silas and his adepts know how to make these devices; Joan, Avatar, and their inner circles do not.

Once made, the Doomsayer who created it simply has to lug around a 15-pound ball until he's ready to set it off. Such Doomies

are always sent on specific missions—Doomsayers are never equipped with these things just for the heck of it. They're also invariably in a hurry, since the *doomstone* within the bomb generally expires in less than a week after its creation (see the miracle by that name in the next chapter). If you see a green robe with a bowling case, you'd better run. Far. And fast.

To activate the bomb, the Doomsayer places the nuke wherever he wants it to explode, then gets the Hell out of Dodge. Once at a safe distance, he makes the requisite *faith* roll to set off the *doomstone*, and kaboom!

The bomb explodes with a Burst Radius of 20 for 10d20 damage. Furthermore, the first 20-yard Burst Radius is now heavily irradiated. Anyone venturing into the area must make a *Vigor* roll against a TN of 7 or suffer a random mutation.

As the miracle description spells out, the *doomstones* within Silas' tac nukes aren't entirely reliable. So long as the *doomstone* is "armed," a tac nuke can be accidentally set off by rough handling, jolts, or other impacts. Trying to disassemble the bomb while it's armed requires an Incredible (11) *demolition* roll. Failure means that the nuke detonates.

Once the doomstone "expires" the bomb is inert—nothing but a sealed container of dangerously radioactive ghost rock. It can be disassembled without fear of detonation, but once it's open nearby, wasters still take damage from the radioactive contents. This requires an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll for every 10 minutes spent within five yards of the open bomb, with 1 point of Wind lost to radiation damage if the roll is failed.

(Real) Tac Nuke

Yes, they're out there. No, we're not going to give you "stats" per se, but we can give you some guidelines as to what happens when ghost-rock tac nukes are detonated. Note that these are ghost-rock bombs, not "real world" nuclear weapons. Also note that most tac nukes are slightly smaller than the one detonated in the adventure *Apocalypse Now!* These effects, and those outlined in that adventure, simply represent a broad class of weapons, the specific effects of which can vary.

The city-busters that took out major cities were generally ICBM-launched, or carried by strategic bombers, but the weapons we're talking about here are small enough to be carried by tactical fighter-bombers or fired by relatively short-range missiles. Most of the city busters were fired, but a number of these tac nukes survived in the arsenals of major military units. They're very rare, but they're still out there.

If you need information on real-world nukes, grab an encyclopedia and pick your megatonnage. A few of these got dropped, but by the time of the Last War the preferred technology was irradiated ghost rock.

Tactical Nuke Effects

Distance	Effect
Under ¼ mile	Total devastation. Everything and everyone is destroyed—only exceptionally deep, hardened bunkers survive intact.
¼–1 mile	Most everything is blasted to pieces. Large buildings are rubbled and may collapse. Some reinforced buildings might survive. People and other "soft" targets are vaporized. Electromagnetic pulses fry any electronic devices.
1–2 miles	All living things are killed by the bomb's wave of supernatural energy. Lesser buildings are rubbled, large buildings suffer great damage. EMPs fry all but shielded electronics.
2–4 miles	Living beings must make an Incredible (11) *Spirit* test or die. Those who make it have a 50% chance of suffering a random mutation. Most structures are intact. EMPs fry "cheap" electronics.
4–7 miles	Same as above for beings, but TN drops to Onerous (7). No EMP.

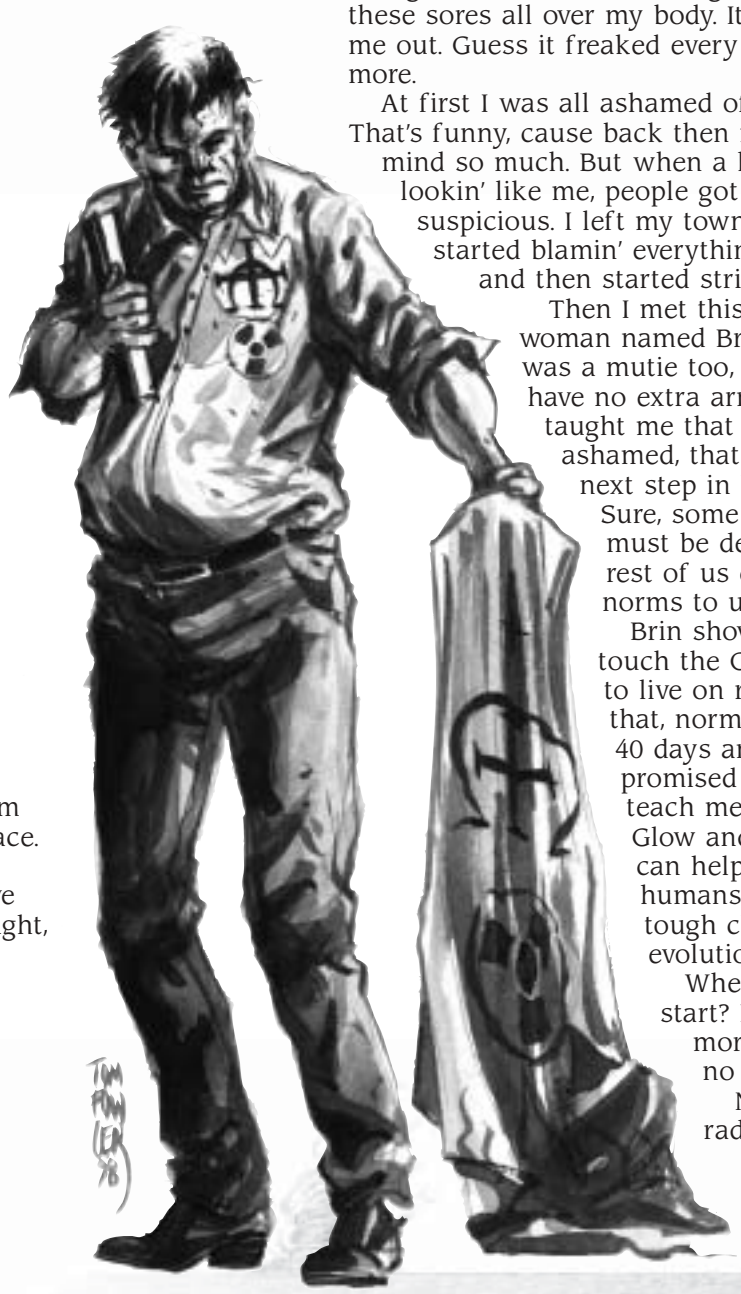
Doomgear

Item	Cost
Dr. Pepper (12 ounce can)	$100
Elixir of change (1 dose)	$500
Ghost lamp	$1,000
Juice jammer (1 dose)	$250
Nukin' stick	$1,000
Sludge (fresh, per gallon)	$100
Tac nuke	$3,000
Real tac nuke	$10,000

Initiate

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 1d6
 Shootin': pistol 3
Nimbleness 1d6
 Climbin' 1
 Fightin': brawlin' 3
 Sneak 3
Strength 1d8
Quickness 4d6
Vigor 2d10
Cognition 3d6
 Scrutinize 1
 Searchin' 3
Knowledge 3d8
 Academia: occult 1
 Area knowledge 2
 Language 2
Mien 4d10
Smarts 3d6
 Bluff 1
 Scroungin' 3
 Streetwise 1
Spirit 2d12
 Faith 3
 Guts 2
Wind: 18
Pace: 10
Strain: 10
Edges:
 Initiate 1
Hindrances:
 Outcast -3
 Enemy -3: Cult o' Doom
 Yearnin' -2: Live in peace.
Powers: Tolerance
Gear: A police pistol, five 10mm bullets, a flashlight, a tent and $50.



Personality

I thought I was lucky to survive the bombs. I got real sick from the radiation, but I didn't die. After I pulled through, though, all this hair started growin', and I got these sores all over my body. It really freaked me out. Guess it freaked every one else out even more.

At first I was all ashamed of how I looked. That's funny, cause back then most people didn't mind so much. But when a lot of folks started lookin' like me, people got spooked and suspicious. I left my town when they started blamin' everything on the muties and then started stringin' us up.

Then I met this really beautiful woman named Brin. She said she was a mutie too, though she didn't have no extra arms or nothin'. She taught me that we shouldn't be ashamed, that we muties are the next step in human evolution. Sure, some turn evil and must be defeated, but the rest of us can help the norms to understand.

Brin showed me how to touch the Glow. I know how to live on radiation—just try that, norms! If I can do it for 40 days and 40 nights, Brin promised she'd find me and teach me more about the Glow and about how we can help our fellow humans through this tough change in evolution.

When am I going to start? Right now. No more food for me, no sir.

Nope. Just radiation.

Wow. Is that real chocolate? Maybe I could start tomorrow.

Quote: "Just 30 more days!"

Lector

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 1d6
Shootin': crossbow 2
Nimbleness 1d6
Climbin' 1
Fightin': sword 3
Sneak 1
Strength 3d6
Quickness 4d6
Vigor 2d10
Cognition 3d6
Search 2
Knowledge 4d10
Academia: occult 4
Area knowledge 2
Language 2
Medicine: general 2
Mien 1d8
Leadership 1
Overawe 2
Smarts 3d8
Spirit 2d12
Faith 5
Guts 2
Wind: 22
Pace: 6
Strain: 12
Edges:
Arcane Background: hekant 3
Child o' the Atom 2
Sidekick 5: Helot
Hindrances:
Enemy -1: Cult o' Doom
Heroic -5
Oath -3: obey the Holy Writs
Miracles: Aegis, altered states, atomic blast, tolerance, touch of the Doomsayers
Gear: A sword, a crossbow, 20 bolts and a quiver, a backpack, a compass, rope, and a tent.



Personality

My life is one of service to the greater glory of the Great Father, Atum, and the center of the universe, Amarna. Each day, the lifegiving Atum emerges from its struggle with the forces of Seth and sheds its beautiful radiation upon us all. Without the rays of the Great Father, all life would perish. Mutant and norm alike must recognize that we all are tied to the great fire in the sky, the sun.

Why am I here? Why am I not living in glorious Amarna? Avatar himself bid me to search throughout the world and spread the word of Atum's power. I am a Lector. My purpose is to acquire knowledge so that Amarna may grow and prosper, so that Avatar's reign may live forever in the heart of man, long after he too follows Atum into the Nether Realm to join with our ancestors. There is no knowledge too small, no discovery too insignificant for our great Scribes in New Amarna. The Scribes, with Atum's grace, will study and analyze that which we pass on, so that one day the whole world may bask in Amarna's brilliance.

But I cannot bury myself in learning. I must fight, to the death if necessary, to defeat the servants of Seth. These twisted monsters must be destroyed if we ever are to drag our world out of Seth's long shadow and back into the benevolent light of Atum. This fight will be long, and neither I, nor my children, nor their children, will live to see its end. But triumph we must, lest we all fall under Seth's evil spell.

Quote: "May Atum illuminate the Truth to you all."

Outcast

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 1d6
- Shootin': rifle 3

Nimbleness 1d6
- Climbin' 1
- Fightin': brawlin' 3
- Sneak 1

Strength 3d6

Quickness 4d6

Vigor 2d10

Cognition 3d8
- Scrutinize 3
- Search 3

Knowledge 4d10
- Academia: occult 3
- Area knowledge 2
- Language 2
- Medicine 2
- Science: physics 1

Mien 1d8
- Persuasion 3

Smarts 3d6
- Scroungin' 3
- Survival: desert 2

Spirit 2d12
- Faith 5
- Guts 2

Wind: 22

Pace: 8

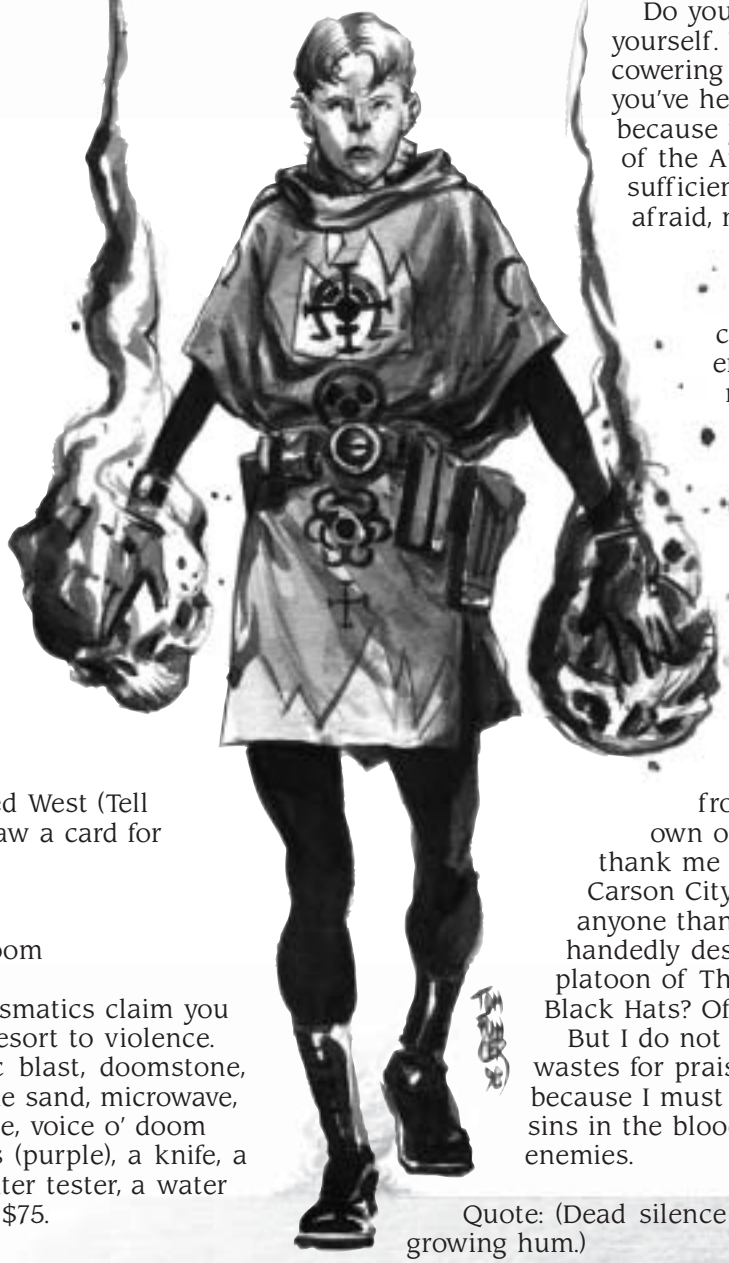
Strain: 15

Edges:
- Arcane background: Doomsayer 3
- Child o' the Atom 5
- Mo' miracles 8
- Veteran o' the Wasted West (Tell the Marshal to draw a card for this Edge.)

Hindrances:
- Bloodthirsty -2
- Enemy -3: Cult o' Doom
- Oath -3: The Pact
- Outcast -3: The Schismatics claim you are too quick to resort to violence.

Miracles: Aegis, atomic blast, doomstone, glow stick, line in the sand, microwave, rad zombie, tolerance, voice o' doom

Gear: Doomsayer robes (purple), a knife, a Geiger counter, a water tester, a water purification kit, and $75.



Personality

Hate me? You don't know the meaning of the word "hate." I'm hunted from Mexico to Canada and out to the Mississippi for the things I've done. No, not to norms, you pitiful mortal. To your true enemy, the Cult of Doom—and the Combine as well. All of them tremble before me.

Do you know why? Ask yourself. Why are you cowering there? Is it because you've heard of me? Or is it because you fear the power of the Atom? Either is sufficient reason to be afraid, normal. But the Glow is far more forgiving than I. Joan has appointed me a champion of the new era. Perhaps she does not preach my particular methods, but she cannot say they are ineffective. The bones of my foes litter the desert and prove that I am right.

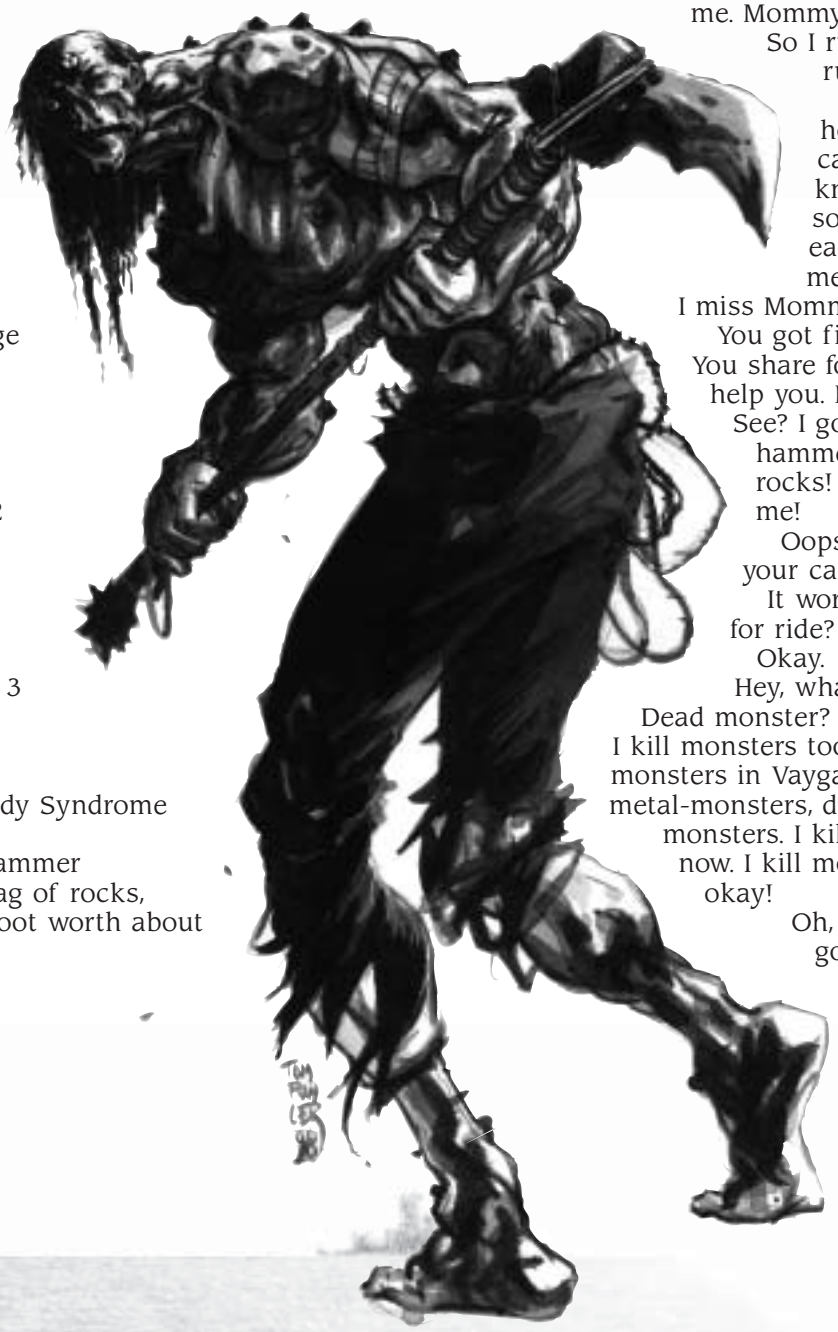
But do I get any thanks for the blood on my hands? No! Instead I get scorn, both from norms and my own order! Did anyone thank me for the defense of Carson City? I was there. Did anyone thank me when I single-handedly destroyed an entire platoon of Throckmorton's Black Hats? Of course not. But I do not travel these wastes for praise. I travel because I must cleanse my sins in the blood of my enemies.

Quote: (Dead silence followed by a growing hum.)

Grundy

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 3d6
Throwin': rock 4
Nimbleness 2d12
Climbin' 5
Fightin': brawlin' 5
Sneak 3
Strength 2d12+4
Quickness 3d8
Vigor 4d12
Cognition 3d6
Search 1
Knowledge 1d4
Area knowledge 2
Language 2
Mien 1d8
Smarts 1d4
Scroungin' 2
Survival: any 2
Spirit 4d6
Guts 2
Wind: 18
Pace: 12
Edges:
Thick-skinned 3
Hindrances:
Curious -3
Loyal -3
Solomon Grundy Syndrome -5
Gear: A sledgehammer (STR+2d8), a bag of rocks, and a bag of loot worth about $200.



Personality

I grow up in shadows. Mommy-Daddy hide me from green-robes. Green-robes take many friends away to fight norms. I not hate norms. I not know why norms hate me.

Many nights ago green-robes find me. Mommy-Daddy say "Run!" So I run and run and run and run.

But I not know how to live alone. I catch rabbit but not know how to cook, so I let rabbit go. I eat grass, but make me sick. I lonesome. I miss Mommy-Daddy.

You got fire. You got food. You share food with me? I help you. I fight for you. See? I got hammer. BIG hammer! Can smash rocks! Watch me! Watch me!

Oops. I sorry. That your car?

It work? You take me for ride?

Okay.

Hey, what that over there? Dead monster? You kill monster? I kill monsters too! I kill many monsters in Vaygas! Rat-monsters, metal-monsters, dead-man-monsters. I kill monsters for you now. I kill monsters for food, okay!

Oh, goody, goody, goody, goody. I like you. You friend. I come sit with you...

Quote: "Smash the bad man!"

Vengant

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 3d8
- Shootin': rifle 2
- Speed-load: rifle 2

Nimbleness 2d10
- Climbin' 1
- Dodge 2
- Fightin': brawlin' 3
- Sneak 2

Strength 4d10

Quickness 4d6

Vigor 2d12

Cognition 3d6
- Search 2

Knowledge 1d6
- Academia: occult (Cult of Doom) 2
- Area knowledge 2
- Language 2

Mien 1d8
- Overawe 3

Smarts 3d6
- Streetwise 2
- Survival: any 3

Spirit 1d6
- Guts 4

Wind: 18

Pace: 10

Edges
- Light sleeper 1
- Nerves o' steel 1
- "The stare" 1

Hindrances
- Bloodthirsty -2
- Enemy -3: Cult o' Doom
- Mutant -3 (Tell the Marshal to draw a card for your mutation.)
- Vengeful -3

Gear: A hunting rifle, 40 .30 bullets, a knife, and a cheap Geiger counter (works half the time; you use it to track down Doomsayers!).



Personality

Green robes, purple robes. Silas and Joan. Their little war means nothing to me—nothing. My life ended the day the Cult of Doom "purified" my village.

I had nothing really, just a house and some barely fertile fields. But I was rich beyond comprehension in my own way. My wife and children, they were—well, no one can ever know what they meant to me. Silas' goons took me from them. Said they needed me in their army to root out Joan's heretics.

When I finally escaped a year later, my family was all dead.

The cult took me because I was one of the Chosen. Ever since the War I had this, this thing. I kept it quiet from everyone—just me and the wife knew. Now I'm gonna take one page outta the Doomsayer's book. I'm gonna embrace my mutation. And use it to kill every last green robe I can.

One day, when I feel damn good and ready, I'm gonna kill Silas too.

Joan? I got no beef with her goody-goody purples 'cept that they ain't takin' the fight to Silas. I guess they don't have the guts to do what I do. Maybe they ain't suffered enough yet.

Or maybe it's me. Maybe my soul died with my family. Maybe my mutation's rottin' my brain. I don't know. But I don't much care, either. I will get even.

I swear I will.

Quote: "Vengeance is mine."





Chapter Three: The Way of the Atom

Sure there's the cool purple robe and the feeling that you're part of something bigger than yourself, but we all know the real draw of the Doomsayers is their butt-kicking, atom-blasting, brain-smashing power. These guys can do things no other human can dream of: atomic blasts, nuclear firestorms, eating radiation like it was candy, transforming into hulking, unstoppable brutes and tons of other nifty tricks.

So why can Doomsayers do all this stuff and no one else can? It's the Glow, stupid. Sit back a minute, and we'll tell you how the whole thing works.

Don't sit too close. You'll get burned.

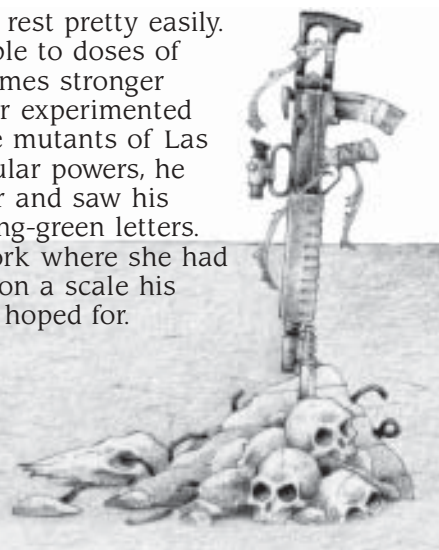
The Path of the First Saint

The power of the Doomsayers hearkens back to the groundbreaking discoveries of the First Saint of the Cult of Doom: Megan Holst. Megan figured out that every human body has the ability to channel energy through it. Of course, the Chinese had known this for millennia, but in typical Western fashion, nobody believed it until a scientist from a school like MIT said it was true. Most folks can't do much with this energy. A normal person who spends most of his life meditating, training in martial arts, learning yoga, or studying some other discipline might eventually learn to do some pretty amazing things, but nothing like what the Doomsayers do today.

Megan's big discovery was the fact that irradiated ghost rock gives off energy that gets absorbed into the natural energy pathways of the body. Just stand next to a piece of normal ghost rock, and it'll make a person sick after a while. Stand next to some irradiated ghost rock, and it'll do the same—unless the subject knows how to handle it.

Megan developed a whole system of channeling the body's energy once it had been heightened by exposure to ghost rock. Unfortunately, there were some obvious side-effects, including radiation sickness and even some mutations. Then the bombs started raining down, and her experiments were dramatically cut short—or drastically accelerated, depending on your point of view. Unfortunately for the world, Megan vanished, but Silas Rasmussen, one of her assistants, survived the end of the world with his knowledge of Megan's discoveries intact.

You can figure out the rest pretty easily. The bombs exposed people to doses of radiation thousands of times stronger than anything Megan ever experimented with. When Silas saw the mutants of Las Vegas exhibiting spectacular powers, he put two and two together and saw his future in mile-high, blazing-green letters. He picked up Megan's work where she had left off and continued it on a scale his mentor could never have hoped for.



Becoming a Doomsayer

Silas taught Joan and others the Way of the Atom, then Joan and those others taught their own favorites. In the early days, anyone could be taught the Way of the Atom. After the Schism, Silas entrusted certain fanatically loyal Doomsayers, the Taskmasters, with teaching new recruits. Joan decided only her inner circle, those who had proven their disgust of Silas' murderous crusade by resisting his torture, could teach new recruits.

Here's the answer to the inevitable question, "Mommy, where do Doomsayers come from?"

Joining the Cult o' Doom

It's easy to join Silas' cult. A person just has to exhibit a mutation of some sort and then join the Devoted. If he can then get himself noticed and prove some vague connection to the Glow, the always alert Taskmasters assign him to a new class. Each class is trained in five basic miracles: *tolerance, atomic blast, nuke, mutate,* and *questioning hand,* in that order. The entire class trains together for about three months, undergoing intense rituals, blasting objects and later prisoners or captive beasts, and finally undergoing a mysterious set of tests designed to test the Doomsayer's abilities. In truth, they test his loyalty to Silas. Those who fail are never seen again—Silas doesn't need any more Doomsayers going over to the Schismatics, so he uses the "Final Rites" to weed out those who might have a change of heart after graduation.



Joining the Schismatics

Joining up with Joan is much different. The hard part is getting noticed by a Mentor. Most new Doomsayers tag along with other Doomsayers, learning of the power of the Glow until they meet up with a Mentor. The Mentor then decides whether or not the character should become an Initiate. If so, the newbie tags along with the Mentor for several weeks, learning to use the Way of the Atom himself. There may be other Initiates traveling with the Mentor at the same time. Since Mentors never stop their own pursuits during this time, not all of the Initiates survive, culling the weak.

It is possible for Doomsayers to teach Doomsayer wannabes to cast miracles, but Joan has forbidden it. She wants all of her priests trained exclusively by her trusted Mentors. Training an Initiate otherwise gets a Doomsayer exiled.

Once an Initiate, the new Doomsayer must learn *tolerance* and four other miracles of his choosing.

At this point, the Mentor sets the Initiate loose for 40 days and 40 nights. During this time, the Initiate must survive without eating anything other than radiation. If he passes the "Ordeal," he is granted the full robes of a Doomsayer (as soon as he finds his Mentor again). If he fails, he is allowed to try again whenever he wants. There is no time limit for passing the Ordeal (probably because Joan and her Mentors have no way of taking the power back). However, Doomsayers are *never* allowed to share their knowledge of the Glow (including new miracles) with Initiates.

Initiates are not taken in without close scrutiny, so rarely do they turn out "bad," but it has happened. Once an Initiate killed a Doomsayer and took his robes. His Mentor, Trevor Baines, heard his student had somehow "graduated" without him. His name was spread through the letter drops, and within a month his blasted body hung from an old power line somewhere in the Nevada desert.

The Schismatics do not take betrayal and murder lightly.



Playing a Doomsayer

To be a wacky radiation priest, a character must have *arcane background: Doomsayer* (or at least *initiate*) and at least 1 level in *faith*. If it ever matters, your hero's *faith* is in the Glow. If he wants to maintain another *faith*, such as Christianity, he must purchase a separate *faith* skill (not just another concentration).

The next step in making a Doomsayer is to mutate the bastich. Tell the Marshal to draw three cards and give you the best of the bunch. He might let you choose if he's feeling kind.

Hindrances

If your hero is a Heretic, bad muties and loyal Doomsayers kill him on sight. Your radiation priest has a 3-point *enemy* Hindrance in the Cult o' Doom. If your hero's really pissed them off, it could be a 4- or 5-point Hindrance.

Heretics have a 3-point *oath* to fulfill Joan's Pact. Specifically, Doomsayers must find the Harbinger and prove the goodness of the true Cult of Doom to norms everywhere. The latter means healing the sick, curing radiation illness in those not yet ready to accept the Glow, and nuking violent muties and rival Doomsayers.

That's 6 points worth of Hindrances just for putting on the grape-flavored robe, bunkie, so you can hit the normal 10-point limit pretty quick. Your hero can always take more than 10 points worth of Hindrances to round out his personality or reflect his past, or to net you additional Fate Chips and more accurately reflect the character you want to play, but during character generation you only get to put 10 points back into abilities.

If you want to play a Hekant, see Chapter Two.

Junkers o' Doom?

Why can't a character be a junker *and* a Doomsayer? Because it takes too long for a junker to learn his trade—they just wouldn't have time to join up with some wacko cult. Most are solitary as well, and don't like bowing down before some robe-wearing weirdo.

But there are always exceptions. A very few Doomsayers have delved into arcane sciences and become junkers. If the Marshal is willing, your hero can be a Doomsayer and a junker, though you must buy *arcane background* twice, in addition to fulfilling all the other requirements of being these two awesome character types.

Sykers of Doom?

Occasionally a character with syker training joins the Cult of Doom. We told you in the basic rulebook that characters cannot have more than one *arcane background*. That's still true. Well, it's mostly still true—read on, brainer.

See, sykers have already been trained to channel energy from the Hunting Grounds in a very particular way. They've "set their meridians," so to speak, and actually forged certain neurological pathways in their brain. Besides the fact that most wouldn't touch radiation magic with a mental 10-foot pole, they just can't physically alter their meridians after all those years creating cerebral circuits.

But there is an exception. A rare few individuals are born with the ability to call on syker powers *before* they are trained. Sykers call these kids "greenies." If you have our nifty *Brainburners* book, a Doomsayer can be a *greenie* syker. These are young kids who have not yet been formally trained as sykers. These characters can develop both kinds of powers!

The character can use any and all available Strain he's acquired, whether through Edges, powers, or even technological devices.

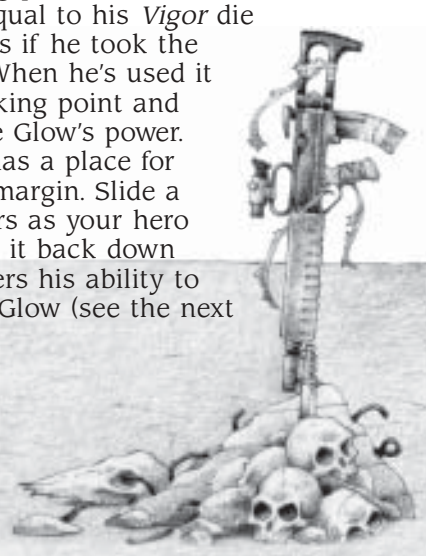
Strain

We'll get into powers in a moment. For now, know that invoking the Way of the Atom is tough on a person. Channeling supernatural radiation through one's mind and body feels like whizzing on an electric fence. Think of the amount of power your hero tries to draw as the voltage. The more he wants, the more he hurts (though fortunately not in the same place he might if he actually *did* tinkle on an electric fence).

We call this Strain. Each power "strains" his body for a time. When he can't take any more, he's reached his "breaking point."

Your hero's Strain is equal to his *Vigor* die type (plus 1–5 more points if he took the Edge *child o' the Atom).* When he's used it all, he's reached his breaking point and can no longer call on the Glow's power.

Your character sheet has a place for Strain in the right-hand margin. Slide a paper clip up the numbers as your hero accumulates Strain. Slide it back down when he rests and recovers his ability to handle the power of the Glow (see the next page).



Recovering Strain

Doomsayers reduce their Strain by resting. For every hour spent at total rest—no exertion of any kind—the Doomsayer reduces his Strain by 1. Total rest means the character isn't actively doing anything, he is relaxed, and he isn't in an environment that requires constant attention. Can he recover Strain while riding in a car? Yes. While riding a horse? No, because he must constantly pay attention or he'll fall or the horse will wander.

Being highly sensitive to radiation (in a good way), Doomsayers recover from Strain much more quickly when they are near a source of radioactive energy. Within 10 miles of a ghost-rock maelstrom, Doomsayers reduce their Strain by 1 point every hour, even if they are not resting. Within 5 miles of a maelstrom, they reduce Strain at a rate of 1 point every half-hour. At ground zero (inside the storm), Doomsayers reduce Strain by 1 point every 10 minutes.

A very strong source of radiation, such as a ghost lamp or shard of radioactive material, can also help a Doomsayer recover Strain faster. These are special cases that may appear in published *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* adventures or be created by your Marshal. In general though, if your Doomsayer encounters highly radioactive material, he should first cast *tolerance* so it doesn't kill him on the spot, then investigate it to see if it helps him recover Strain or perhaps even has some more fantastic effect.

Invoking Miracles

Doomsayers can't draw energy into themselves (and thus suffer Strain) if their *faith* isn't strong enough. Every power has a TN associated with it, a measure of how difficult it is to manipulate the energies according to the rigors of the Doomsayer beliefs.

Here's how it works. The Doomsayer makes a *faith* roll against the TN of the power. Success means the power works and the Doomsayer takes the appropriate Strain. Failure means the Doomsayer did not manage to draw and focus the energies properly. He suffers no Strain, and the power fails.

Sometimes a Doomsayer really screws things up, usually when things are going so bad he suffers a crisis of faith. Anytime a Doomsayer goes bust on his *faith* roll, he has lost control of the radioactive energies, and he suffers a brand-spanking-new, randomly determined mutation.

Choosing Miracles

A Doomsayer begins play with one miracle for every level he has in *faith*. He may purchase additional miracles with the Edge *mo' miracles*. The first miracle he must choose is *tolerance*. Without it, he wouldn't be able to survive his long association with the Glow. The rest of his miracles may be any mix of powers found in this book. (Notice we've included the miracles from the *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* rulebook for completeness as well.)

Learning New Powers

New powers can be learned in one of two ways.

The first way is for a character to simply experiment and develop the power on his own. Any of the powers in the *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* rulebook can be learned this way. Consider those the basic powers any qualified Doomsayer has heard of and has the capability to develop himself. Learning any of these costs 5 Bounty Points.

Don't bother keeping track of the amount of time the Doomsayer spends learning new miracles. Just assume that, once the power was bought, the character was actually practicing and experimenting for several days or even weeks beforehand during his downtime. For the record, however, it usually takes a Doomsayer a month to learn a new power on his own, but a few have manifested powers instantaneously, particularly if they were near large sources of radiation.

Other miracles, such as the ones presented in this book, can also be learned, but the Doomsayer must have a teacher. His Mentor should be his first choice, but other friendly Doomsayers can trade miracles with him as well. This takes 1d8 hours. At the end of that time, the Doomsayer makes an Incredible (-4) *Smarts* roll. If he makes it, he gains the miracle for 5 Bounty Points as usual. If he fails the roll, he can simply try again after another 1d8 hours of practice (he doesn't need the teacher any more at this point). If he goes bust, he can *never* learn this particular miracle.

Schismatic Doomsayers are forbidden to teach miracles to outsiders, anyone who has been branded an outcast, and Initiates. Needless to say, they never share *anything* with Silas' minions.

Likewise, Doomsayers from the Cult of Doom will die before they'll share their knowledge of the Atom with "heretics."

Miracles

Every power has five important statistics that help you figure out how to use it in your game.

TN is the Target Number the Doomsayer needs to create the power's effect. If his *faith* roll equals or exceeds this number, the miracle takes effect. Remember that every 5 points over this number is an extra success.

Strain is, not surprisingly, the amount of Strain the Doomsayer accumulates when the power works. Once successfully cast, subtract this amount of Strain from your character's current total.

Speed tells you how long it takes to cast a miracle. If Speed is just a number, that's how many combat actions it takes to activate the power. Noncombat miracles often require a longer amount of time, such as five minutes or even several hours.

Duration is how long the power lasts. If it says one round, it lasts from the time it is cast until the end of the round (after all actions are finished). If it says "Concentration," the Doomsayer can keep the power going as long as she does nothing but simple actions. It might also list something like " 1/round." That means the Doomsayer can keep the power going for one Strain at the beginning of each round. This Strain must be spent at the beginning of the round (while everyone is making *Quickness* totals) to stay in effect, not on any action. A few miracles might also give the character a choice, such as "Concentration or 1/round." That means the character can choose either method on any given round.

Range lists the maximum distance the Doomsayer can be from the target, point of impact, and so on.

Aegis

TN: 5
Strain: 1
Speed: 1
Duration: 1/round
Range: 5 yards/*faith* level

Silas long wanted a power that could create a "force field." Unfortunately for him, radiation doesn't readily form into a solid. Many, many years later, when he learned to manipulate matter on the atomic level, he found a way to create his force field by molecularly bonding quadrillions of radiated particulates in the air to form a crude but effective "wall." It wasn't the personal force field he wanted, but it would do.



Manipulation of matter on the atomic level is difficult even for Silas, so a Doomsayer must have *faith* at level 6 before he can learn this miracle.

Aegis forms a bright-green, slightly translucent wall of pure radiation energy. Once cast, the wall remains in place for the duration of the miracle.

The *aegis* functions just as a physical wall. It has an Armor value equal to 3, plus 1 for every raise the Doomsayer gets on his *faith* roll.

Because the caster must concentrate so heavily on the carefully constructed matrix of particulates, the wall collapses if he is stunned.

A Doomsayer can form an *aegis* into practically any shape, such as a round barrier to encompass the priest and his companions. It is only limited by its size. The wall's length and width can be no larger than the Doomsayer's *faith* level in yards. A Doomsayer with a *faith* of 4, for example, can create an *aegis* wall 4 yards long and 4 yards high. The Doomsayer may adjust these values below the maximums as much as he wishes, though smaller dimensions do not give it "thickness" or increase its protective value.

Altered States

TN: Opposed (*Spirit*)
Strain: 2
Speed: 2
Duration: 1d6 rounds/*faith* level
Range: 5 yards/*faith* level

Some people say the primitive beast lies just beneath our consciousness, waiting to be let out. Doomsayers have found that a certain wavelength of radiation temporarily induces some of the qualities associated with "Solomon Grundy Syndrome."

Perhaps because *altered states* induces its condition so suddenly, its victim is also stricken with an insane, murderous rage. The *faith* roll is opposed by the opponent's *Spirit.* If the Doomsayer succeeds, the target is transformed into a slavering beast consumed with anger and hatred.

The target's *Knowledge* and *Smarts* immediately fall to 1d4, and he becomes consumed with primitive hatred. The temporary Grundy immediately attacks the nearest living being, friend or foe. The small voice of sanity way back in the head might just try to restrain the person from attacking comrades. A Grundy may make an Fair (5) *Smarts* check to hold back from beating on close allies (not too likely with that 1d4 *Smarts).*

On the plus side, the target's *Strength, Vigor,* and *Nimbleness* each rise +2 steps. Evil Doomsayers heading into battle seem to delight in surrounding themselves with "expendables" they can release into the enemy and then zap with this power.

Altered states has a similar effect on animals, and it can be used on any normal critter. It does not have any effect on abominations, however.

Atomic Blast

TN: 5
Strain: 1
Speed: 1
Duration: Instant
Range: 20 yards/*faith* level

This is the trademark attack of the Doomsayers. Firing a deadly bolt of green energy from your hand is always good for impressing folks, plus it leaves a real nasty mark on whoever you hit with it.

The Doomsayer must aim to make this bolt strike true, so compare his *faith* roll not only to the TN of the power, but to the TN to hit the target as well (*atomic blast* has a Range Increment of 10). If the power succeeds and hits the target, it inflicts 1d10 damage for every success over the TN of the power (not the TN of the target).



Black Hole

TN: 5
Strain: 2
Speed: 2
Duration: 1/round
Range: 10 yards/*faith* level

Black holes are created by stars when they collapse upon themselves. The star implodes under its own gravitational pull, resulting in a huge gravitational well. With the miracle *black hole,* the Doomsayer emits a powerful burst of radiation which temporarily creates the same conditions as a collapsed star. The gravitational pull on all targets in the area grows exponentially.

The Doomsayer nominates any fixed spot within range and casts the spell at that point. The spell requires raw, irradiated earth to start the reaction, so it must be cast outside, and the focal point must be on the ground. People and objects from all around are slowly drawn into the center of a spontaneously erupting, growling *black hole.*

Within the caster's *faith* in yards of that point, any character who tries to move away from the focal point must make an Incredible (11) *Strength* roll. Also, all corporeal Trait checks except *Vigor* are made at -5. The second effect band of the *black hole* requires a Hard (9) *Strength* roll and carries a penalty of -4. Continue outward until the penalty is 0, at which point the *black hole's* pull is too weak to affect anything substantial (though it still sucks in nearby leaves, dirt, round objects, and so forth).

China Syndrome

TN: 5
Strain: 5
Speed: 1
Duration: 1/round
Range: Self

According to some of the older muties, the term "China Syndrome" had something to do with a reactor melting down and falling into the Earth's core. That's not exactly what this miracle does, but it's close enough.

When cast, *China Syndrome* superheats the Doomsayer's body, while protecting him from that heat. This lets the Doomsayer melt his way through even the most solid materials. For dense barriers like walls or the earth itself, the Doomsayer can move his *faith* level in feet each round. Split up his movement over his actions as usual if needed. He has just enough control over his heat to be able to walk upon the earth while slagging a wall, but not enough to keep from harming anyone who happens to touch him (keep reading, pal).

Anyone in contact with the Doomsayer's superheated body takes 2d20 damage immediately and at the beginning of each round. Treat this as massive damage if the Marshal is keeping track of the bad guy's wounds. For thugs and minor characters, simply apply the whole damage as usual.

Finally, the Doomsayer is protected against heat and fire of any kind, even the magical variety. It does not make him immune to Doomsayer miracles of any sort *unless* the miracle actually conjures or creates fire (so *atomic blasts* still work against him). The same goes for other types of supernatural powers. A syker's *brain blast* could harm him, but *arson* and other pyrokinetic effects can't.

Control Rod

TN: 5
Strain: Special
Speed: 1
Duration: Concentration
Range: 5 yards/*faith* level (to center of area to be cleansed)

In the Wasted West, radiation is a fact of life. You can't swing a dead irradiated cat without hitting another dead irradiated cat. Or something like that. *Control rod* dampens radiation in an area to a tolerable level. A Doomsayer can also use *control rod* to absorb radiation out of an area that would otherwise be hot enough to cook genes.

To dissipate radiation with this miracle, the Doomsayer transforms his body into a sort of radiation sponge, rather like a real control rod in a nuclear reactor. The radiation is temporarily drawn into the Doomsayer's body and stored there for the duration of the miracle, until he allows it to flow back out into the environment (when he ceases to concentrate).

The Strain depends on how much area he's trying to cleanse of radiation. For every 10 yard x 10 yard area, *control rod* costs 1 Strain. The maximum Strain he can spend is 5 (so the maximum area affected is 10 x 50 yards, brainer).

Deathspeak

TN: Special
Strain: Special
Speed: 1 minute
Duration: 1 minute/*faith* level
Range: Touch (but see below)

Doomsayers derive their power from radiation—but not just any radiation. The radiation priests came about after the

The Way of the Atom

Apocalypse doused the entire planet with irradiated ghost rock, and that, as we all know, contains the screaming souls of the damned. Because of this, ghost rock is tied to the Hunting Grounds. With skill and practice, a Doomsayer can use ghost rock to reach into the afterlife and talk to the spirits of the dead.

The skill involved in using the Glow this way means only a Doomsayer with *faith* 6 or greater can learn this miracle.

To pull it off, the Doomsayer needs one ounce of ghost rock and some item that was owned by or valuable to the target spirit. The Doomsayer uses his power to irradiate and ignite the ghost rock, opening a channel to the Hunting Grounds and consuming the rock in the process.

Now the Doomie must persuade the spirits in the ghost rock to move back into the Hunting Grounds and find the ghost he's looking for. Unfortunately, the spirits trapped inside ghost rock are always damned souls: manitous.

To make the manitou aid him, the Doomsayer must win a test of *faith* versus *Spirit,* with a raise. The creature's *Spirit* is equal to the draw of a card. If the Doomsayer fails, the manitou drains 1d6 of his remaining Strain (don't reroll Aces) and the connection is severed.

If the Doomsayer succeeds but does not have a raise, it's a draw. The connection is severed, but the priest loses no additional Strain.

If the hero gets a raise, the furious and spiteful manitou races off to find the spirit the Doomsayer is looking for, returning in the time outlined in the Deadspeak Table.

That assumes that the requested spirit is actually in the Hunting Grounds. In a few rare cases, it might not be available. The person might not be dead (or might have been killed by a creature that devours souls), or the spirit might be out possessing a mortal. Those and other such unusual circumstances can occasionally ruin an otherwise successful casting of *deadspeak*.

Assuming all goes well, the spirit doesn't visibly appear. Instead, the Doomsayer hears a disembodied voice coming from the still-burning ghost rock. The spirit doesn't automatically obey any commands or answer any questions. The Doomsayer must cajole, connive, or persuade the spirit to help. How difficult this is depends on who the spirit was and what the Doomsayer asks of it.

Spirits don't know diddly about the present or the future, and they only know as much about past events as they did when they were mortal. If someone was murdered and didn't see who did it, he doesn't automatically know his killer's identity in the afterlife.

One last thing. Spirits know very little about the afterlife. Good souls know they live in the Happy Hunting Grounds with family that went on before them. Neutral souls float forever in limbo, alternately experiencing bliss and nightmares. Damned souls scream and beg not to be sent back. They cannot begin to describe the torment they suffer in Hell.

Deadspeak

Time Dead	TN	Strain	Seek Time
Up to one month	3	1	1 minute
Up to one year	5	2	1 hour
Up to one decade	7	3	2 hours
Up to one century	9	4	3 hours
Up to one millennium	11	5	4 hours

Doomstone

TN: 5
Strain: 5
Speed: 1 minute
Duration: 1 day/*faith* level
Range: Touch

Atomic blast and *nuke* help Doomsayers get that mutie-fury out of their system, but they're always looking for bigger, better ways to make things go boom. Given a little ghost rock, they can make *doomstones* and do just that.

The Doomsayer needs a one-ounce chunk of ghost rock to get things started. If the Doomsayer tries this trick on a bigger chunk, it just won't take. Mysteries of the Atom, friend.

It takes one minute to create a *doomstone*. Once infused, the rock glows brilliant green and retains its power for 1 day per the caster's *faith* level. The Doomsayer must retain a nominal link to keep the *doomstone* charged up and ready to blow. Each stone he creates "keeps" 1 point of his Strain until detonated. The Doomsayer can recover the Strain normally once the stone is used. It doesn't instantly return when the rock blows up.

There are two ways to use these things. The first is to simply throw them. *Doomstones* are very unstable, and the impact of being thrown is enough to set one off. Just use the regular throwin' rules from the rulebook; the *doomstone* explodes on impact.

The second way is to set it off by "remote control." A Doomsayer need only make a *faith* roll against the TN listed on the Doomstone Table. Setting it off requires a single action. Failure simply means that the *doomstone* does



not explode. The Doomsayer can try again; only on a bust does the *doomstone* fizzle and become unusable.

An exploding *doomstone* does 3d20 damage, plus an additional 1d20 damage per raise on the original *faith* roll that created it (you need to keep track of each *doomstone's* potency when your character creates them). The Burst Radius is 5.

As mentioned, *doomstones* are unstable. If your Doomie takes a hard fall, gets shot in the area he's carrying them, or winds up in the burst of another explosion, there's a 50% chance the stones go off. The Marshal might reduce the chance if the rocks are well-protected, but 13 years after the Apocalypse, most people have popped all the bubble-wrap (hey, who can resist?).

One last thing. Doomsayers can give *doomstones* to their friends, but they're not very good Christmas presents. See, all that energy makes the things highly radioactive. Strangely, they're only dangerous to the unfaithful. Any Doomsayer, and any mutie with *faith* in the Glow, is immune. All other beings are subject to radiation poisoning as if they were in a hotzone. Check out the rules on radiation in the *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* rulebook.

Doomstone

Distance	TN to Detonate
In sight	5
Within 10 yards	7
10–100 yards	9
100 yards–1 mile	11
More than 1 mile	13

Doom Plague

TN: 7
Strain: 5
Speed: 5 Minutes
Duration: Permanent
Range: Touch

After his failed attempt to take Carson City, Silas resorted to less-direct methods of attacking normals. This one was taught only to his own Doomsayers, but it didn't take long for others to figure it out as well. Of course, Joan's Schismatics use it only in the most dire situations, and then only on those who are truly deserving.

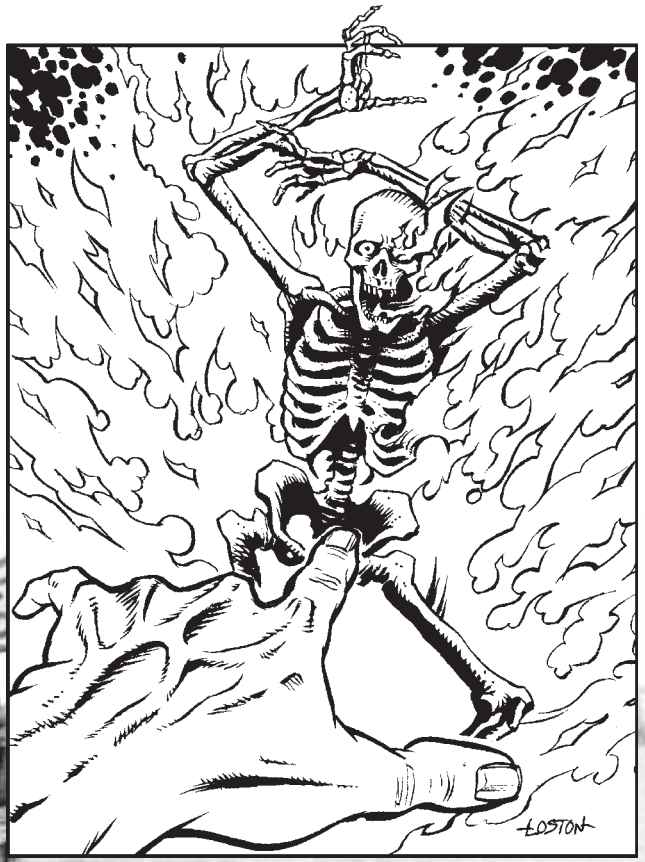
Using this power requires that the target be immobilized and that the Doombringer have his hands on the poor brainer for five

minutes. Also, the power only works on norms—victims who do not have any sort of mutation. The Doomsayer uses his powers to create a very special disease deep within the target's body.

One hour after the rad priest finishes his dirty deed, the victim must make an Incredible (11) *Vigor* roll or suffer a random mutation (which might manifest instantly, or take a while to "grow").

That's bad, but the worst part is that the mutating disease is highly contagious. Anyone who touches the carrier has a chance of contracting the disease. The brainer must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll to avoid catching the plague. If she fails, she contracts the disease and becomes a carrier as well. Anyone who goes bust contracts the disease and suffers a major mutation (see the Marshal's section of this book).

If a victim beats the roll with a raise, she is immune to this particular strain of the illness and need never make checks against it in the future. The strain is particular to this Doomsayer, so once a character is immune to the disease of a certain radiation priest, she's immune to his miracle forever. A *doom plague* cast by another Doomsayer could affect her however.



After one day, a carrier is no longer contagious.

Templars can cure the plague with the *lay on hands* miracle, as can other Doomsayers, old-time *blessed,* and so on. Sykers can even *purge* the disease from their bodies if they need to.

Silas uses this miracle to show norms how it feels to be one of the Chosen.

EMP

TN: Special
Strain: Special
Speed: 1
Duration: 10 minutes/success
Range: 10 yards/*faith* level

Silas designed *EMP* or "electromagnetic pulse" especially for those human survivors who rely on technology rather than *faith* to protect themselves. This comes in especially handy when dealing with Silas' belligerent neighbors to the north, the Combine. By creating a burst of disruptive nuclear energy, the Doomsayer shorts out electronic devices for a short while.

The TN, Strain, and Duration all depend on how good the electronics of the targeted device are, as shown on the lovely table we wrote up for you just south of here. When *EMP* strikes, the target item doesn't work at all (not even the built-in clock) for the duration of the power. If used on a device already ruined by *EMP*, the power fixes it for the duration instead.

EMP

TN	Strain	Item
3	1	Cheap digital watches..
5	1	Hand held electronics (like cell phones and such)
7	2	Personal computers, vehicle ignition systems.
9	3	Light military equipment, industrial computers.
11	4	Military computers, shielded electronics, cyborgs, junker tech.
13	5	Heavily shielded electronics, automatons.

Fission

TN: Opposed (*Vigor*)
Strain: 5
Speed: 3
Duration: Instant
Range: Touch

Fission is the process of splitting atoms. Imagine what happens when someone splits *yours*. That's just what this nasty miracle does.

To cast it, the Doomsayer builds a huge charge of radiation in his hand, then touches a living being and triggers a chain reaction that rips its atoms apart.

Strangely, the miracle works only on living beings. It has no effect on objects, undead, spiritual creatures such as ghosts, and so on. Silas' Adepts believe this is because the energy discharged by the Doomsayer is not enough to cause disintegration. It must be boosted by the body's own spiritual essence—the soul. In the end, it doesn't really matter—it works. Atoms to atoms, dust to dust.

For the same reason, light clothing does not protect against the miracle, but even Armor 1 stops the charge completely. Of course, the Doomsayer could try to touch some unarmored part of the target's body. Figure that as a *fightin': brawlin'* roll and apply the standard called-shot modifiers.

Once the energy is stored, the Doomsayer can hold onto it for 1 round per *faith* level.

When the caster eventually discharges the energy, the victim must make a *Vigor* roll against the caster's original *faith* total. Treat this just like an opposed roll; the Doomsayer needs to keep track of his total until the miracle is discharged.

If the target wins, he is stunned and suffers 2d6 Wind, but suffers no other ill effects. If the Doomsayer wins, the target disintegrates. There's nothing left but his clothes and other equipment.

Against really large targets, add 1 to the Strain for every full 6 points of Size over normal human Size (6). At Size 18, for instance, the Strain cost is 5 (3, +2 for Size 18).

Flashblind

TN: 7
Strain: 1
Speed: 1
Duration: 1d10 rounds
Range: 10 yard/*faith* level

If a brainer's lucky, a Doomsayer blinds him because he doesn't want to kill him. Otherwise, he's just been neutralized for some more sinister purpose.

Flashblind creates a brilliant flash of radiation in front of the target. This has a chance of blinding him for a while. Victims see nothing but an iridescent, skull-shaped mushroom cloud for the duration of the power.

Every being within 10 yards of the flashpoint must make a *Vigor* roll versus the Doomsayer's casting total. Targets who win are unaffected. Everyone else suffers -2 to any action that requires vision. Every raise the priest gets over the miracle's TN (not the target's opposed roll) creates a larger flash and increases the modifier by another -2, up to a maximum of -10. That would be one Hell of a flash!

Fusion

TN: 5
Strain: 1
Speed: 2
Duration: Permanent
Range: 5 yards/*faith* level

This useful miracle bonds things to one another. Need a door shut tight? Fuse it into its frame. Fighting an opponent in powered armor? See how tough he is with his knee joints welded together.

Unfortunately, animate objects infused with a "soul" automatically resist this miracle. This seems odd to Doomsayers who know *fission*. Adepts who study such things say it's because it is far easier to destroy than to create. Thus the spirit in a living being has an advantage in negating anything that would meld it and the tissues "under its control" with other substances.

At any rate, the Doomsayer can fuse any inanimate object to any other inanimate object. The only way to separate them afterward is to rip them apart. The TN for doing so must be set by the Marshal.

If a Doomsayer fuses someone's clothes to a wall (a good way to bind a surly opponent), it might take a Fair (5) roll to break free quickly. Fuse metal together, and you'll need something to cut it. Base the decision on the toughness of the weaker material. An automaton won't have much trouble ripping off a clown nose welded to its puss (but it'll sure give your posse some yucks and piss off the automaton).

The Doomsayer can affect an amount of material equal to his *faith* level in square feet, plus an additional square foot per raise. Say your radiation priest wants to fuse a person's clothes to a wall. Figure a person is 6 feet tall and 2 feet wide. That's a square footage of 12 feet on each side of his body. A Doomsayer with a *faith* of 5 could fuse 5 square feet of those clothes to something else—a wall, a chair, a bomb, whatever.

Geiger Vision

TN: 5
Strain: 1
Speed: 5 seconds
Duration: 1/10 minutes
Range: 50 yards/*faith* level

Radiation is the lifeblood of the Doomsayers, and this handy power lets them actually see it.

If used successfully, the hero sees dangerous radiation nearby, and the Marshal tells the player what the TN to resist it is. With a raise on the roll, the Doomsayer gets a clue about any weird effects the radiation might have as well.

With a raise, the Doomsayer can also sense trace radiation well enough to see in the dark up to the power's range. Most everything gives off at least a few rads and appears as a vague, luminous-green outline, but only in darkness. Give the rad priest a +6 to spot most normal *sneakin'* figures at night, underground, in dark rooms, and so on. Occasionally, a really clean figure might not give off any radiation. If so the figure, object, or whatever is actually invisible to a Doomsayer using *Geiger vision.*

Finally, this miracle can let a Doomsayer gauge the intensity of a ghost-rock storm that she's thinking of entering. Doing so costs an additional point of Strain.

The Marshal should draw the card for the storm's spiritual damage and tell the Doomsayer its value. Due to the chaotic nature of maelstroms, that value is only good for the next action—if the Doomsayer doesn't go through the wall immediately, the storm changes. Shuffle the drawn card back into the deck, and draw another when the Doomie enters the storm (or uses this power on it again).

Globs

TN: 5
Strain: 3
Speed: 2
Duration: 1d6 minutes
Range: 10 yards/faith level

Doomsayers cannot create life or even cause predictable mutations—most of the time. It has come to their attention, however, that certain creatures residing in toxic or irradiated areas respond to very specific types of radiation in generally predictable ways. This miracle takes advantage of one such effect.

It's been found that frogs living in highly toxic water often mutate into sticky, poisonous creatures when subjected to a very specific wavelength of gamma radiation. These bizarre and dangerous little critters have come to be known as "globs." This miracle can be used to artificially create them.

To do so, the Doomsayer casts the miracle on an area (typically a polluted puddle, pond, or other body of water) with a radius equal to the caster's *faith* in yards. Any frogs within that area are transformed into globs. How many frogs are present is up to the Marshal—1d6 is typical for a pond 5 yards in diameter. Some Doomsayers gather up live frogs and keep them in jars if they think they'll be using this miracle soon. Use your best judgment to figure out how long they "keep."

Once transformed, globs make bad pets. They become very aggressive, attacking the nearest living target in sight. They die automatically when the duration of the miracle expires.

Globs

Corporeal: D:NA, N:3d6, S:1d4, Q:1d4, V:2d6
Fightin': brawlin' 2d6
Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:3d6, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d6
Pace: 8
Size: 2 (-4 to hit due to small Size)
Wind: NA
Terror: 3
Special Abilities

Acid: Globs secrete a strong acid. Anything the glob touches (except glass or other non-reactive surfaces) suffers 1d4 damage, +1 for each round it has been attached (up to a maximum of +10). Figure damage when the glob first hits and again at the beginning of each round.

The acid reduces Armor values by -1 level each round until it burns through (the armor reaches level 0). This usually ruins the armor.

Fearless.

Leap: Globs can leap up to their entire Pace in a single action. To hit a living target requires a *fightin': brawlin'* roll. The target may either use *fightin': brawlin'* or *dodge* to avoid the attack.

Stick: Globs are sticky. They cling to anything they touch, and they can only be pried off with an Hard (9) *Strength* roll. The glob can also be washed off. It takes one gallon of water and 1d4 actions to wash off one glob.

The Glow

TN: 5
Strain: 1
Speed: 1
Duration: 1/hour
Range: 10 yards/*faith* level

The Glow is the mystical force that pervades everything. Though not a deity per se, it is the embodiment of Doomsayer beliefs. It is their master, though it often allows its followers to master it as well.

This miracle uses the Glow to create simple, harmless light. When cast, a basketball-sized

sphere appears within range of the miracle. The Doomsayer can move it as he wishes within this area. *The Glow* sheds enough light to illuminate an area 20 yards in diameter (about like a good camping lantern).

Most of the time, this miracle just helps a Doomsayer find his gear in the dark, but it has another use as well. The sphere can be made to "stick" to something, thus outlining a figure and making him a very clear target. Hitting the target is automatic, so long as it's within the miracle's range.

When attacking an illuminated character, attackers can ignore any penalties for darkness. The glowing goofball also wouldn't have much luck trying to blend into a crowd. And if the brainer should try to hide in anything but a sealed room or container, don't even bother rolling.

When used in this way, the duration shortens to 1 Strain per minute.

Glow Stick

TN: 5
Strain: 2
Speed: 1
Duration: 1/minute
Range: Self

Someone in the Cult of Doom must have been watching old movies, because this one looks like it's right out of *Star Wars*. Doomsayers can create "radiation swords" from the Glow and use them like can-openers on a huge can of whup-ass.

A *glow stick* can only be made from an old nuclear control rod, so you don't see Doomsayers walking around with these things every day. Traders and scavvies who know what these rods are good for charge Doomies upward of $2,000 apiece for them, making a find of an old reactor a real bonanza. Once the Doomsayer has one of these control rods, he can use this miracle on it at any time.

The Doomsayer simply focuses his energies for an action, and the stick glows bright green. Once "on," the focused radiation in the *glow stick* increases the weapon's damage from *Strength*+1d6 (typical for a large club) to *Strength*+3d10.

A *glow stick* is light and maneuverable when on. The *glow stick* has a Speed of 1 and Defensive Bonus of +1.

The intense radiation given off by the *glow stick* requires the wielder to make a *Vigor* check against radiation every minute. Smart Doomsayers cast *tolerance* before powering up.



Goo Bomb

TN: 5
Strain: 1
Speed: 1d4
Duration: 1 minute/*faith* level
Range: 10 yards/*faith* level

Sometimes it's better to restrain a varmint or critter instead of blasting it. Yeah, we know: not often, but *sometimes*. Geez.

Goo bomb allows the Doomsayer to gather up irradiated earth, toxic sludge, or even polluted mud to create balls of sticky goo. These gobs can then be thrown at things to wrap them up in their sticky strings.

A *goo bomb* must be made from the materials mentioned above. No slop, no goo bomb. Making one takes 1d4 actions. Once made, however, the Speed to actually throw the ball of putrid goo is only 1. They have a Range Increment of 5. They do not have to be thrown immediately, but can be held up to the duration of the miracle (of course, that time counts against their effectiveness once thrown). *Goo bombs* are not sticky to the Doomsayer who makes them.

Goo-bomb raw materials are generally easy to come by. If not, a character in an urban or polluted area can make a Foolproof (3) *scroungin'* roll to find suitable pollutants. *Goo bombs* are the size of snowballs, and they can entangle man-sized targets. No miracle currently exists to make larger goo bombs.

Those hit by goo bombs become entangled. Entangled victims can point guns, speak, and possibly use powers, but cannot move until the *goo bomb* breaks down (the miracle's duration expires). Any *Nimbleness*-based tests are made at -10. *Deftness* tests are made at -6

To escape, a character can huff and puff and make three Hard (9) *Strength* rolls in a row (one per action; a failure means starting from scratch). If he pulls this off, he can pry himself out of the worst of the *goo bomb* and ignore any penalties on subsequent actions.

Greenthumb

TN: Special
Strain: 2
Speed: 2
Duration: Permanent (growth); 1 round/*faith* level (animation)
Range: 5 yards/*faith* level

The thousands of mutants around Lost Vegas require a lot of food. Not all of them are strictly meat-eaters, if you catch our drift. Most are basically normal people (albeit with extra limbs, third eyes, and so forth), and they need their veggies. Silas experimented for a while, then found he could use the Glow to simulate the sun's rays, intensify them, and cause plants to grow at incredible rates. Unfortunately, that fills them with radiation, so normal diners who eat these veggies must eventually seek a Doomsayer to purge them of harmful rads.

Making food is all well and good, but it's not particularly exciting. Maybe that's why some radiation priests increased the dosage and used it to flash-grow certain types of vegetation to tangle and entwine their opponents.

Weeds and other fast-growing plants grow within a diameter equal to the Doomsayer's *faith* in yards, plus that same increment per raise. That means a Doomsayer with a *faith* 5 affects an area 5 yards in diameter with a single success. With a raise, he affects a patch 10 yards in diameter, and so forth.

The plants grow to their maximum normal height, plus 10% more per raise, hitting this height by the beginning of the next round. At this point, they begin to twist and squirm, entangling anything and everything within reach.

Anyone within this patch of clutching vegetation is entangled. He must make a Hard (9) *Strength* roll to move or perform most physical tasks (Marshal's call). With a blade to help hack, reduce the TN to Fair (5). Even small actions, like shooting guns, are made at -6.

If the vegetation is thorny, the victim also suffers 1 Wind each round he's inside the area and struggles at all. Creatures that ignore Wind take no damage from such plants.

Carnivorous plants that cause physical damage (such as giant Venus flytraps) increase their damage by a die per raise. A plant that causes 2d6 damage, for instance, causes 3d6 damage with a raise. For more exotic effects, the Marshal must determine what happens when the plant enlarges.

One side-effect of all this growth is that the vegetation thereafter requires a proportionate amount of nutrients from the soil. Without careful tending and lots of fertilizer, the huge plants kill off all other surrounding vegetation over the next few days, then die off themselves.

If used to grow regular crops, each "serving" eaten causes a *Vigor* check against a TN of Fair (5). Failure means the loss of 1 Wind as usual.



Single trees can also be made to grow with *green thumb*. They thrash about and cause damage to everyone in reach. Here are some guidelines for typical oak-like trees. The Marshal should feel free to change these numbers for smaller trees.

Tree Damage

Type	Damage	Reach
Small oak	1d6	1 yard
Medium oak	2d6	2 yards
Large oak	3d6	3 yards
Huge oak	4d6	4 yards

Ground Zero

TN: 7
Strain: 5
Speed: 3
Duration: Instant
Range: Self

Ground zero is a Doomsayer's personal "self-destruct" button. Hey, when you're dealin' with the horrors of the Wasted West (not to mention Silas and his goons), you might just need one.

No self-respecting Doomsayer lets himself get captured alive by his foes. This miracle boobytraps him in a big way, causing incredible destruction. The only downside is that he might not live through it.

The miracle takes three actions, during which time the Doomie begins to vibrate, glow, and hum. Once successfully cast, it causes a massive micro-nuclear detonation that does 10d20 damage, plus 1d20 per raise (that's three times the damage of a *nuke*, brainer). The Burst Radius is 10 yards.

Now as for the Doomsayer, there's good news, and there's bad news. The good news is he takes only 6d20 damage, and can subtract -1 die per raise. Thus, if a Doomsayer casts this miracle and gets two raises, he takes 4d20 damage, while everyone around him takes 12d20. The bad news is that since this is a willful act of self-immolation, he cannot spend chips to reduce wounds. Yikes. This is a very dangerous miracle and should only be used in extreme situations.

Ground zero also causes a 1d4 round fritz in all electronic devices within 30 yards.

Half-Life

TN: 5
Strain: Special
Speed: Special
Duration: 1 minute/*faith* level
Range: 5 yards/*faith* level

Doomsayers have a lot of ways to destroy things. It's just their bag, baby. *Half-life* allows them to accelerate the atomic decay of a being or object so that it literally falls apart.

Note that this doesn't actually cause the object to rot, it just causes it to fall apart on the molecular level.

Here's how it works. On beings, it causes their corporeal Traits to drop by -2 die types. A character with 4d12, for example, now has 4d8. A character with a 3d4 *Strength* drops to 1d4.

Objects have their Durabilities and Durability Steps halved. A vehicle with a Durability of 40/8 (like a mid-sized pickup truck, for example) now has a Durability of 20/4.

This is a supernatural effect, so the person, creature, or object should eventually recover—hence the duration of the spell. Of course, if a Doomie's using *half-life* to help get through a door, it doesn't really matter that the pieces get stronger again after he's already splintered it into a thousand fragments.

Living targets have a standard Strain cost of 1 for Size 6, plus +1 for every additional 2 points of Size. The speed for living targets is 1 for every six points of Size. Nonliving targets vary according to size, as shown on the Half-Life Table. For large objects, the Doomsayer can affect only an area within the thing. He can't *half-life* a building, for example, but he could weaken a section of wall big enough for him to crawl through (after he busts it out). The size lists some sample objects, while the diameter value shows the area that could be affected within a larger object.



Half-Life

TN	Strain	Speed	Size	Diameter
3	1	1	Baseball	1 foot
5	2	1	Basketball	2 feet
7	3	2	Refrigerator	1 yard
9	4	2	Compact car	2 yards
11	5	3	Tractor-trailer	5 yards

Hard Water

TN: 5
Strain: 1
Speed: 1
Duration: 1/minute
Range: Self

Silas once impressed the masses by walking on water across the old pool in front of Caesar's Palace. It was especially effective on those who hadn't quite gotten over their old Christian beliefs.

It's actually a fairly simple trick. Silas merely bonded the waters molecules beneath his feet to make it solid. Doomsayers still use this miracle to cross toxic ponds, rivers, and other watery barriers, but truthfully it's most effective for the same purpose to which Silas put it: impressing the masses. Should it ever matter, the water has an Armor value of 1 (so a sly Doomie might hide *beneath* a pond for protection).

Hazmat Barrier

TN: 5
Strain: 1
Speed: 1
Duration: 1 minute/*faith* level
Range: 5 yards/*faith* level

"Hazardous Materials" are evolutionary stew to Doomsayers. Unfortunately, toxic sludge, acid rain, and noxious fumes can prove deadly to



those not favored by the Glow. *Hazmat barrier* temporarily creates a field around the radpriest to filter out harmful radiation, toxic gas, plagues, and other poisonous materials.

The *hazmat barrier* protects everyone within its range, friend or foe. Fortunately, it moves with the Doomsayer, so this is a great way to move through an area contaminated by chemical, biological, or nuclear agents released in the Last War. Everyone within range is completely immune to the noxious effects of such materials. That means that heroes walking through an acidic, poisonous pond would not suffer from the corrosive effects of acid (nor would their equipment), they would not suffer from the noxious fumes, and they would not be poisoned from touching or even drinking the stuff (though they could drown, of course).

That material which is ingested or sticks to clothing does not become inert—the characters are simply immune to its effects. Once the miracle expires, the hazardous material has its normal effect. Better shower before the Doomie's miracle ends, brainer.

Hazmat barrier is painful to mutated beings who enter its area of effect. Any mutant or radiation-spawned critter (such as a radrat) must make a Hard (7) *Spirit* test to cross the barrier. The Marshal judges what counts as an irradiated beast: a bear, fur example (sorry), wouldn't hesitate to jump through the barrier. An irradiated mutant bear, however, would avoid the *hazmat barrier* in favor of something easier. Even if an irradiated critter makes its way into the barrier, all its skill rolls are made at -4. The penalty affects the Doomsayer as well, since he must be a mutant. Affected creatures already inside the barrier do not have to roll to stay within, but they do suffer the penalty. Doomsayer magic, both the caster's and any "incoming" miracles targeted inside the area, suffers the -4 modifier as well.

ICBM

TN: 5
Strain: 3
Speed: 2
Duration: Instant
Range: 100 yards/*faith* level

Intercontinental ballistic missiles were delivery devices for nuclear warheads. When Silas' Adepts perfected a miracle that lobbed an explosive burst of energy at distant foes, then blew the snot out of them, they named it after the revered ICBMs.

Here's how it works. First the Doomsayer declares a target up to 100 yards times her *faith* level away. Then she forms a ball of energy in her hand and hurls it into the sky. The "missile" flies in a high arc toward the target.

The missile has a Range Increment of 20. Figure the TN to hit the target as usual. To hit the target, the Doomsayer's faith roll must not only equal the TN of the miracle, but also this attack TN.

Figure any modifiers from the Doomsayer's position, not the bomb's. Figure cover from overhead however. That means a Doomsayer can lob the *ICBM* over a wall and hit someone she couldn't see, though she suffers the penalties to hit a hidden target (see the *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* rulebook).

If the Doomsayer beats the TN of the miracle but not the attack TN, the missile deviates 10% of the distance, plus 1d20 yards in a d12 direction (roll a d12 and read it like a clock, brainer). Unlike most other projectiles that deviate, an *ICBM* can actually land on top of the caster, behind him, and so on. Wacky radiation magic will do that to you.

When the missile hits, the energy explodes on top of whatever happens to be beneath it for 3d10 damage, plus an additional 1d10 for every raise the Doomsayer gets over the miracle's TN. It has a Burst Radius of 10.

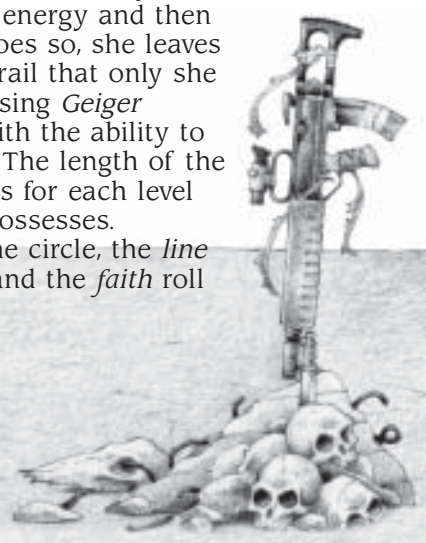
Line in the Sand

TN: 5
Strain: 3
Speed: As long as it takes to walk the line
Duration: 3 hours/*faith* level
Range: 25 yards/*faith* level

Doomies are masters of radiation. With this power, they can even leave a line of radiation that alerts them when others cross over it. This is great for letting a radiation priest get his beauty sleep without worrying about unwanted guests.

Here's how it works. The Doomsayer summons up radioactive energy and then begins to walk. As she does so, she leaves behind a glowing green trail that only she (or another Doomsayer using *Geiger vision*, or any creature with the ability to sense radiation) can see. The length of the line can be up to 25 yards for each level of *faith* the Doomsayer possesses.

Once she completes the circle, the *line in the sand* is complete, and the *faith* roll is made.





The line is the base of an invisible force field that extends up to about 50 feet in the air. This wall isn't solid in any way; it's like those invisible fences they used to use before the war to keep dogs from running into the street. Anytime someone or something crosses through the wall, the Doomsayer receives a tingle. She doesn't know *what* went through her wall, but she does know where.

Lodestone

TN: 7
Strain: 2
Speed: 1
Duration: 1d4 rounds/*faith* level
Range: 5 yards/*faith* level

Doomsayers can manipulate magnetism by exciting electrons on the atomic level. Yeah, they make jokes about it too.

With a successful *faith* roll, the Doomsayer's hands glow a deep green, and he gains the ability to manipulate metallic objects at a distance.

The Doomsayer can reach out and control objects up to five yards/*faith* level away. If, while lifting or manipulating objects, the Doomsayer would normally be required to make a *Strength* check, make the roll against his *faith* instead. He can manipulate any metal or partially metal object within range, with a *Strength* roll as described above. The object must remain within his line of sight for him to maintain control.

Some Doomsayers have put a slight twist on this power so that they can use it on living beings. The Doomsayer strikes a target with a short magnetic pulse which momentarily freezes the flow of iron in the body. When the iron doesn't move, blood flow slows. The target must make a Hard (7) *Vigor* test or be stunned. This secondary attack only works on living creatures with blood. It's useless on the undead and similar abominations.

Maelstrom

TN: 5
Strain: 3
Speed: 3
Duration: 1 round/*faith* level
Range: Touch

The ghost-rock bombs that destroyed the world left raging maelstroms in their wakes. These whirling cyclones of death contain debris, radiation, and the screaming souls of the damned once trapped in the ghost rock.

A Doomsayer can create a miniature version of these maelstroms by irradiating a tiny nugget of ghost rock and detonating it.

As with *doomstone,* a Doomsayer can only affect a single ounce of ghost rock with this miracle. Such a feat requires splitting all the ghost rock's atoms at once, something that is particularly difficult due to the chaotic and supernatural nature of the stuff. When successful, however, the miracle causes the ghost rock to rage into a churning and violent maelstrom.

Unlike with *doomstone,* the ghost rock only holds enough power to maintain the *maelstrom* for 1 round per *faith* level.

Everyone who is caught within the maelstrom's 20-yard diameter or who enters it during the miracle's duration takes spirit damage and risks suffering a mutation just as if they had entered a regular ghost-rock maelstrom (see the *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* rulebook). Calculate the *maelstrom's* damage as usual, but give the victims a +2 to their *Spirit* rolls.

Finally, the swirling winds and debris, not to mention the screaming spirits of the damned, are a bit distracting. Everyone within the storm suffers a -4 modifier to any Trait or Aptitude checks.

Meltdown

TN: Special
Strain: Special
Speed: Special
Duration: Permanent
Range: 10 yards/*faith* level

There's nothing more annoying to a Doomsayer than a group of angry mutie haters with full clips, itchy trigger fingers, and closed minds. One way to get them to sit still and listen up for a minute is to turn those precious guns of theirs into molten metal.

The Doomsayer fires a good old bolt of green energy from her fingers. The beam is automatically drawn to the target item, which must be made primarily of metal or some metallic alloy. If the miracle is successful, the object melts away like a Barbie doll in a microwave. Anyone touching the item has plenty of time to let go before he gets hurt. Those stupid enough to hang onto the thing suffer 1d10 points of damage each round they hold onto the molten object.

Of course, the bigger and better the target, the harder it is to melt it down. We drew up this nifty table to show you how it all works.

Meltdown

TN	Strain	Item
3	1	Small stuff: Handcuffs, small boxes, hood ornaments.
5	2	Crow bars, locks, pistols.
7	3	Rifles, street sign shields, helmets.
9	4	Engine blocks, steel doors.
11	5	Cars, cannons, iron pilings.
13	6	Powered armor, tanks, airplane wings.

Microwave

TN: Opposed (*Vigor*)
Strain: 5
Speed: Special
Duration: Instant
Range: 5 yards/*faith* level

Dinner's ready. Hope you're not it.

Microwave is one of those nasty miracles that give all Doomsayers a bad name. The principle is quite simple: the radiation priest aims a bolt of searing microwaves at a victim and quickly cooks him from the inside out.

Here's how it works. The Doomsayer sends out a crackling green wave of energy and attempts to sync up with the latent energy inside the victim's body. There is no effect at first, but once the energy reaches a certain point, it erupts and flashboils the water in the victim's cells, causing his insides to explode. It's quite messy, and bad PR when normals see it.

To get things started, the Doomsayer initiates an opposed test of his *faith* versus the opponent's *Vigor*. He may continue his test on successive actions as long as the target stays in range and line of sight.

When the Doomsayer is successful on three actions in a row, the victim explodes. He suffers 3d4 wounds to the guts. Yeah, you read that right: wounds. The victim's Size has no effect on the damage—larger creatures take just as much damage, since they have more tissue to interact with the Doomsayer's microwave radiation.

Normal armor does not protect unless it is sealed and at least Armor value 2 (like powered armor). In that case, it protects completely.

Because these supernatural microwaves are tuned to living cells, undead and other nonliving creatures are unaffected by it. Living beings can also be immune to this power if they have no background radiation in their cells (a rarity).

Finally, the Doomsayer can only summon up so much radiation at one time. *Microwave* has no effect on creatures of Size 9 or larger.

MIRV

TN: 5
Strain: 3
Speed: 1
Duration: Instant
Range: 10 yards/*faith* level

Multiple independent reentry vehicles were nuclear warheads that went into space, split into dozens of smaller warheads, and then reentered the atmosphere to land on various targets. Several thousand of them were launched in the Last War.

MIRV is based on the same principle. It works exactly like *atomic blast,* except that it fires one bolt of sizzling energy per *faith* level at once. The Doomsayer generates one *faith* total, and assuming he is successful, applies the same roll to each target to see if that bolt hits.

Those that do cause 1d10 damage plus 1d10 damage per raise on the *faith* roll.

Multiple bolts can be targeted at one individual, but the Doomsayer can't fire fewer bolts than his maximum, and every bolt must have a target.

Molecular Bonding

TN: 5
Strain: 1
Speed: 1
Duration: 1/round
Range: Touch

Doomsayers don't like pain any more than anyone else. This miracle might not keep them from getting shot, stabbed, burned, or otherwise injured, but it does help reduce the effects of things that make them go "ouch."

The power works by bonding the very molecules of the target's flesh on the atomic level. This makes the flesh tough as leather.

Each success on the Doomsayer's *faith* roll allows the target of the miracle to ignore up to 2 points of damage (like light armor -2). This is cumulative with other forms of armor, so a shot that gets through recipient's Kevlar vest, for example, must then subtract this damage from whatever dice are rolled.

Note that the power can be used on other characters and even creatures. The Doomsayer doesn't have to hog all the Glow's love for himself.



Molecular Cohesion

TN: 5
Strain: 3
Speed: 1
Duration: 1 round/*faith* level
Range: Self

Molecular bonding is nice and cheap, but it's not very powerful. Unfortunately, the Glow works in certain ways, and Doomsayers haven't yet been able to form radiation into armor. So they cheat as best they can.

Molecular cohesion makes cells *very* resistant to parting. When the Doomsayer takes a wound, it automatically attempts to reform atomic bonds exactly as they were when the miracle was first invoked. Here's how.

Every time the Doomie takes a wound after casting the miracle, he gets to make a *faith* roll against the TN of that wound as a simple action (use the standard wound TNs as listed in the Healing section in the main rulebook). If the roll succeeds, the wound is ignored. If the roll fails, the miracle expends itself trying to fix the damage. The Doomsayer suffers the wound, and the miracle ends as well.

The Doomie must decide to cancel wounds with Fate Chips *before* checking it with *molecular cohesion*. He cannot cancel a wound with chips once the miracle fails to do so.

Finally, this miracle is really tough, so the Doomsayer can't use it on anyone but himself.

Mutate!

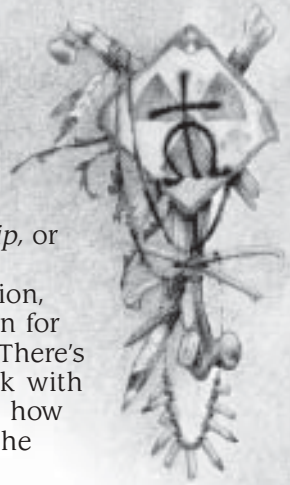
TN: Opposed (*Vigor*)
Strain: 5
Speed: 1
Duration: Special
Range: Touch

Mutate is one of those miracles that make even the hardiest survivors of the Wasted West shudder with horror. Besides being deadly, it's just plain disturbing. Read on, and you'll see why.

This wicked miracle causes scores of rapid and deadly mutations in its victim. The unfortunate brainer grows extra digits, eyes, tumors, cancers, and all kinds of other nastiness in an instant.

Not surprisingly, most victims can't handle having an armbone shoot up through their brain or an extra limb grow out of their ear. It's not a pretty sight.

A success causes the priest's *Spirit* in damage, added together just like damage from a firearm. Each raise the priest gets on his *faith* total versus the target's *Vigor* raises the damage roll



by another die. Apply the resulting wounds as massive damage if the Marshal is keeping track of the target's individual wounds.

Victims who take even a single wound are automatically stunned as their bodies wrench, twist, and warp uncontrollably. They can recover normally on their next action.

The Doomsayer must be able to touch the victim for the power to work. He doesn't have to touch bare flesh, so regular clothing and light armor doesn't protect against the power. If the target is protected by thick armor, though, such as hardened leather or a battlesuit, the power is useless.

Mutate works only on living beings. It has no effect on inanimate objects or undead. It's the Marshal's call as to whether it works on weird critters or not.

Should a victim of *mutate* live through the attack, the warped bones and puss-filled sores slowly snap back to normal or fade as he heals. The effects are permanent only if a maimed result is reached in a leg or arm (remember, maiming wounds to the head or guts mean the victim is dead). In that case, the limb does not heal, and the deformity causes a –4 to rolls requiring its use. The only way to heal the defect is to be healed by a Doomsayer.

If this power is ever used against an important character like one of the posse or a major extra, the Marshal needs to describe the mutations in a fair amount of detail. Feel free to be as gross as the players can handle.

Mutie for a Day

TN: 5
Strain: 3
Speed: 1
Duration: 24 hours
Range: Touch

Doomsayers pity and protect mutants when possible. When they find that a community has ostracized mutants without just cause, Heretics might punish them with this miracle. (Loyal Doomsayers use more permanent punishments for norms, and so rarely use this miracle.)

Mutie for a day bestows a minor but very noticeable mutation to a norm for one day (24 hours). The mutation never grants a power or harms the victim's health in any way. Typically, the target gains scales, boils, purple skin, and so on. The mutations are completely superficial.

While mutated, the individual is treated as if he's *ugly as sin* –3. Norms can't help but stare and notice, and their reaction imposes a –2 penalty to any *persuasion, leadership,* or similar social rolls.

At the end of the miracle's duration, most norms gain a new appreciation for their mutated brothers and sisters. There's no magical effect here, but most folk with some semblance of decency realize how unfair it is to be judged simply on the lumpiness of one's skin.

Neutron Blast

TN: 5
Strain: 2
Speed: 1
Duration: Instant
Range: 15 yards/*faith* level

Neutron blast is an excellent way of eliminating varmints without making a mess of property. The radiation of the *neutron blast* is dangerous only to living tissue, not inanimate objects. The Doomsayer emits a green beam of light from his hand. As in *atomic blast,* the Doomsayer uses a *faith* roll to determine if the power works and also if it hits the intended target. The Range Increment of *neutron blast* is 10, and it deals 3d6 damage to any target it hits.

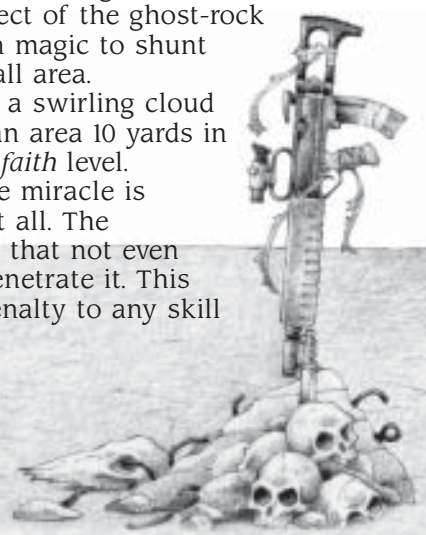
Unlike *atomic blast*, *neutron blast* passes harmlessly through any inanimate objects, such as walls and even armor, though such cover may make the Doomsayer miss his target. Check the hidden target modifiers. Nonliving beings, such as Harrowed and machines, are immune to this power

Nuclear Winter

TN: 5
Strain: 1
Speed: 2
Duration: 1d4/rounds per *faith* level
Range: 10 yard radius/*faith* level

For days after the ghost-rock bombs fell, the sky was filled with debris. The entire planet was blanketed in a sort of hazy twilight during the day, and an utter blackness at night. This miracle simulates the effect of the ghost-rock bombs by using radiation magic to shunt off all light rays in a small area.

Nuclear winter creates a swirling cloud of darkness that covers an area 10 yards in radius times the caster's *faith* level. Anyone caught within the miracle is unable to see anything at all. The blackness is so complete that not even technological aids can penetrate it. This generally inflicts a –10 penalty to any skill



rolls requiring sight, applied to those within the cloud as well as anyone outside trying to affect something within.

The *nuclear winter* cloud is also bonechillingly cold. Anyone within the cloud suffers 1 point of Wind per round if wearing normal clothes, or 2 points if in light clothes such as a T-shirt and shorts. The Doomsayer who invoked the miracle is immune to the cold, as are creatures unaffected by extreme temperatures.

Nuke

TN: 5
Strain: 5
Speed: 2
Duration: Instant
Range: 20 yards/*faith* level

When *atomic blast* just isn't enough, a Doomsayer can roll up his sleeves and try *nuke*. Due to the high Strain, it's likely to knock even the most faithful priest on his robed butt, but it can also do exactly what its title implies.

Nuke works just like *atomic blast* in that the Doomsayer uses his *faith* roll to get the miracle off and put it on target. It has a Range Increment of 10. If the Doomsayer achieves the TN of the miracle but misses the spot he was aiming for, it deviates 2d20 yards. Use a d12 like a clock facing to determine direction. If the shot deviates backward, it still ends up at least half the distance from the priest to the target. That way it can't come back on the Doomsayer unless he fires it real close.

Wherever the blast lands, *nuke* causes an explosion with a Burst Radius of 10 yards. The damage at ground zero is 3d20, plus 1d20 for every raise over the miracle's TN (not the targeting TN). This counts as massive damage.

Note that *nuke* has a Speed of 2. During the first action, the Doomsayer begins to gather glowing radiation about his body, an effect visible to anyone who can see him. That's a good time for others to run away and hide.

Piledriver

TN: 5
Strain: 2
Speed: 1
Duration: 1 round/*faith* level, +1 round/success
Range: Touch

Some people say *piledriver* was named after atomic piles. Other people claim it was named after an old-fashioned wrestling move. Some people whisper that Silas was even a wrestling fan, but exactly one person ever said that to the former professor's face before he was turned into a pile of noxious goo.

At any rate, the effect is obvious. After the miracle is cast, one of the Doomsayer's arms (his choice) is immediately bathed in green radioactivity. For a short time, that particular arm is endowed with superhuman strength.

The Doomsayer's *Strength* in one arm is raised +5 entire steps! That means a character with a 3d6 *Strength* becomes a 3d12+4 (remember that each step after a d12 adds +2 to the character's total). Cast it on a Grundy or a supermutant and watch out!

Powerup

TN: Special
Strain: Special
Speed: 1 minute
Duration: 1 hour/point of Strain
Range: Touch

There's a lot of old junk lying about the wastelands. Some of it can come in handy if you can just get it working again. For gadgets that need power, Doomsayers use this trick.

Powerup allows a rad priest to draw on his *faith* to activate any device that requires electricity. To power a device "zapped" by an EMP (caused either by a Doomsayer or conventional means), he has to use the *EMP* power to fix it as well.

Powerup

TN	Strain	Item
3	1	Battery power
5	2	Computer
7	3	Generator
9	4	Electric car
11	5	Hovertank

Purify/Putrefy

TN: 5
Strain: 3
Speed: 10 seconds
Duration: Permanent
Range: 5 yards

Most Doomsayers learn to use the power *sustenance* and only have to eat real food every now and then. That's great for Silas and his crew who don't give a rat's ass about other folks. Joan, however, quickly realized that finding decent food and drink in the Wasted West stands right



at the top of most folks' "to do" lists. She decided that helping them meet that goal would go a long way toward winning norms over as friends.

This miracle takes a lot out of a rad priest, but the results are worth it. The Doomsayer can purify one "meal" for every level of *faith*, making it safe to eat without having to worry about excess rads, bacteria (like e. coli or salmonella), or even poison. With a separate casting, the Doomsayer can also purify an amount of water equal to his *faith* level in gallons, making it free of any poisons, bacteria, harmful minerals, and radiation. The food and water can be in any sort of container (except lead), as long as the Doomsayer is within five yards of everything he wants to purify.

Silas learned about Joan's little experiment and came up with his own version that worked basically the same way, except it turns good water into bad and irradiates perfectly edible food. Silas' followers use this perversion of Joan's power to terrorize survivor communities and recalcitrant muties. These days, any Doomsayer who learns one version can automatically work the other one as well.

Quantum Leap

TN: 5
Strain: 5
Speed: 1
Duration: Instant
Range: self

Quantum leap is easily one of the most impressive miracles in the Doomsayer's arsenal. When cast, the rad priest is bathed in a flash of light and transforms into a green mass of roiling radiation energy. The bolt of energy then streaks to another location and reassembles the Doomie's body. The Doomsayer pulls this off by temporarily transforming his body's matter into energy and reintegrating it a distance away.

The Doomsayer can travel instantly to another location up to 10 yards away per *faith* level. The only catch is that the Doomsayer must be able to see the area where he'll reassemble his atoms. If the Doomsayer can't see the spot, he can't get there. The Doomie can disintegrate and reassemble his own atoms as well as any inanimate objects he's carrying, but he cannot do the same with other living beings.

The Questioning Hand

TN: 3
Strain: 1
Speed: 1 minute
Duration: 1/10 minutes
Range: Touch

This is probably the dirtiest power in the Doomsayers' arsenal. According to them, they place their glowing hand upon a victim's forehead, and the power of the Glow compels the poor fool to answer whatever questions the rad priest asks.

Funny part is, it doesn't work. That's just not something the Glow can do. Mindrape is more the sykers' bag.

So what does it do? It inflicts pain by sending out intense beams of radiation directly into the subject's brainpan. The pain tricks most folks into spilling their beans. Think you could resist? Try not answering questions when someone's turning the "migraine machine" on and off, brainer.

Questioning hand causes the victim incredible pain. It can be turned on and off at will for the duration of the power, without having to reinvoke the miracle.



This gives the Doomie +8 to his *persuasion* rolls. Most people will do or say anything to make this incredible pain stop. Even if a victim knows the truth about the spell, he subtracts -4 from his resistance rolls. *Thick-skinned* and other methods of ignoring pain reduce the penalty normally.

Characters who do not feel pain are not affected by this miracle. Doomsayers are smart enough not to try using it on such folks because it might give their secret away.

Though *questioning hand* is the trademark of Doombringers, Joan has also forbidden her heretics from spreading the truth. She and her purple-robed priests have occasional need of this "false miracle" as well.

Rad Wraith

TN: 5
Strain: 5
Speed: 1 minute
Duration: 1/hour
Range: 5 yards

Doomsayers have a strong relationship with irradiated ghost rock. And what lives inside that rock? Damned spirits, of course. So Silas pushed the limit of his power and created a miracle that let him bind the lowest of these spirits to do his bidding, at least for a short while. He called the spirits "rad wraiths."

This miracle requires one ounce of ghost rock, which is consumed in the process. From this rock, the Doomsayer conjures up one *rad wraith* per success on his *faith* roll. The spirits have no material form in the real world, but they can be used as spies and scouts. Even better, rad wraiths can "absorb" a Doomsayer's miracle, move elsewhere, and then release it as if the thing were invoking the miracle itself. It's a great way to use a power on an area or target the Doomie can't see.

To use a *rad wraith* in this manner, simply conjure one up, cast a miracle upon it, and give it instructions on where and when to discharge the miracle. The casting has no effect when placed on the *rad wraith*, but it takes full effect when discharged. If the *rad wraith* is destroyed (or the miracle which conjured it ends), the stored miracle goes off at the wraith's last location. A rad wraith loaded up with a miracle cannot carry out any other tasks (like spying or scouting).

Rad wraiths become faintly visible, and *minutely* material, for the duration of the spell. In truth, they are minor manitous, formerly the

souls of damned human beings. They look like short, glowing ghosts of various shades, with wide eyes and no mouths.

Rad Wraiths are unfortunately rather dimwitted (being tortured in Hell can do that to a soul). Wraiths can only understand simple directions. They also can't communicate very well. They can bob or shake for "yes" or "no," but otherwise they cannot convey messages or emotions.

They also have no special knowledge of the Hunting Grounds or events in the physical world. To spy, for instance, the Doomie has to describe a person and even tell the wraith where to go to find him. Think of the wraith as a very intelligent dog: it can be told to sneak, find someone, and so forth, but it can't just look into a crowd of strangers and somehow know who its master is looking for without special instructions.

If a wraith takes enough damage to be destroyed, it just blinks out and returns to the insubstantial world of the Hunting Grounds.

Most Doomsayers give their wraiths pet names. Inky, Blinky, and Pinky are common for some odd reason.

Rad Wraiths

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:3d8, Q:2d6, S:1d4, V:2d6
Dodge 3d8, sneak 5d8
Mental: C:3d6, K:2d4, M:2d8, Sm:2d4, Sp:3d6
Search 3d6
Pace: 6
Size: 4
Wind: NA
Terror: 5
Special Abilities:

- Fearless.
- Flight: Pace.
- Invulnerability: Normal weapons.
- Unearthly: Rad wraiths are insubstantial. They may fade through solid materials as they wish, and they cannot affect the physical world, other than with spells "carried" for their Doomsayer summoners.
- Doomsayer Miracles: A wraith can carry a miracle cast on it by its summoner. To do so, the Doomsayer simply passes his hand through the ghost and sends it on its way. The wraith then casts the spell with the Doomsayer's *faith* (including his *Spirit* die type). Strain is drained from the Doomsayer at that time. Any negative effects of the miracle (such as going bust) backtrack through the Hunting Grounds and affect the Doomsayer wherever he happens to be.

Rad Zombie

TN: 5
Strain: 5
Speed: 3
Duration: 1 minute/*faith* level, then 1/minute
Range: Sight

With a wave of a hand and a flash of green, a Doomsayer can touch the flesh of the dead and bring it back to unlife! Such a grisly servant then performs its master's bidding.

The Doomsayer can animate any human or animal corpse. The rad priest creates one zombie per success on his roll. The miracle doesn't work on abominations, though it does work on the corpses of defeated abominations if they themselves were once human or animal.

Rad zombies work on the same principle as walkin' dead: a manitou temporarily inhabits and animates the body. These creatures are tricky and diabolical, but thanks to the miracle, they must follow the instructions of their masters to the letter. Given the chance, however, they'll get into sinister mischief on their own.

Rad zombies can talk, but they don't have much to say. They know little about the Hunting Grounds, the Reckoners, and so on. They do know they looove eating brains, however.

Rad Zombie

Corporeal: D:2d6 N:2d8, S:3d8, Q:2d10, V:2d8
Climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, shootin': (any) 2d6, sneak 3d8, swimmin' 1d8
Mental: C:2d10, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4
Overawe 5d6
Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: NA
Terror: 9
Special Abilities:

- Fearless.
- Radiation Touch: The touch of a rad zombie causes 3d6 damage. Normal armor does not protect against this.
- Undead.

Re-Energize

TN: 7
Strain: 1
Speed: 1 per Strain recovered
Duration: Permanent
Range: Touch

Everyone seems to be able to find a use for ghost rock, and the Doomsayers are no exception. While it's great to be able to blast

baddies with *nuke* or *atomic blast* or some other funky power, it really sucks when the Strain gets to a mutant miracle-worker and he can't use his power anymore. It especially sucks when that happens in the middle of a fight.

Reenergize allows Doomsayers to plan ahead and avoid such catastrophes by sucking energy right out of ghost rock or even spook juice. To "juice up," the Doomsayer touches the ghost rock or dips his hands into the spook juice and concentrates. As he does so, it starts to dissolve into a glowing green mist that is quickly absorbed into the Doomsayer's body. This is invariably accompanied by the unpleasant screaming and moaning one associates with burning ghost rock.

Each ounce of ghost rock or gallon of spook juice consumed allows the Doomsayer to recover 1 Strain. This doesn't give the rad priest any additional Strain, it just allows him to recover that which he has already spent.

Note that it takes 1 Strain to initiate the miracle, so a Doomsayer who completely "drains his batteries" can't recover any of his Strain in this way.



Rubberbanding

TN: 5
Strain: 1
Speed: 2
Duration: 1 round/*faith* level
Range: Self

Rubberbanding loosens the cellular structure of the Doomsayer's skin so that it becomes rubbery and pliant. It elasticizes the Doomsayer's body, allowing him to stretch and contort into impossible shapes and positions.

The Doomsayer can stretch his body (but not his clothing!) a maximum of 1 yard per *faith* level, plus an additional yard per raise. This isn't a fast thing, so don't think your rad priest can smack something a couple of yards away at a whim. *Rubberbanding* simply stretches his body like taffy: slowly. He can slip out of handcuffs, slither out of a wrestling hold, and slide through openings half his usual body width, all with +4 on the normally required rolls.

The Doomsayer's pliant skin also acts like light armor –2, but only against blunt physical attacks, including bullets (because the rubbery skin reduces hydrostatic shock).

Sculpt

TN: Special
Strain: Special
Speed: 1 minute
Duration: Special
Range: Touch

Touch o' the Doomsayers allows children of the atom to heal people. *Sculpt* allows them to heal things. Doomsayers use this power not only to fix broken things, but to make new stuff as well, everything from new walls for a survivor settlement to 100-foot statues of Silas in downtown Vegas.

The Doomsayer's hands get that weird green glow, and whatever inanimate substance she touches becomes malleable as clay. The rad priest can then alter the shape to some degree, transforming a block of stone into a crude statue, a twisted piece of metal into a shield, or a gun barrel into, well, a crooked gun barrel.

The power only makes material pliant, so don't give a Doomie a block of stone and expect the Venus d'Milo unless he's got a few artistic bones in his irradiated body. Even a Doomsayer with no ability can fashion material into a roughly human shape, however.

The TN, Strain, and Duration depend on how tough the stuff the Doomsayer's trying to mold is. If the target is made up of several different

substances, use the ratings for whichever is toughest. One invocation of the miracle allows the Doomsayer to mold up to 10 pounds of material per *faith* level. The Doomsayer can use the power multiple times on different sections of a large object if it's a really big project.

Sculptin'

TN	Strain	Duration	Substance
3	1	1 minute	Rubber, wood, ice.
5	2	3 minutes	Stone, light plastic, glass.
7	3	5 minutes	Gold, lead, iron, marble.
9	4	10 minutes	Steel, military-grade plastics and alloys.
11	5	20 minutes	Diamond, superalloys.

The Sibilant Speech of Silas

TN: 5
Strain: 1
Speed: 1
Duration: 10 minutes/success
Range: Hearing distance

Silas was a meek professor before the war. When fate crowned him the Mutant King, he knew he'd have to become a powerful and moving speaker as well. So he played with the Glow, allowing it into his body where it caressed and mutated his vocal chords to make them bigger and deeper. For Silas, the change was permanent.

When he eventually created the Cult of Doom and tasked others with spreading his words of prophecy, he knew many of his priests would need a miracle to help them reach the masses.

The *sibilant speech of Silas* can be cast silently. While it's in force, the Doomsayer becomes as loud and clear as the best public speakers.

This gives the Doomsayer +2 per success on any *persuasion* roll attempted on a crowd or other large body of people.

A useful side-effect is that the miracle increases the priest's vocal "reach" by 25%.

Sigil

TN: 3
Strain: 1
Speed: 1
Duration: Permanent
Range: Touch

Doomsayers—both the heretical and loyal kind—are very open about their beliefs but incredibly secretive about their ways. With all the norms, rival Doomies, and monsters out to get them, they need a way to quietly and effectively communicate with others of their atomic family. (Excuse us, we've been waiting for that one.)

Silas originally developed the miracle. After the Schism, he changed the code, so to speak. Joan did the same. She altered the heretical version so that only those who declared themselves against Silas could see her priests' sigils. It should be easy for either side to learn the others' codes, but so far they haven't. Why? Who knows? Silas' Adepts believe it is because the Glow does not desire each side to read the others' messages. That's disturbing to some, because it implies the Glow has taken on a sentience of some sort.

In any case, the *sigil* allows the Doomsayer to leave a printed message of up to 100 words per success (or an equivalent in simple diagrams) on any surface, even somebody's skin. The tip of the Doomsayer's finger glows while she's doing this, so it's not exactly covert. The message glows brightly for a few seconds, then fades to nothing. Friendly Doomsayers still see the *sigil* as if it were a neon sign however.

Doomsayers often use this power to mark who is friendly toward their cause, places where danger might lurk, or even as a form of branding potential enemies. The *sigil* is totally undetectable to a non-Doomsayer except that the marked object or person gives off a little radiation (but what doesn't these days?). Any magical effect that wipes away radiation (or cures the glows) also destroys the *sigil*.

Synaptic Static

TN: Opposed (*Vigor*)
Strain: 1
Speed: 1
Duration: Instant
Range: 10 yards/*faith* level

The same radioactive energy that sometimes burns Doomsayers can be channeled into foes to temporarily fritz their nervous systems. The Doomies call this *synaptic static* because of the way it makes a person's body go all herky-jerky.

The Doomsayer fires a bolt of energy at a target to get the ball rolling. If the priest wins, the target is stunned. Until he recovers, his body jerks around like a mutie chewing on an electric cord.

Needless to say, the target becomes a sitting duck, so though the *synaptic static* isn't permanent, the bullet holes everyone puts in the target probably are.

Sustenance

TN: 5 (but see below)
Strain: 1 (but see below)
Speed: 10 minutes
Duration: Permanent
Range: Self

Doomsayers travel far and wide in their quests. *Sustenance* allows them to draw nourishment from radiation instead of food. It's also used in initiating new Doomsayers.

Each casting fulfills the Doomsayer's need for food and water for one entire day. The priest must have a significant source of radiation nearby—a pound of irradiated material is usually good for one casting. We're not talking plutonium here. Most any material within 10 miles of a blast site has plenty of radiation for this miracle. A priest in the ruins of a city can forget about food for a long time.

Even Doomsayers need real food once in a while, though. Each time *sustenance* is used, the Doomsayer loses 1 Wind that cannot be replaced until he eats a reasonably sized meal. Doing so alleviates all Wind suffered from *sustenance*.

Finally, the miracle allows a Doomsayer (not his companions) to eat irradiated food and drink irradiated water with no ill effects. The food or water provides normal nourishment (and tastes just like momma's home cooking!).

Except in initiation (see just below), *sustenance* doesn't do a thing for others. It works only on the Doomsayer. He can always cast *purify* for his companions if he needs to provide them with food and water.

Sustenance is the miracle that kicks off an Initiate's training. The mentor Doomsayer casts a special version of the miracle in the same manner as its normal use, but with a TN equal to 21, minus the Initiate's *Spirit* die type, and Strain equal to the Initiate's *Spirit* die type. The Doomsayer wannabe then endures his 40 days of initiation, as detailed in the *Initiate* edge.

Tolerance

TN: 5
Strain: 1
Speed: 1
Duration: 24 hours
Range: Touch

Doomsayers must frequently venture into heavily irradiated areas like ruined cities. This is suicide for most folks, but Silas' priests quickly developed this miraculous power to protect themselves from the deadly touch of sacred radiation.

Tolerance allows the subject to ignore the effects of low-level radiation for an entire day. Even once the subject has passed from the irradiated area, his flesh and gear are "clean" and present no further danger (unless they were irradiated already).

Certain areas of extremely high radiation (much higher even than that at ground zero) may exist. Those areas often require some test to avoid damage, mutations, or other effects. *Tolerance* doesn't block those effects, but it does provide a +2 bonus per success to whatever Trait or Aptitude is used to resist them.

By and large, a Doomsayer can count on *tolerance* to protect him from all background radiation. Every now and then, however, he may run into strong or unusual rads that still affect or even harm him. Be careful out there, waster.

Touch of the Doomsayers

TN: Special
Strain: Special
Speed: Special
Duration: Permanent
Range: Touch

Silas learned to heal wounds by very slowly and carefully manipulating flesh on a molecular level. Unfortunately, when one of his Doomsayers heals someone, it leaves the skin discolored or covered with hideous boils.

After the Schism, Joan and the other heretics knew healing would be one of their greatest tools in proving themselves to norms. Joan knew norms would not tolerate being mutated, so she tried to develop a new healing miracle with no side-effects. She got close.

Whether a Doomsayer is a heretic or loyal to Silas, the procedure for healing is the same. The rad priest places her hands over the area to be healed and waits until both her palms and the injured flesh begin to glow with irradiated light. Next, the priest makes a *faith* total versus the TN of the wound level, as shown on the table on the next page. If successful, the priest heals the wounds in that particular area. Failure when trying to heal a maimed limb means it's a permanent wound.

The bad news is that loyal Doomsayers always warp the flesh. The patient is forever after *ugly as sin* (-1). Heretics don't warp flesh unless the wound level is critical or maimed. Even they can't halt the effects of that much radiation.

In either case, going bust on the *faith* roll means the patient suffers a mutation. Have the Marshal draw a card immediately and check the Mutation Table in the main rulebook.

Touch also cures the glows (radiation poisoning), but it doesn't heal other types of diseases (that's the Templars' job). The TN is Hard (9). Remember that if an attempt to heal an

ailment by supernatural means is failed, it can never be healed (see the *ailin'* Hindrance in the main rulebook).

Touch of the Doomsayers

Wound Level	TN	Strain	Speed
Wind	3	1	1 minute
Light	5	1	2 minutes
Heavy	7	2	3 minutes
Serious	9	3	4 minutes
Critical	11	4	5 minutes
Maimed	13	5	10 minutes

Toxic Cloud

TN: 5
Strain: 3
Speed: 2
Duration: 1 round/*faith* level
Range: 20 yards/*faith* level

Toxic cloud creates a fog of noxious, radioactive, glowing-green, thick-as-pea-soup gas. Any living beings caught in it are likely to start tossing their cookies and feeling like four kinds of Hell warmed over.

The Doomsayer begins the power by summoning up the seeds of the cloud in his hands, little glowing bits of concentrated gas that look like fireflies. He flings them forward up to the miracle's range. Once they hit their target (or somewhere nearby) the seeds instantly explode out into a cloud of gas with a radius equal to 10 times the Doomsayer's *faith* level in yards.

In order to hit on target, the Doomsayer must beat the TN to hit with a *throwin': unbalanced* roll as well as the miracle's TN. The "seeds" have a Range Increment of 5. Failure means the Doomsayer's seeds have deviated 1d10 yards. Roll a d12 to determine which direction the seeds deviate (read it like a clock face, friend). Even if the seeds do miss, they can never deviate more than half the distance back toward the Doomsayer (it's hard to miss that bad). The rad priest might still catch himself in the cloud if he's not careful though, just because of the size of the cloud.

Anyone caught in the cloud without a gas mask immediately suffers ill effects. Every round spent in the cloud forces a brainer to make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll or be stunned. Characters and major villains suffer 1d4 Wind each round as well.

Furthermore, unless one has goggles or some other protective eyewear, even opening your eyes in the cloud causes them to tear up immediately, making it nearly impossible to see. Those within the cloud suffer a -4 penalty to all Corporeal Trait and Aptitude checks.



Viridian Goliath

TN: 5
Strain: 5
Speed: 3
Duration: 1 minute/*faith* level
Range: Self

Altered states temporarily induces "Solomon Grundy syndrome." That's pretty spectacular, but the Doomsayers have found an even bigger genetic button to push, if only within themselves.

The name of the miracle *Viridian Goliath,* comes from the Spanish word for green, "verde." "Goliath" should be fairly self-explanatory.

As the miracle takes hold, the Doomsayer's skin begins to stretch and twitch. His body writhes in agony as bones grow, sinews stretch, muscles tear, and all but the most loose-fitting clothing rips to shreds. The Doomie's skin transforms to a deep, glowing green. Eventually, he emerges as a jade giant covered in raging muscles.

The Doomsayer's *Strength* and *Vigor* immediately jump +4 steps. His Size increases by +2, and his skin becomes so tough that it acts as Armor 2. Even if something gets through those dense muscles and thick skin, v*iridian goliaths* regenerate! A hulking brute can spend an entire round concentrating, then spend Fate Chips to heal wounds just as if he'd originally negated them.

The *viridian goliath* miracle has a few drawbacks. The Doomie loses most of his ability to reason. His *Knowledge* and *Smarts* drop to 1d4. He cannot use his Doomsayer miracles—though he can use Harrowed powers or any others that come "naturally," and he continues to be affected by any miracles that have not worn off yet (which don't require concentration or the payment of Strain).

A *viridian goliath* can speak in little more than five-word sentences: "Hate bad-smell monster! Smash!" He's also consumed with rage. As long as there are foes in sight, the character must make a Fair (5) *Smarts* check to do anything besides enter hand-to-hand combat with the nearest available enemy.

Viridian goliaths do not normally attack their friends, but if a friend upsets them, all bets are off. Posse members must deal very carefully with any Doomsayer in the *goliath* form. Don't ever call them "jolly green giants"! When the miracle's duration expires, the goliath is automatically stunned and must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll to recover.

Unlike *altered states, viridian goliath* can't be cast on animals, abominations, or other beasts.

One last thing. *Viridian goliath* is a mouthful. Some Doomies call it "hulking out," for obvious reasons.



Voice of Doom

TN: 5
Strain: 1
Speed: 1
Duration: Instant
Range: 5 yards/*faith* level

Whenever ghost rock is burned or used in a chemical process, it gives off a terrifying howl. Most people have grown used to it, but it is still slightly unsettling. The Doomsayers have found they can call on the damned souls within ghost rock to emulate the ghost-rock howl. Their radiation magic even increases the howl's magnitude and strength.

Even the toughest hombre starts shaking in his boots once the *voice o' doom* gets going. Anyone within the radius of the miracle must make a Fair (5) *guts* check at -1 for each success on the Doomsayer's *faith* roll to cast this miracle. Those who succeed suffer a -2 modifier to all Trait and Aptitude rolls for the rest of this round and the next.

Those who fail get a roll on the Scart Table. The Marshal might just want to have thug-like characters suffer a -4 modifier or even run away if the situation looks hopeless. Only keep track of other Scart Table results for important extras.

Obviously, the Doomie needs a bit of ghost rock or spook juice to pull this miracle off. One ounce does it, and it isn't used up in the casting.

Weatherman

TN: 7
Strain: 5
Speed: 3 minutes
Duration: 5/hour
Range: 50 yards/*faith*

One of the worst problems your average survivor community faces in the Wasted West is how to handle nasty storms. Joan figured a great way to earn the respect and gratitude of the normals was to offer them some protection from Hell- and radstorms. Her idea was to erect a huge shield of energy over a village and protect it from any foul weather that descended. Too bad the Glow really doesn't work that way.

So she did the next best thing. She used a process similar to *Geiger vision*, combined it with her ability to sense the Glow in its entirety, and concocted a miracle that let her predict the most dangerous weather phenomenon.

The locals could be told they were about to get screwed at least. Hey, you do the best you can.

Weatherman doesn't predict rain, sun, and other normal weather patterns, but it does increase the warning time for violent supernatural weather phenomenon. It also tells the Doomie exactly what kind of weather is headed his way. Check *The Wasted West* worldbook for the various violent weather phenomena. Your Marshal has an explanation of what "warning time" means. When this miracle is cast, a single success doubles the warning time. A raise triples the warning time, and so forth.

Of course, the Doomie must still pay attention because he must actually use the miracle to get any sort of warning. That means he should watch the clouds, the color of the sky, and so forth when crossing the wastes. Once his normal senses tell him something's coming, he can cast *weatherman* to get an extra jump on things.

X-Ray Specs

TN: 3
Strain: 1
Speed: 1
Duration: 1 rounds/*faith* level
Range: 5 yards

This miracle does just what folks think it does. It allows a Doomsayer to see through stuff. It's great for peering through walls and inside vehicles. It's considered bad form to look through dresses however!

When cast, the pupils of the Doomsayer's eyes go a deep, deep purple. Folks who aren't prepared might find this a bit spooky. For the duration of the miracle, the Doomsayer can see through 1 foot of material, plus an additional foot per raise on the *faith* roll that invoked this power. He can decrease his visual penetration as desired, allowing him to see normally, see halfway through a wall, and so on.

Notice that looking into a wall or other closed space is tricky because there's no light—this miracle doesn't illuminate what a Doomsayer looks into. A Doomie might make out some sort of light or dark mass inside a closed space, but he might not necessarily be able to see anything specific if the space is dark.

Doomsayer Powers

Power	TN	Strain	Speed	Duration	Range	Summary
Aegis	5	1	1	1/round	5 yards/*faith*	Creates wall; AV 3, +1 per raise.
Altered States	*Spirit*	2	2	1d6 rounds/*faith*	5 yards/*faith*	Boosts *Strength*, *Vigor*, and *Nimbleness* +2 steps; drops *Knowledge* and *Smarts* to 1d4.
Atomic Blast	5	1	1	Instant	20 yards/*faith*	1d10 damage per success.
Black Hole	5	2	2	1/round	10 yards/*faith*	Creates strong gravitational field.
China Syndrome	5	5	1	1/round	Self	Superheats Doomie's body; causes 2d20 to touch; allows burrowing.
Control Rod	5	Special	1	Concentration	5 yards/faith	Dissipates radiation.
Deathspeak	Special	Special	1 minute	1 minute/*faith*	Touch	Speak with dead.
Doomstone	5	5	1 minute	1 day/*faith*	Touch	Turns ghost rock into grenades that cause 3d20, +1d20 per raise.
Doom Plague	7	5	5 minutes	Permanent	Touch	Injects a mutagenic plague.
EMP	Special	Special	1	10 minutes/success	10 yards/*faith*	Knocks out electronics.
Fission	*Vigor*	5	3	Instant	Touch	Disintegrates target.
Flashblind	7	1	1	1d10 rounds	10 yards/*faith*	Blinds targets.
Fusion	5	1	2	Permanent	5 yards/*faith*	Fuses materials.
Geiger Vision	5	1	5 seconds	1/10 minutes	50 yards/*faith*	Detects radiation.
Globs	5	3	2	1d6 minutes	10 yards/*faith*	Mutates frogs into monsters.
The Glow	5	1	1	1/hour	10 yards/*faith*	Creates light.

More Doomsayer Powers

Power	TN	Strain	Speed	Duration	Range	Summary
Glow stick	5	2	1	1/minute	Self	Creates energy hand weapon.
Goo bomb	5	1	1d4	1 minute/*faith*	10 yards/*faith*	Entangles opponent.
Greenthumb	Special	2	2	Permanent	5 yards/*faith*	Rapidly grows plants.
Ground zero	7	5	3	Instant	Self	Self-destruct; 10d20, +1d20 per raise; Doomie takes 6d20, -1d20 per raise.
Half-life	5	Special	Special	1 minute/*faith*	5 yards/*faith*	Deteriorates objects.
Hard water	5	1	1	1/minute	Self	Allows Doomie to walk on water.
Hazmat barrier	5	1	1	1 minute/*faith*	5 yards/*faith*	Keeps out pollutants, rads.
ICBM	5	3	2	Instant	100 yards/*faith*	Overhead attack; 3d10 damage, +1d10 per raise.
Line in the sand	5	3	Special	3 hours/*faith*	25 yards/*faith*	Alerts Doomie when crossed.
Lodestone	7	2	1	1d4 rounds/*faith*	5 yards/*faith*	Magnetic control.
Maelstrom	5	3	3	1 round/*faith*	Touch	Creates mini ghost-rock storm.
Meltdown	Special	Special	Special	Permanent	10 yards/*faith*	Melts stuff.
Microwave	*Vigor*	5	Special	Instant	5 yards/*faith*	Cooks people.
MIRV	5	3	1	Instant	10 yards/*faith*	1 bolt/*faith;* 1d10 dam +1d10/raise.
Molecular bonding	5	1	1	1/round	Touch	2 points light armor/success.
Molecular cohesion	5	3	1	1 round/*faith*	Self	*Faith* roll to ignore wounds.
Mutate!	*Vigor*	5	1	Special	Touch	Causes mutation.
Mutie for a day	5	3	1	24 hours	Touch	Minor but temporary mutation.
Neutron blast	5	2	1	Instant	15 yards/*faith*	3d6 damage; ignores cover.
Nuclear winter	5	1	2	1d4 rounds/*faith*	10 yards/*faith*	10 yards/*faith* radius cloud of dark.
Nuke	5	5	2	Instant	20 yards/*faith*	3d20, +1d20 per raise explosion.
Piledriver	5	2	1	Special	Touch	Raises *Strength* in one arm by 5 steps.
Powerup	Special	Special	1 minute	1/hour	Touch	Recharges electrical items.
Purify/putrefy	5	3	10 seconds	Permanent	5 yards	Cleans/taints food and water.
Quantum leap	5	5	1	Instant	Self	Teleport up to 10 yards/*faith*.
Questioning hand	3	1	1 minute	1/10 minutes	Touch	Torture/interrogation power.
Rad wraith	5	5	1 minute	1/hour	5 yards	Creates ghostly servants.
Rad zombie	5	5	3	1 minute/*faith*	Sight	Raises the dead as servants.
Reenergize	7	1	Special	Permanent	Touch	Replenishes Strain from ghost rock, 1 per ounce.
Rubberbanding	5	1	2	1 round/*faith*	Self	Elasticizes Doomie's body.
Sculpt	Special	Special	1 minute	Special	Touch	Makes objects malleable.
Sibilant speech of Silas	5	1	1	10 minutes/success	Hearing	+2 to *persuasion* per success.
Sigil	3	1	1	Permanent	Touch	Creates messages only friendly Doomies can see.
Synaptic static	*Vigor*	1	1	Instant	10 yards/*faith*	Stuns foes.
Sustenance	5	1	10 minutes	Permanent	Self	Draws nourishment from rads.
Tolerance	5	1	1	24 hours	Touch	Negates effects of radiation.
Touch of the Doomsayers	Special	Special	Special	Permanent	Touch	Heals wounds, the glows.
Toxic cloud	5	3	2	1 round/*faith*	20 yards/*faith*	Creates stunning cloud of gas.
Viridian goliath	5	5	3	1 minute/*faith*	Self	Turns Doomie into a monster.
Voice o' Doom	5	1	1	Instant	5 yards/*faith*	Causes fear.
Weatherman	7	5	3 minutes	5/hour	50 yards/*faith*	Predicts dangerous weather.
X-Ray Specs	3	1	1	1 round/*faith*	5 yards	Grants x-ray vision.

The Marshal's Handbook







Chapter Four: Secrets o' Doom

Howdy, Marshal. It's time we let you in on a few secrets. Let's start with the dirt on Silas and some of his nefarious schemes.

Grendel

Silas doesn't burn the Tropicana down because—drum roll, please—Grendel is still alive!

Sort of. You see, Grendel had a momma, and even a couple of brothers and sisters. Silas went down into the lair, finished off the one he had wounded (that's where the head came from), and then cowed the others. Silas then made a deal with momma that he would continue to feed them as long as she would raise more children. One day, when the cult is ready to move out of Lost Vegas, the "Grendels" will serve as his shocktroops. And momma just might strap on her irradiated combat boots too.

We'll tell you more about this creepy family in the Lost Vegas set.

Silas' Motive

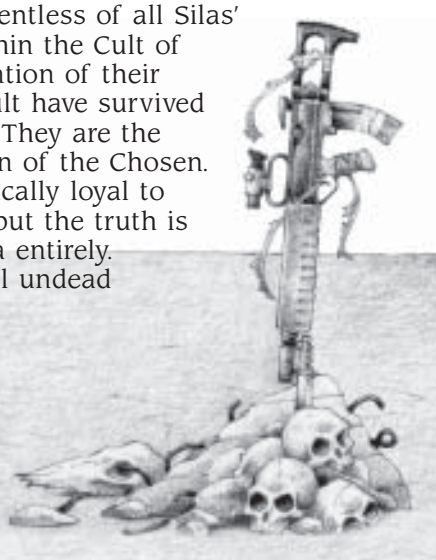
Silas attacked Virginia City because he heard someone was there, someone who could blow the lid off this whole "Cult o' Doom" thing. His mutie spies told him a woman named—another drum roll, please—Megan Holst had come to town! True? No one knows yet, but Silas wasn't taking any chances. He was fairly certain the First Saint wouldn't approve of what he'd done with her research, so he made sure there were no survivors. Unfortunately for him, when he went around kicking corpses, none of them looked anything like Megan. True, some didn't even look human after what the trogs did to them, but Silas just didn't have that satisfied feeling. He now worries often that Megan will reappear. If she does, Silas' muties will leave him in hordes to flock to the "First Saint." He's really regretting having made that part up, and has lately been trying to recast the mythology so that Hellstromme, while not the First Saint, is certainly the greatest. Maybe it will help him if Megan ever shows up, maybe not.

Of course if Hellstromme ever shows up alive, who knows what kind of fireworks there'll be?

The Doombringers Revealed

They are the best of the best, the most vicious, powerful, and relentless of all Silas' followers. Even those within the Cult of Doom tremble at the mention of their name. Few outside the cult have survived an encounter with them. They are the Doombringers, the Chosen of the Chosen. Silas believes them fanatically loyal to both him and his cause, but the truth is they have another agenda entirely.

Oh yeah, and they're all undead abominations.



Damon Fisk

So who's the leader of this elite cadre of undead? And how did these creepy abominations come to unlife? For the answer to that question we have to look back a few years and examine the life of one Damon Fisk, a captain in the US Air Force. Without Damon there would be no Doombringers, at least not in their current form.

Damon served faithfully in the Air Force from the moment he graduated high school. A native of Columbus, Ohio, Damon grew up hating the CSA, Great Britain, and most of the rest of the world with a passion that really defied understanding. Maybe Damon was just a bad seed. His parents were normal, suburban folks who never taught their only son to hate others. Damon figured that out all on his own.

Once he turned 18, Damon looked for some way to put his hatred to constructive use. He figured the military was the place for him. With international tensions as high as they were, he was bound to see some action at some point. After a careful analysis, he decided that the best job for killing lots of people while not risking himself too much (Damon was never terribly brave, just angry) was bomber pilot.

Over the years Damon worked his way toward his dream and eventually achieved it. He flew most every type of jet, but when the Last War broke out, he drew duty in an experimental new bomber: the B-99 "CropDuster." This massive plane had the latest in stealth technology and was designed to fly low and slow over unguarded civilian targets while dispersing minute quantities of toxins, biological plagues, poison gases, and—his personal favorite—irradiated ghost-rock particles. Sprinkled liberally over a dense population, these experimental isotopes induced a form of ghost rock fever in 50% of the people who inhaled them. As those who work with ghost-rock know, this can induce a fatal illness and, in some rare cases, even spontaneous combustion.

Damon loved his work. Dropping isotopes on Rebs was right up his tin-can alley. The first two years of the war were his glory days. He killed thousands of Confederates all throughout the deep South, distributing toxic justice from the sky.

Damon was in the air when the bombs fell. He watched with glee as the South vanished in an eruption of skull-shaped mushroom clouds. On his way home, he realized the bombs had fallen on the North too. He didn't actually care about the people who had died in the attack, but it did fuel his hatred of the Confederacy even more.

Damon was just clearing Nevada airspace when he was jumped by CSA fighters. The Rebs were out of missiles, but they still had their guns, and these flyboys were pissed off. They figured the Yankees had started this madness, and the Rebs wanted some payback. They chased Damon relentlessly, strafing his huge plane with their guns during an incredible 20-minute chase.

Damon finally escaped, but his B-99 sustained serious damage before he managed to break away and evade the angry Rebs. Now he had to find a place to land in a hurry. That proved more difficult than he thought. He tried to bring her down in a long stretch of Nevada desert, but the plane proved ill-suited to land under adverse conditions. She broke apart under the stress, and Damon was forced to eject.

Plague Bringer

Unknowingly, Damon's two years spreading deadly toxins managed to win him a nod from one of the Big Four. Pestilence itself took a shine to the way Damon gleefully dropped biological weapons on targets of only the vaguest military importance (such as "those kids might someday grow up to sell a Confederate soldier some dinner"). Damon's next actions earned him a permanent place within the fevered, chaotic vortex of Pestilence's heart.

The pilot staggered through the desert for weeks after his wreck before finally coming upon a survivor settlement. To their misfortune, many of them were former Confederate soldiers. Most everyone had already put former national allegiances out of their minds, but not Damon. He played nice, got some medical attention and milrats, then "borrowed" a hoverbike and streaked back to the wreckage of his plane. There he dismantled the toxic containers and took them back to the town. Then he dumped the radioactive particles into the town's water supply and watched the "fun." Half the town was dead within a few days.

Something happened to Damon as the death toll climbed. The years of pain and suffering he had caused, the thousands of lives he'd ruined, finally caught up with him. That day, Captain Damon Fisk became Damon Plague Bringer, Servitor of Pestilence.

Prince of Plagues

The transformation left Damon covered with festering boils, the skin on his head pulled back tight against his skull, and his mouth forced into a permanent grimace exposing rows of rotting teeth. To those who don't know any better, Damon looks like just another ugly mutant.

Damon wandered for several years, besetting the Wasted West with the glows (radiation poisoning). He heard of the Cult of Doom only after its attack on Virginia City. He ventured to Lost Vegas to investigate this strange new group and found that Silas and he had much in common. Here was a group devoted to spreading the touch of radiation. Even more impressively, they had learned to channel radioactive energy and use it like magic!

Damon joined the cult as a Doomsayer and rose quickly through the ranks. In a few short years, his mastery of the Way of the Atom was matched only by Silas himself.

All the while, Damon encouraged Silas' hatred of normals and his mad crusade to eliminate them. When Joan and her band broke away, Damon suggested that Silas let him form a special cadre of Doomsayers to hunt down the heretics.

Silas, blinded by his righteous fury, agreed and put Damon in charge of the new group: the Doombringers. Damon, of course, had other plans entirely. He hated Joan's do-gooders because they actually *cured* the glows, but he also planned to use his Doombringers for more nefarious purposes.

Damon set up his base in the old Rio casino. The "Voodoo Cafe" became the group's headquarters. His personal quarters are in one of the old high-roller suites located near the very top of the skeletal casino. This is where he transformed his first Doomsayers into Doombringers.

Damon did this because he wanted to ensure the Doombringers were loyal to him and not Silas. They had all vowed to serve Silas to the death, and Damon did not doubt their commitment. So he "freed" them from their commitments by putting them to death. Of course he did this in a very special way.

Within the hotel lies a private swimming pool some 20 feet long and five feet deep. Using the powers granted him as a servitor and those he learned via the Way of the Atom, Damon invested the pool's waters with pure radiation. As part of the initiation ceremony for those



Doomsayers "promoted" to the Doombringer ranks, he brings the new initiate into the suite and baptizes her in the glowing green pool. The poor mutie dies a horrible death, only to be reborn as a powerful undead abomination that is almost impossible to kill.

Damon continues this ritual today, ruling from atop the Rio over his elite cadre of undead warriors.

Bringers of Doom

The Doombringers spend most of their time hunting down purple-robed Doomsayers just as Silas wants them to, but they don't do it for Silas. Damon wants the heretics dead as part of his own plan. As a Servitor of Pestilence, Damon wants to spread as much suffering as possible. Ghost-rock fever and the glows are his personal favorites, and Joan's people are screwing it up.

Damon busies himself preparing for the day when he will move against Silas and turn the whole Cult o' Doom into undead Doombringers. Even as the Doombringers hunt down and slay heretics, they also scour the Wasted West for any of the old

weapons of war. Damon wants to assemble an arsenal of ghost-rock nukes as well as other biological and chemical weapons. He then plans to use them against places like Denver and the Junkyard, where society still maintains a tenuous foothold.

Damon's Doombringers have no special hatred for former Southerners, but Damon still does. Southern Doomsayers who wind up in his grasp suffer particularly brutal ends.

Doombringer Tactics

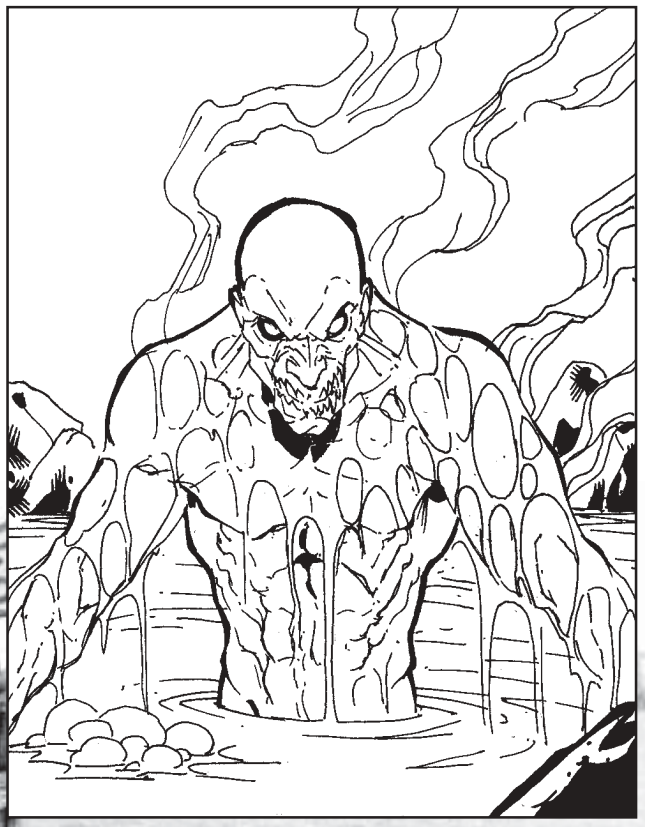
The Doombringers are not a subtle bunch. Since they can't be killed by anything but Doomsayer magic, they walk through the landscape with little to fear, destroying all life in their path. Their conical green hoods hide their true forms, although their mere presence invokes terror in most who meet them.

Most Doombringers have the power *questioning hand*. Even though they live to destroy, their mission demands they spend a fair amount of time gathering information on both the heretics and the location of possible old weapons caches.

In battle they use their magic to its fullest ability. They can be counted on to carry special Doomsayer items such as nukin' sticks or tac nukes (for the details on these items, see Chapter Two).

Emphasize that these are not normal folks. They cackle madly, their eyes constantly (and literally) ablaze with a terrifying light. When they do slow down long enough to talk, they are maniacally insane. Picture the Joker on spook juice, and you're halfway there.

Doombringers are totally over the top. They have no fear of dying or moral compunctions, and they delight in every form of destruction, even their own. Go crazy with them. Also remember that they are relentless. Once a person crosses paths with a Doombringer, it keeps after him until one of the two is dead. Unless a brainer is real lucky and has some Doomsayer pals, that's a fight he'll probably lose.



Damon Plague Bringer, Servitor of Pestilence

Corporeal: D:3d12+4, N:5d10, S:3d6, Q:4d10, V:6d12+4
Climbin' 4d12+4, drivin': bombers 6d12+4, shootin': pistols 5d12+4
Mental: C:6d12+4, K:3d10, M:2d12, Sm:4d12, Sp:6d12+4
Artillery 7d12+4, demolition 5d10, science: physics (specialized in radiation and its effects) 6d10, overawe 4d12, scroungin' 6d12, faith 8d12+4
Edges: Arcane background: Doomsayer, child of the Atom +5
Hindrances: Mean as a rattler, grim servant o' Death, ugly as sin
Pace: 10
Size: 6
Wind: 32
Terror: 3
Strain: 21
Special Abilities:

- Way of The Atom: Damon knows all of the Doomsayer powers.
- Immunity: All.
- Weakness: Damon can only be harmed by weapons made from the wreckage of his old B-99 bomber, which still lies out in the Nevada desert. Such weapons do full normal damage to him.

Solomon Grundy Syndrome

This insidious syndrome strikes nearly half the children born in Lost Vegas. We're sorry to say it's the handiwork of Silas' Adepts. They use it to create a replenishable army for the Cult o' Doom. We'll tell you more in the forthcoming Lost Vegas boxed set.

Doomsayers of Renown

Here's the scoop on some of the most successful Doomsayers in the Wasted West.

Black Ursa and the Major

Black Ursa is one of the hundreds of hideously mutated humans who rejected Silas and followed Mustafa, later Avatar, to Idaho to found the city of Amarna. Black Ursa believes fervently in Avatar's theology—that the sun is the god who looks after humanity. He also supports the idea that mutants were created by the great sun god as semi-divine caretakers over humankind. Ursa sees most humans as pets—worthy of kindness, but devoid of true purpose. He is quite caring and considerate of normal humans, but after a while his bigotry becomes relatively obvious and sometimes gets him in trouble.

Like many severely mutated humans, Ursa has forgotten—perhaps purposefully—who and what he was before the mutations set in. But his Helot, the Major, knows full well who Ursa was. The two were brothers before the bombs dropped. The Major was a high officer in the Union army, while his brother was a young student protester. In the years leading up to the last war, the Major felt a growing undercurrent of hostility throughout the armed forces, both at home and in the foreign countries he frequently visited. He came to suspect that a major conflict was coming, so to protect his family he resigned his commission and moved to remote Idaho.

The Major was right, of course, and the war did come. Like most of the West, Idaho became a haunted and dangerous place, and mere existence became a daily struggle even for so competent a man as he. When Mustafa arrived, his mutants drove out the monsters that had been massacring the humans. But for the Major they were too late. He had already lost half his family to cholera, and the other half to a goatlike horror that lived on human flesh.

Despite the incredible changes, the Major recognized the vestiges of his brother in the hulking mutant Black Ursa—though it quickly became apparent that his brother didn't recognize him. The Major thinks that this "sun god" crap is a load of hooey and that its appeal will wear off and his always-a-little-nutty brother will come to his senses. Until then, he's dedicated himself to protecting the only family he's got left.

Black Ursa

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:1d6, S:3d12+2, Q:3d6, V:2d10
Climbin' 3d6, fightin': brawlin' 4d6, sneak 3d6, swimmin' 3d6
Mental: C:3d10, K:4d8, M:3d6, Sm:2d12, Sp:3d12
Academia: occult 4d8, area knowledge: Amarna 2d8, faith 5d12, language 2d8, leadership 2d6, overawe 3d6
Edges: Arcane background: Doomsayer 3, big ears 1, sidekick: the Major 5
Hindrances: Enemy -2: Cult o' Doom, ugly as sin -3
Pace: 6
Size: 8
Wind: 22
Strain: 10
Special Abilities:
Miracles: Atomic blast, China Syndrome, deathspeak, EMP, flashblind, Geiger vision, the Glow, tolerance, touch of the Doomsayers

The Major

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:3d8, S:4d6, Q:2d10, V: 4d10
Climbin' 2d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin', knife 5d8, shootin': rifle, SMG 5d12, sneak 1d8, swimmin' 2d8
Mental: C:1d8, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:3d6
Area knowledge: northern Idaho 4d6, artillery 3d6, scroungin' 2d6, search 2d8, survival 4d6, trackin' 2d8
Edges: Brawny, sand 3, two-fisted 3
Hindrances: Enemy -2: Cult o' Doom, loyal -3, oath -5: to Amarna
Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: 16
Gear: An NA assault rifle, a knife, and an infantry battlesuit.

Cleon Bishop

Cleon began his career as a Doomsayer much like many others: when he mutated, he was forced out of his old community and had to scrounge for himself in the wild. Eventually, he fled to Vegas, where Silas' own brand of bigotry disgusted him. Cleon left Vegas, horrified at Silas' plans. He certainly believed that mutants were the future of the planet; more and more people seemed to be mutating every day. But Cleon didn't think it was his business to help the process along by wiping out normals.

Secrets o' Doom

Cleon eventually ran into the arms of Joan's Doomsayers. In time, he became a proficient user of rad magic. Cleon didn't particularly like Joan's approach though. He dreamed of leading a great army against Silas and bringing peace to the Wasted West, but he understood that Doomsayers should fight the small battles first. Cleon joined up with a posse and became relatively well known in Montana for his good efforts. So well known, in fact, that a band of admirers, norms and mutants alike, joined up with him. Cleon dubbed them the 13th Hourmen.

Cleon Bishop

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d8, S:4d6, Q:3d6, V:4d10
Climbin' 1d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, sneak 4d8, swimmin 1d8
Mental: C:3d10, K:2d8, M:4d12, Sm:3d6, Sp:4d12
Academia: occult 5d8, area knowledge: Montana 4d8, faith 5d12, guts 4d12, overawe 5d12, search 3d10, trackin' 4d10
Edges: Arcane background: Doomsayer 3, renown 2, sense o' direction
Hindrances: Bloodthirsty -2, enemy -5: Cult o' Doom, grim servant o' Death -5
Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: 22
Strain: 10
Special Abilities:
Miracles: Atomic blast, altered states, China Syndrome, nuke, questioning hand, sculpt, tolerance, toxic cloud, viridian goliath
Gear: An IW-40 (see *The Wasted West*) with 20 rounds, a Kevlar vest, a police pistol with 20 rounds, and large knife.



13th Hourman

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d6, S:2d8, Q:3d6, V:3d8
Climbin' 1d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, sneak 2d8, swimmin 1d8
Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d8
Academia: occult 2d6, area knowledge: Montana 3d6, faith 2d8, guts 3d8, overawe 3d6, search 3d6, trackin' 4d6
Edges: Various
Hindrances: Loyal -3: the Hourmen
Pace: 6
Size: 6
Wind: 16
Gear: The Hourmen usually ride in groups of five, with one carrying a heavy weapon such a SAW, another with a grenade launcher, and the rest with whatever suits them.

Firebringer

The mysterious Firebringer is telling the truth when he says that he doesn't remember anything before he walked out of the desert—sort of. Firebringer doesn't know how he got in that desert or why he was there, but he does have a few thoughts on who he is. He believes with the deepest conviction that he is the Greek god Prometheus in human form.

Firebringer remembers being tortured eons ago by Zeus, the king of the Greek gods, for giving fire to man. As punishment, Zeus chained Prometheus to a mountain on the edge of creation and sent an eagle to devour his innards every day. Because Prometheus was divine, his injuries would heal each night. The next day, the eagle would return and the cycle would begin anew. At this point, Firebringer's memories grow a little hazy. He thinks that the Last War somehow shattered his bonds and freed him from his eternal torment. After that, Prometheus fell to Earth. For some reason unknown to Prometheus, he was trapped inside the body of a mortal. He decided to take the name Firebringer after his ancient crime.

Firebringer does recognize that Zeus and the other Olympian gods aren't currently living on Earth or anywhere else that he can discern. He believes that the Four Horsemen have somehow shut off the Olympians' contact with Earth. In

his state of mind, Firebringer believes the gods have all been trapped in Tartarus, the ancient Greek version of Hell. He has no proof to back up this theory, of course, but his convictions never waver. He is positive that the gods can be freed, once the Gates to Tartarus are found and opened. Consequently, Firebringer is always questing for the "Gates," which he feels must be somewhere in the American West—for that is where the Horseman arrived. Once the gods return, the Horsemen will be destroyed and humanity saved.

Of course, that's all hooey. Despite his supposed "immortal" status, Firebringer is very much human. He eats, breathes, and bleeds just like anyone else in the Wasted West. Firebringer is an exceptionally strong Doomsayer (with a preference for powers that cause lots of fire and explosions), but there are stronger. He's just a mutie with a slightly bent view of reality.

Firebringer keeps his real beliefs a total secret. He contents himself with helping out mutants and humans as a Doomsayer. Firebringer despises mistreatment of humans and will not hesitate to act whenever he sees such crimes. Despite his cool, calm exterior, Firebringer can erupt into a violent rage when angered. In his deepest heart of hearts, he wants humanity to survive this era and grow into something better. He feels he can be humanity's ultimate tool for salvation, just as he thinks he was millennia ago.

Firebringer

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d8, S:3d6, Q:3d8, V:4d12
Climbin' 1d8, dodge 4d8, fightin': brawlin' 2d8, sneak 2d8, throwin': balanced 2d8
Mental: C:4d10, K:4d12, M:3d6, Sm:4d6, Sp:3d12
Academia: occult 2d12, academia: Greek mythology and legends 1d12, area knowledge: Wasted West 2d12, faith 4d12, guts 5d12, language: English 2d12, search 4d10, tale-tellin' 3d6
Edges: Arcane background: Doomsayer 3, child o' the Atom 5, rad baby 5, renown 2
Hindrances: Enemy -3: Cult o' Doom, intolerance -1: Those intolerant of mutants, oath -3: The Pact, ugly as sin -5
Pace: 8
Wind: 24
Strain: 17
Special Abilities:
Armor : Firebringer's charred skin acts as Armor 3 against fire and heat damage.
Miracles: Atomic blast, China Syndrome, doomstone, glow stick, ICBM, meltdown, microwave, MIRV, neutron blast, nuke, quantum leap, sustenance, tolerance
Gear: Doomsayer robe. Firebringer drops this robe when using his trademark ability, China Syndrome.

The Philadelphia Kid and Blue Note

Silas Rasmussen had a small problem. Well, actually, it was a growing problem well on its way to becoming a major pain. Silas knew he had created quite a powerful army for himself, with legions of pathetic mutants all crying out his greatness. And his Doombringers were incredibly effective out in the hinterlands. The Wasted West would be his for the taking, if it wasn't for that damn Joan and her meddling Schismatics. Silas knew he could get away with all his schemes once Joan was out of the way, but he could never find her. Joan had organized her movement so that no one really knew much of anything. Silas and his Doombringers tortured dozens of purple-robes, but not a one had any idea where they could find Joan.

So Silas decided to create his own personal "heretic" Doomsayer, one whose great deeds would be so good Joan herself would contact him. Silas realized this would be a long-term plan which might never bear fruit, but he found the Philadelphia Kid as an infant in the hosts of his mutants. He commanded one of his most trusted Doomsayers, Blue Note, to raise the child as his own and teach him everything about radiation magic. Blue Note agreed—saying no to Silas wasn't exactly good for one's health.

Blue Note was not very fond of children. Before the War, he had been quite a successful pop-music singer. But that world no longer existed. When the mutation first set in, Blue Note realized his old life was gone. He had always prided himself in knowing which way the wind was blowing, and he figured it was just a matter of time before Silas put the mutants on top. Blue Note took the child far away from Vegas and nurtured him into adolescence, keeping the Kid ignorant of his true purpose.

Blue Note has spent years honing the Kid into a lethal fighting machine. As of yet, the Kid is nowhere near the Doomsayer that Blue Note is, but he's coming along, and in the mean time his shooting skills are outstanding. Blue Note escorts the Kid around the Wasted West, making sure that more deeds get added to the Philadelphia Kid's legend. Blue Note has often taken matters into his own hands when the Kid has gotten too cocky. He figures Joan will eventually contact the Kid when his name becomes as famous as hers. Once that

happens, the trap will spring shut.

The Philadelphia Kid wears a purple getup, looking like a full Doomsayer though he hasn't actually been initiated. Joan and her people are suspicious of him because *they* didn't give him his powers—so who did? Still, he's doing good deeds, so some of Joan's Mentors want to bring him into the fold. That's when Blue Note will strike.

The Kid doesn't let on that Blue Note is a Doomsayer by the way. That might tarnish the Kid's growing reputation as a hero.

Philadelphia Kid

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:2d8, S:2d6, Q:4d10, V:3d8
Climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 2d8, ridin' 3d8, shootin': pistol 6d12, sleight o' hand 2d12, sneak 2d8, quick draw: pistol 3d10
Mental: C:3d10, K:1d6, M:2d8, Sm:1d6, Sp:4d8
Area knowledge: Wasted West 2d6, faith 2d6, guts 3d8, language: English 2d6, ridicule 3d8, search 2d10
Edges: Arcane background: Doomsayer 3, level-headed, nerves o' steel, renown 3
Hindrances: Big britches -3, curious, -3, kid -2, yearnin -1: to be famous
Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: 16
Strain: 8
Special Abilities:
Miracles: Sustenance, tolerance
Gear: An SA pistol and an armored duster.

Blue Note

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:3d6, S:2d6, Q:4d8, V:3d10
Dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 1d6, sneak 4d6
Mental: C:3d12, K:3d10, M:4d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:4d10
Academia: occult 3d10, area knowledge: Wasted West 2d10, faith 4d10, language: English 2d10, overawe 3d8, performin': singing 5d8, persuasion 3d8, scrutinize 2d12, search 1d12
Edges: Arcane background: Doomsayer 3, keen 3, Child o' the Atom 5, veteran o' the Wasted West 0, "the voice" 1
Hindrances: Oath -3: to Silas
Pace: 6
Size: 6
Wind: 20
Strain: 15
Special Abilities:
Miracles: Atomic blast, Geiger vision, ICBM, microwave, nuke, quantum leap, reenergize, sustenance, tolerance
Gear: A knife, a staff, an armored duster, a .40 derringer, and four ounces of ghost rock.

The Hekants

Always keep in mind that Hekants outside of Amarna are relatively rare. The only Hekants who leave Amarna are the adventurer priests, the Lectors. Unlike the green or purple robes of Silas and Joan, the Lectors do not wear any distinctive outfits. The only thing which all Hekants share is a naming sigil fashioned into jewelry or sometimes a tattoo. This sigil is used as proof of citizenship and also as a marker on owned property.

The key concept for all Hekants when dealing with the outside world is caution. Hekants are tremendously reluctant to reveal much about themselves or Amarna. Instead, they focus on their immediate goal: the elimination of all abominations. If other parties can help them reach an objective, Hekants are more than happy to form an alliance. But Hekants, and especially Lectors, do not trust any posse until good faith is established. The Hekants believe humanity has been deceived by Seth, and therefore all people are morally suspect. Until proven otherwise, everyone is a potential foe.

Amarna

Fear Level 2; 3 outside the city

Founded near the ruins of the beautiful city of Couer d'Alene, Amarna has become a bustling center of trade and commerce—bustling for the Wasted West, that is. This city of nearly 1,000 souls lies alongside a large lake, while its three other sides are protected by a 15-foot-high mud-brick wall. There are only three entrances to the city; each is heavily guarded day and night.

All residents, both mutant and human, live inside the city walls. During the day, farmers and herdsmen go out to the fields and pastures that ring the city. At night, these areas are guarded by mounted patrols. The average patrol consists of five Helots.

Only one road passes through Amarna: State Route 97, which heads northeast and south out of town. One standard patrol rides each of these approaches 24 hours a day. Anyone entering the territory outside of the main road triggers the obelisks (see below) and might be intercepted by a patrol if the High Priest on duty sees something strange. Intruders deemed dangerous for whatever reason are forcibly run out of the area or killed if they resist.

The lands around Amarna are remarkably fertile. Currently, the city supports itself food-wise, though it will probably be only a few years before Amarna passes beyond self-sufficiency.

The 700 or so human Helots in the city perform most of the manual labor—the Hekants, of which there are about 300, prefer to administer and oversee the labors of their servants (not slaves!). Each human Helot is assigned to work for a particular Hekant. In exchange for seeing his needs met, a human signs a long-term service contract with the great Pantheon temple. Hekants treat their Helots reasonably well, often giving them wages in addition to room and board. Those who abuse their servants have their Helots taken away from them.

Strife between Helot and Hekant is remarkably rare. Disturbances are quelled rather quickly. Human and mutant alike are punished for transgressions within the city's jurisdiction. Although Hekants generally control the reins of power in the city, they do not lord it over the humans—yet. The Hekants take their responsibilities as guardians of humanity very seriously. But people being people, the Amarna system is destined for serious problems in the near future.

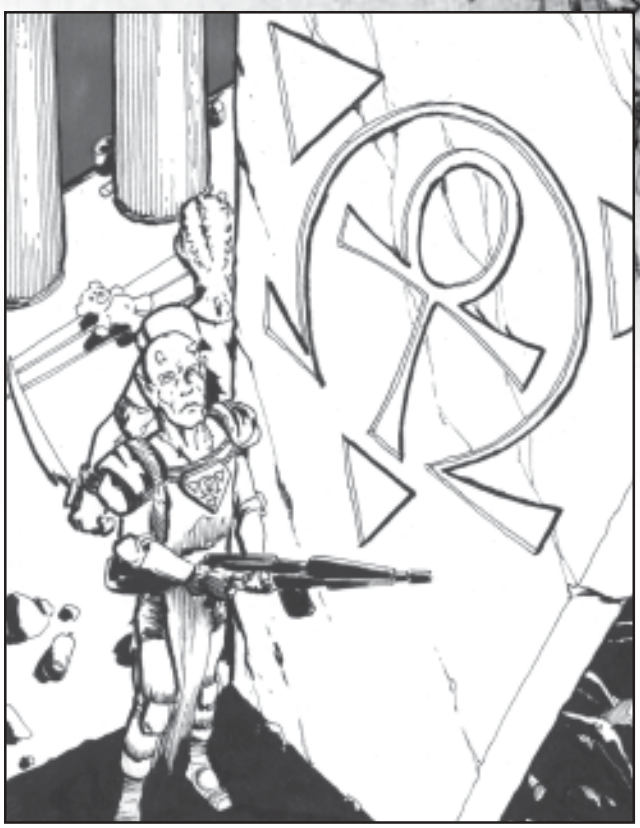
Typical Patrolman

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d6, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:3d6
Climbin' 1d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, shootin': various 3d6, sneak 2d6
Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d8
Academia: Egyptology 2d6, academia: occult 2d6, area knowledge: Montana 2d6, faith 2d8, guts 3d8, overawe 3d6, search 3d6
Edges: Arcane background: Doomsayer 3, level-headed, nerves o' steel, renown 3
Hindrances: Big britches -3, curious, -3, kid -2, yearnin -1: to be famous
Pace: 6
Size: 6
Wind: NA
Gear: Patrolmen carry a mix of scavenged pistols and rifles. A very few sometimes wear Kevlar vests as well.

The Obelisks

The Hekants have erected, in a rough circle five miles in radius around the city, a series of stone obelisks to mark the current boundaries of their "kingdom." The 80 or so stones are placed some 200-300 yards apart in a long line that curves across the landscape from the lakeshore south of the city, back to the shore northeast of it. Each one is covered in hieroglyphics telling the story of Amarna.

Very few people realize that these obelisks are more than mere decorations. They also act as an early-warning system for any possible



incursions. Any moving object of Size 5 or greater "seen" by an obelisk registers in a scrying pool deep in the bowels of the high temple, the Pantheon. The obelisks "see" in all directions, but they aren't infallible. They only oversee a normal line of sight, and though they were strategically placed, there are many small blind spots along the border where a careful intruder might stay out of sight for at least part of her transit. Furthermore, there's no guarantee that something showing up in the scrying pool will be noted—the High Priests are attentive, but not perfect. Finally, a fast-moving invader could be well within this unsealed circle long before a patrol showed up to deal with him.

Ghost Rock

Small veins of ghost rock have been discovered in the nearby hills and mountains, as well as some small deposits of gold. The Hekants are slowly but carefully mining these valuable materials out of the ravaged ground. The Scribes of the Pantheon award contracts for prospecting to Hekants in exchange for a contribution to the temple and an agreement to keep their operations as quiet as possible.

Sybaris

This thriving shanty town, set about a mile south of the obelisks along Route 97, has exploded in size as Amarna's success has grown and made it into a major regional trade center (and especially since, despite the High Priests' best efforts, word of the discovery of ghost rock has spread). The Hekants claim only nominal control over Sybaris. Instead, they allow the town relatively free rein to develop however it wishes. The Hekants have bestowed upon several Helots the responsibility of monitoring the town and enforcing whatever laws they deem fit.

Sybaris has only a few dozen—perhaps a few score—permanent residents (all Helots). However, at any given time there are usually scores—sometimes hundreds—of out-of-town traders and merchants.

Because Sybaris has become such a thriving town, saloons, gambling dens, and all sort of establishments of ill-repute have risen up almost overnight. Sybaris never sleeps; sin is for sale 24 hours a day. A Helot and former Law Dog, Jeremiah Caller, is in charge of New Sybaris. Jeremiah is tolerant of just about everything except violence. He realizes his job is simply to keep Sybaris chugging along. He and his five deputies try to prevent things from degenerating to death in the streets, but Jeremiah doesn't see anything wrong with a bar brawl every once in a while to blow off some steam.

Jeremiah wants to keep the flow of visitors and merchants moving through Sybaris. Each business deal conducted means another tithe for the Pantheon temple nearby. Jeremiah knows that those funds help Amarna grow and thrive.

Jeremiah and each of his deputies carry whistles. Once trouble begins, they start blowing their whistles; this alerts both other deputies and the public in general. All citizens and guests are required to respond to this "hue and cry" and help apprehend the troublemakers, though most, of course, don't. Although Jeremiah restrains himself a great deal from cracking down on the residents of Sybaris, he does not tolerate killing of any sort. Deadly force is met with deadly force immediately. Anyone trying to sneak into nearby Amarna is stopped. If they refuse, they are shot without further questions. Jeremiah allows people their freedom, but only as long as the roiling chaos of the town does not spill over into Amarna.

Jeremiah Caller

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:4d8, S:3d8, Q:3d8, V:4d10
Climbin' 1d10, dodge 2d8, fightin: brawlin' 3d8, ridin' 2d8, shootin: pistol, rifle, shotgun 3d12, speed-load: pistol, rifle 2d12
Mental: C:1d8, K:1d6, M:3d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:3d6
Area knowledge: Amarna 3d6, overawe: 3d6, search 2d8, survival 2d6, trackin' 3d8
Edges: Law Dog 1, keen 3
Hindrances: Oath -3: the Pantheon, obligation -2: Sybaris
Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: 16
Gear: An NA officer's sidearm, a double-barrel shotgun, an NA assault rifle, a Kevlar vest, and one spare clip for each weapon.

Deputies

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d8, S:3d6, Q:3d8, V:3d6
Climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, fightin: brawlin' 3d8, ridin' 1d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 3d6, speed-load: pistol, rifle 1d6, swimmin' 1d8
Mental: C:1d8, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d8
Area knowledge: Amarna 3d6, search 2d8 trackin' 2d6
Size: 6
Pace: 8
Wind: 14
Gear: An NA officer's sidearm, an NA assault rifle, and one spare clip for each weapon.

The Ground Zero Oracle

Fear Level 1; 5 outside the crater but within the maelstrom

When Avatar first arrived at the impact crater outside of Couer d'Alene, he came to feel that the place was somehow sacred to Atum. Since the crater was irradiated and surrounded by a swirling maelstrom, it had naturally become a spawning ground for humanity's worst nightmares. Avatar led the Hekants to clean out the large crater and sanctify it. Once all the monsters had been killed, gnarled trees began to grow back just as they had all over the Panhandle. But within the crater, the trees grew thick with golden leaves rather than the sickly yellowish-green leaves found everywhere else. When the wind blew, these golden leaves gave off a strangely haunting sound rather like wind chimes, just audible over the distant roar of the maelstrom. One of the Hekants, known as Sleeper, proclaimed that these sounds were the voices of the gods.



Avatar immediately ordered that a temple be carved into the side of the crater. After several months, a large structure was cut directly into the rock and dirt, supported here and there by mortar and brick. The temple stretches from the very bottom of the crater all the way to its lip, some several stories. Columns and statues everywhere give the temple an austere and forbidding exterior. Sleeper was assigned to watch over the temple and become its guardian.

Because Sleeper felt he could hear the voices of the gods blowing in the wind, Hekants began to come to the temple to ask him questions. Will I marry? Will I have children? Will I be victorious in the games tomorrow? Will my name live on in legend forever?

Each day brought a dizzying array of supplicants desiring to know the will of the gods. One by one, Sleeper patiently answered everyone's questions. He soon discovered that the gods often communicated information obliquely and mysteriously. Nothing the gods said made any sense at first; everything needed interpretation. Slowly, the temple and Sleeper became known as the Ground Zero Oracle.

Because the transit through the maelstrom wall is so dangerous, and the crater remains radioactive, only mutants ever come to the Oracle. Humans often ask these mutants to deliver their questions to the gods. Sleeper speaks with only those supplicants "the gods deem acceptable" (or perhaps just with those he feels like speaking to). After talking with such questioners, the huge mutant lumbers out into the lush fields of golden trees which cover the entire crater. He sits in peace, waiting for the winds to carry to him the voices of the gods, then returns with his answer.

For this service, supplicants must donate a fee to the temple. These goods are later transferred over to the control of the Pantheon, though Sleeper keeps enough to maintain the temple. The Oracle is becoming better and better known through the years as a way to learn the future, even though the accuracy of Sleeper's predictions is subject to debate. People are desperate for a little hope these days.

Player characters who are Hekants might approach the Oracle for help or if they have committed an offense against the Writs. If looking for information, the Oracle is very vague. You might use it to convey story clues when it's convenient to your adventures, or you can say Sleeper is full of baloney if the heroes threaten to short-circuit your story. Remember also that

not all of Sleeper's information need have a supernatural source. He can also be a font of information simply because so many people share their innermost problems with him. He bears no oath of confidentiality, and he willingly shares others' secrets if he feels it benefits the Hekants' cause in some way.

If the questioner has come to the Oracle seeking penance, Sleeper pronounces an appropriate expiation. A quest to seek a particular relic or to save a faraway mutant from trouble are common.

Sleeper is an odd-looking mutant whose massive body overbears his unusually tiny legs. In fact, though his legs can support him for short periods, he usually walks by moving on the knuckles of his huge hands. He has long arms and a barrel chest, and his skin is covered everywhere by what looks like eyes. The markings are merely unique colorations however.

Despite his size and power, Sleeper is a reticent soul and remains oddly shy in person, despite his long experience manning the temple. He acquired his name because the other mutants used to joke that he must never get any sleep with so many eyes.

Sleeper

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:1d8, S:4d8, Q:1d6, V:3d8
Climbin' 3d8, dodge 2d8, sneak 2d8
Mental: C:4d12, K:3d10, M:1d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d10
Academia: occult 5d10, area knowledge: Amarna 2d12, arts: painting, sculpting 4d12, faith 7d10 language: English 2d12, medicine: general 3d12, performin' 2d8, scrutinize 4d12, search 12, survival 3d6, tale-tellin' 3d8
Edges: Keen
Hindrances: Lame -3, Obligation -5: to the Ground Zero Oracle
Pace: 4
Size: 6
Wind: 18
Strain: 8
Special Abilities:
Miracles: Aegis, black hole, deathspeak, flashblind, Geiger vision, the Glow, greenthumb, hazmat barrier, tolerance

Attack of the...

Silas' Adepts have become very interested in all the different biological mutations they've been able to create. They now research the Solomon Grundy syndrome, the creation of things like glops, and even man-eating plants. Some of their many experiments are featured in the upcoming Lost Vegas boxed set, but we can give you a taste of one right now.

The Adepts studied the carnivorous plants guarding Grendel's former lair and combined some of the plants' DNA with that of the giant vegetables they had grown to feed the people. Most of their experiments were grotesque disasters, but one particular creation was more successful than they could have imagined. The Adepts combined the DNA of a tumblebleed—a roving cannibalistic plant (found in *Deadlands: The Weird West*)—with that of a common tomato.

You guessed it: killer tomatoes. The only problem with these ravenous veggies is that the Doomsayers can't actually control them. All they can do is quietly plant the things near survivor settlements, let them grow over a period of three weeks or so, then watch the carnage.

Killer tomatoes are mobile; they detach themselves from their vines and roll to move and attack. They tend to travel in groups of ten to twenty, and they're fast—if you see one of these red herds coming, you'd better hit the high road, and quick.

Killer Tomatoes

Corporeal: D:NA, N:1d6, S:3d8, Q:3d6, V:3d10
Fightin': brawlin' 5d6, sneak 3d8
Mental: C:3d6, K:1d4, M:3d10, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6
Search 2d6
Pace: 12
Size: 4
Wind: NA
Terror: 5
Special Abilities:
Bite: The tomatoes attack by opening large mouths (as shown in the illustration opposite) and literally gobbling up their prey. This causes STR+2d6 damage. If a tomatoes hits with a raise, don't apply it to the Hit Location. It's a gobble instead. The tomatoes love to gobble up victims and hold them in their tangy insides. A victim takes 2d6 Wind every round he's inside a tomato. To escape, the victim can make a contested *Strength* roll; with a raise he breaks free.
Suicide Attack: The tomatoes have one other insidious attack. They can roll into a person so hard that they splat. This causes 1d4 Wind every round until the ketchup can be washed or scraped off (which takes at least 1d4 actions).

Major Mutations

These severe mutations cause serious changes in the poor soul's body. Many of them are more over the top than usual, so handle with care. Some Marshals may find a few of the mutations a little silly. If so, ignore them and pick another. For those of you who like a little more "gamma" in your "world," if you catch our drift, you'll find these right up your alley.

Unless it says otherwise, all major mutations make your character *ugly as sin* -3.

If you do choose to use major mutations, they can be the result of particularly strong sources of radiation, or perhaps you can require the characters to gain one of these mutations when they draw for a regular mutation and get a Black or Red Joker. Another way to use major mutations is by saying that once a mutant gets three regular mutations, any further draws are automatically major mutations.

The Secret of the Mutations

You might not have noticed, but the mutations in the *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* rulebook are broken up into card suits, and the suits represent the domains of the Four Horsemen. Clubs is Death, Diamonds is Plague, Hearts is Famine, and Spades is War. We're pointing this out now because some of the major mutations are just plain weird, and you may not want to inflict them on your heroes. Knowing the suit and its affiliation with the Horsemen should help you create your own.

Oh, the value of the card is important too. Aces are good mutations. They get worse as they count down to deuce.

Clubs

2♣: Radiation stripped the hero's flesh nearly to the bone and yet left him living. His skin is a thin, translucent layer surrounding his bones, making him look like little more than a walking skeleton. This also leaves the character very susceptible to damage, especially massive physical trauma. He takes an extra die of damage from all physical attacks (not spiritual).

3♣: The hero has shrunk down to a stubby, wide, dwarf-sized being. His Size is reduced by -2, and his arms and legs have shriveled to half their normal length.

4♣: Thick, greasy black fur covers the mutie's body. His head has transformed into something



resembling a vulture: his jaw is long and beak-like, his head is bald, and his ears are just holes on the side of his head.

5♣: Your character has a tail with a razor-sharp spike at the end. The mean thing has a reach of three feet, and it lashes out occasionally when the character gets excited (your call, Marshal—use it to screw with the character on occasion). The character can use it willfully as well, by making a *fightin': tailswipe* roll. It causes STR+1d6. It can be used just like a second weapon, meaning the hero can strike with it and another weapon if he wants.

6♣: Strange slits cover the character's body, releasing noxious green gas into the air each time he breathes. This smells like death itself and subtracts -4 from *persuasion* rolls made in close contact, but it has no other ill-effects (other than keeping friends at arm's length).

7♣: Your hero has acquired the look and attitude of a jackal. He is covered with fur, and his head resembles that of a dog. He prefers carrion for his meals (a *habit* -2) but will eat most anything. Your hero subtracts -2 from all his *guts* checks. His carrion *habit* subtracts -2 from appropriate social rolls as well.

8♣: Your hero's bones have grown too big for his body. They poke through the skin at various places like the shoulders, wrists, elbows, hips, knees, and anywhere else the Marshal specifies. While not medically dangerous, this is really nasty looking and quite painful, reducing your character's *Nimbleness* (and Pace) by -2 steps.

9♣: A carpet of five-inch-long tendrils covers your hero's entire body. These tendrils sway and move of their own accord and grow quite agitated whenever they are near someone who is dying or in danger of succumbing to death. Wearing any clothing over the tendrils is uncomfortable but not debilitating in any way.

J♣: The skin on your hero's face has grown thin and almost completely transparent, leaving his skull and eyes beneath exposed to view. Having this visible skull makes the mutie scary as sin. He now has a Terror score of 5.

Q♣: Your character breathes out poison. Every time he exhales, he releases a cloud of noxious fumes. These have had a deleterious effect on the mutie's own looks. Constant exposure has caused the flesh on his face to run like melted wax. Anyone who gets in your hero's face must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll or lose 1d6 Wind.

K♣: Strange bumps cover your character's entire body. Whenever he is within 20 yards of someone who's dying, the bumps open up to reveal tiny, toothless mouths which cry out for the souls of the dead. As soon as someone dies, the mouths scream even louder and suck the dead person's soul into your hero's body. He immediately recovers up to 10 lost Wind and 1 wound level in every area, and he reduces his Strain by 5.

A♣: Your character's fingers have grown monstrously long—at least 10 inches—and the tips of them end in little suckers like on a squid's tentacles. These hands can suck the life force right out of somebody. Just by grabbing hold of exposed flesh, you can suck on a person's soul. Make an opposed *Spirit* roll with the target. For each success you get, they lose 1 level of *Vigor* and your character gains +1 step in any corporeal Trait he chooses for one minute. Victims who are not killed recover the lost life force at a rate of 1 level per day of rest.

Hearts

2♥: The character can no longer eat normal food—it just makes him retch. He must eat raw, fresh meat. He becomes immune to normal "food poisoning," so he can eat just about anything he likes, but he is still perfectly susceptible to other forms of disease. There is no actual game effect, but the roleplaying consequences should be obvious.

3♥: The character has no mouth at all, just an area of smoothed-over skin. This not only means he can't talk, but he can't eat either. Fortunately, there's a great, gaping maw in the mutie's belly. The mutie must leave this area uncovered at all times, since any contact with even a light shirt causes extreme discomfort (chapped lips from Hell, buddy—and giant Blistex balms are tough to find these days). Be careful, because a heavy wound or more to the guts means the mutie can't eat.

4♥: Your character's stomach is totally nonfunctional. In order to digest food, he must regurgitate a foul bile on top of the food and swallow it up again. All of his teeth drop out, and his voice is now a high-pitched whine. Your character's *Mien* drops -1 level.

5♥: Mutation has softened and elongated the mutie's limbs so that instead of arms and legs he has what amount to tentacles. He's actually quite adept with these thing and can use them just as well as normal limbs except when it comes to running. The hero's Pace is automatically reduced by -2 (to a minimum of 1).

6: Your hero has a voracious appetite and the ability to immediately turn food into storable energy (fat). In fact, most everything he eats turns straight to fat. That means he has to eat twice as much as everyone else and puts on four times the weight. When he sweats (which is most of the time), the fat actually oozes from his pores, giving him a sticky, stinky sheen. This must be your lucky day—your hero also gets the *big 'un (obese)* Hindrance.

7: Your hero has grown another head, not next to the one he already has, but behind it, coming out of the top of his back. This head can eat, talk, and bite, but it doesn't have much of a brain. It does tend to talk a lot, mostly screaming babble and obscenities. A fatal attack to either head still kills the hero.

8: As a result of some cruel twist of fate, your hero's body gives off very strong scents, and all of them smell delicious. Any monsters, wild animals, muties, or just plain old folks within a hundred yards can smell the mutie like a barbecue on a summer's day. They tend to come running looking for a bite to eat. Most attacking critters come after this yummy mutie-treat first.

9: Someone might mistake your hero for a green porcupine. Five-inch-long, rigid, brittle quills cover his body. Forget about sex. Should he body slam someone, he does STR+1d6 damage to him.

J: The hero has an extra pair of mouths, all the better for eating with. These mouths happen to be located in the palms of his hands and can do 1d4 biting damage to anything he grabs hold of. The mouths can even eat just like his normal pie hole.

Q: The hero's eyes have detached from their sockets and grown out on stalks. These prehensile stalks can extend to up to a yard and look in any direction—even two directions at once. Add +2 to the hero's surprise rolls.

K: Radiation has caused the natural metals within the mutie's body to multiply and prosper, replacing his teeth with big metal dentures that look like angry bear traps. While not pretty, they do let the hero chow down on anything at all. The mutie's teeth do STR+1d6 damage; he can bite by making a *fightin': brawlin'* roll.

A: The mutie's whole body turns green like a plant. He likes to be talked to, and he only needs regular water and exposure to the sun in order to stay alive. Even better, if he loses an arm or leg, he can regenerate it in 1d4 days. This has no effect if the wound is less than maiming.



Diamonds

2♦: Your character's legs dissolve and meld into a long, slimy, snaillike body. The hero must propel himself slowly on the ground in one oozing mass, similar to a snail's body and leaving a similarly slimy trail. The character cannot climb or swim, and running full gallop is only one-and-a-half times her Pace.

3♦: The massive doses of radiation and polluted air your character has been exposed to left her with very different needs. Your character actually *needs* polluted air. She's okay in enclosed, dirty areas, but in the great outdoors, more than 10 miles away from a city (or other source of pollution), she must make a Fair (5) *Vigor* roll every hour. If she misses, she takes 1 Wind that can only be recovered by inhaling serious pollutants.

4♦: Your hero survived the war, but he doesn't much like what happened afterward. His body is covered with thick, grisly hair. Scraggly whiskers droop from his nose. He has a long, thin tail attached to his back—utterly useless and very unattractive. He also gives off a musty, animal odor that stinks to the same sex (-4

to *persuasion* rolls), but actually attracts the opposite sex (+2).

5♦: Your character has ratty feathers all over his body. There's no game effect, but his companions probably get tired of all that molting.

6♦: Blood constantly oozes from your hero's skin. This makes him somewhat anemic. Reduce his *Vigor* by one step.

7♦: Patches of scraggly gray hair grow all over your character's body. His eyes change from a healthy white to a sickly pink. He cannot stand the light of the sun. All Trait and Aptitude rolls made in bright light are made at -4.

8♦: Your character's skin is the scaly hide of a reptile. This gives him light armor -2.

9♦: Your hero's skin has changed a deep shade of green marked here and there by reddish-yellow protrusions which contain sticky fluid. His body uses these fluid patches to dispose of foreign viruses that he may have picked up along the way. It takes 1d4 days to filter out a disease. He's immune to all diseases, including the glows, but he's one Hell of a carrier. Anyone who travels with the character eventually gets slimed and must roll to resist any diseases the mutie's come in contact with.

10♦: Your character's eyes have transformed into multifaceted, orblike eyes similar to that of an insect. His *Cognition* increases by a step.

J♦: Your hero's body has elongated slightly and is covered with fur. Increase his *Nimbleness* by +1 step.

Q♦: Your heroine's skin is a deep shade of green and her blood has turned light brown. In addition, she's found that her blood can be a useful antibody for various illnesses. Anyone drinking a few sips of this before making a *Vigor* roll against any sort of sickness adds +4 to the result.

K♦: Your character's body is semi-translucent, allowing others to see the dim outlines of her internal organs on a bright day. On the plus side, your heroine's body operates almost like one giant cell rather than discrete parts. She may shift damage around from place to place on her body. For example, if she takes a light wound on an already damaged leg, she could move that wound to the arm or to the guts to prevent penalties to the leg. This takes one action.

A♦: Your character has large, translucent insect wings on his back which enable him to fly at twice his normal Pace. (He can "pick up the Pace" when flying too.)

Spades

2♠: Your character's body has grown sickly gray feathers, and his voice is now a squawk. His bones are light and brittle like they were hollow. He loses -1 step of *Strength* and *Vigor*.

3♠: Instead of arms, your character has tentacles covered with suckers. She has no hands and is unable to easily handle anything which requires fine manipulation. Subtract -4 from *Deftness* rolls which require hands.

4♠: Your hero slips into a frenzy at the sight of blood. Make an Onerous (7) *Spirit* check whenever anyone within five yards suffers a wound. If he passes, he controls himself. If he fails, he goes into a frenzy and attacks the nearest living thing for 1d8 rounds.

5♠: Your character's skin has become smooth, hairless, and light gray. Gills grow on the sides of her neck, allowing her to swim underwater. That's the good part. The bad part is that your character can't live out of the water for more than one day. Every hour after 24, "aquagirl" loses 1 Wind that can only be replaced by water. One gallon of water restores 1 Wind in about a minute. Submersing her in water for a few minutes restores all Wind lost in this way.

6♠: Your hero makes sounds he can't control. Call it "mutie Turet's." His constant grunting and whining make it impossible to surprise anyone. His sounds also seem to indicate emotional states. Anyone trying to get a read on your character gets a +4 to her *Scrutinize* roll.

7♠: Your character's arms taper off into thick, bony hooks rather than hands. The hooks can be pretty darn handy in hand-to-hand, but they make holding weapons or tools impossible. The damage is STR+1d6.

8♠: Your heroine's body is covered in a thin layer of golden fur. The hair on her head grows constantly, and cutting just doesn't seem to help. Large fangs extend down from her upper and lower lips. And she likes her food raw. Otherwise, there's no real game effect.

9♠: Your hero's skin darkens to a deep red, and his body widens so that he looks like a walking brick. The tough skin acts as Armor 1, and his increased constitution raises his *Vigor* by +1 step.

10♠: Your character has four legs! They make it a little harder to get into small spaces, so increase his Size by 1. On the good side, the character is now much faster. Normal walking rate is twice his Pace. Running is three times his Pace! If the hero charges into an opponent, he does *Strength*+1d4 damage.



J⑨: The good news is that your character has the body of Adonis. The bad news is that his skin has become as hard as iron. That's handy in a tussle; the hero gains +1 step in *Strength* and *Vigor* because of his steely muscles. But the hero's skin tends to creak and make sounds like scraping and bending metal. He must subtract -4 from his *sneak* rolls if he moves at all (and hearing is a factor). For some reason, his heels aren't quite as protected as the rest of the body. They have no armor, and if a shot hits your hero's leg, there's a 1 in 6 chance it hits the heel. If a single wound is caused, the hero is rendered immobile until healed. With more than one wound, the hero just dies—even if he's Harrowed.

Q⑨: A thin layer of large, shiny scales covers your heroine's hide. Her thin fingers taper off to a set of really nasty claws. A thick, long tail grows from her back too! The claws do STR+1d4 damage; the tail does STR-2. The tail automatically doubles any *swimmin'* speed, and can also be used to sweep someone off his feet: in one action, the heroine may lash the tail out and strike the opponents legs. If you hit (a normal *fightin'* roll), the target must make an opposed *Strength* roll or be knocked down to the ground.

K⑨: Your hero's body is covered by fur in a striped pattern. His reactions are paranormally quick, adding a step to his *Nimbleness*. Whenever the hero stands still, his striped fur allows him to blend in slightly with many kinds of backgrounds, giving him a +2 to *sneak* in the outdoors.

A⑨: The mutie's body is covered by several dozen chitinous plates. These provide him with a permanent Armor of 1. Also, the mutie's limbs (arms and legs only) grow back 1d4 days after being maimed.

Jokers

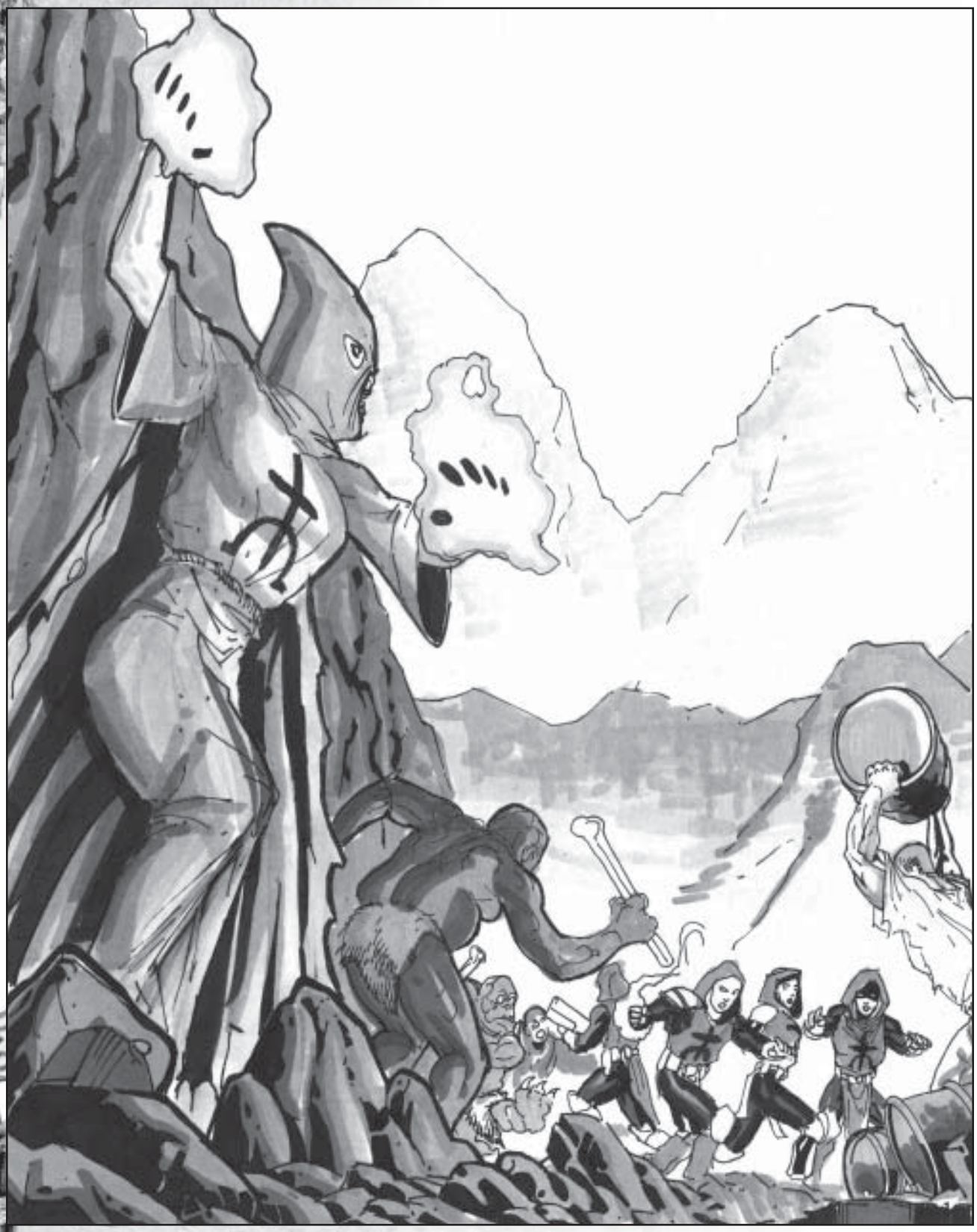
Red Joker

You can choose your hero's mutation from any on the list.

Black Joker

If chosen during character creation, you automatically get one of the Deuce-level mutations (draw another card for the suit). If drawn during play, your character explodes in an incredible flash of gruesome mutations and dies. Bad day to be you, waster!

Doom Comes to Frogtown





Chapter Five:
Doom Comes to Frogtown

Welcome, friend. We hope you're a Marshal. If not, you're poking around in places you shouldn't be. "Doom Comes to Frogtown" is an adventure, and we all know players aren't supposed to read those. Right?

Right.

Okay. The posse's been warned away. Now let's give you Marshals the skinny on this nifty new adventure featuring Doomsayers, mutants, and, of course, Doombringers.

The Story So Far

This adventure is a little different than most. It assumes your posse has a Doomsayer, for one, and it's actually critical to the story. If you don't have such a character in your posse, leave this one on the shelf until you do. You might want to go on a character-killin' spree in hopes someone's next character is a—oh, we're just killing. Er, kidding.

Anyway, the tale revolves around the posse's Doomsayer and should take place immediately after he's gained some fame for the last adventure. A few days afterward, his heroics catch the attention of a Doombringer wandering the area.

This story begins as the heroes travel from the scene of their last mission. Along the way, they come upon a tribe of muties having trouble with the local survivor settlement.

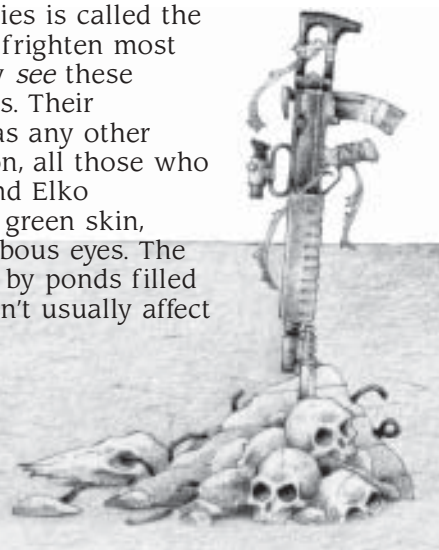
You can set this adventure anywhere you want. All that matters is that the muties live in the ruins of a small city and there's a survivor settlement nearby. We'll call the city Elko, Nevada.

The survivors live nearby in a place they've named Leedsville, after the town's founder and leader, Colonel David Leeds. Again, you can change the location to someplace closer to the site of your last adventure if you're running a campaign.

The Elkos

Elko is home to two tribes of muties. The largest is simply called the Elkos. Most lived here before the War and survived the bombs, but were horribly mutated. Those who weren't mutated fled the city environs and headed to the growing settlement at Leedsville (formerly an industrial compound—more there in a minute).

The other tribe of muties is called the Froggers. Yeah, it doesn't frighten most people until they actually *see* these horribly misshapen fiends. Their mutations are as varied as any other place, but for some reason, all those who continue to mutate around Elko eventually develop warty green skin, springy legs, and big, bulbous eyes. The area is (now) surrounded by ponds filled with toads, but that doesn't usually affect



Doom Comes to Frogtown

local mutations. So what's so special about Elko? Simple. During the war, a Confederate commando team infiltrated northern Nevada and established a base camp in the Ruby Mountains, just beyond Secret Pass. (These are real places, friend.)

Their job was to test a toxin the government had developed from a strange virus found in the slimy coat on a frog's skin. "Frog pus" had already affected thousands of frogs in Louisiana. The disease made them violent and incredibly aggressive—so much so that frogs actually killed and ate each other and, on several occasions, even attacked people! They weren't really dangerous, but they sure were unnerving.

On further investigation, scientists discovered a deadly virus had grown in one of the Louisiana bayous. The virus feeds by attaching itself to the mucous membranes of any beings that contact it. That's how it got the frogs, and eventually, the poor folks who thought frog legs were yummy.

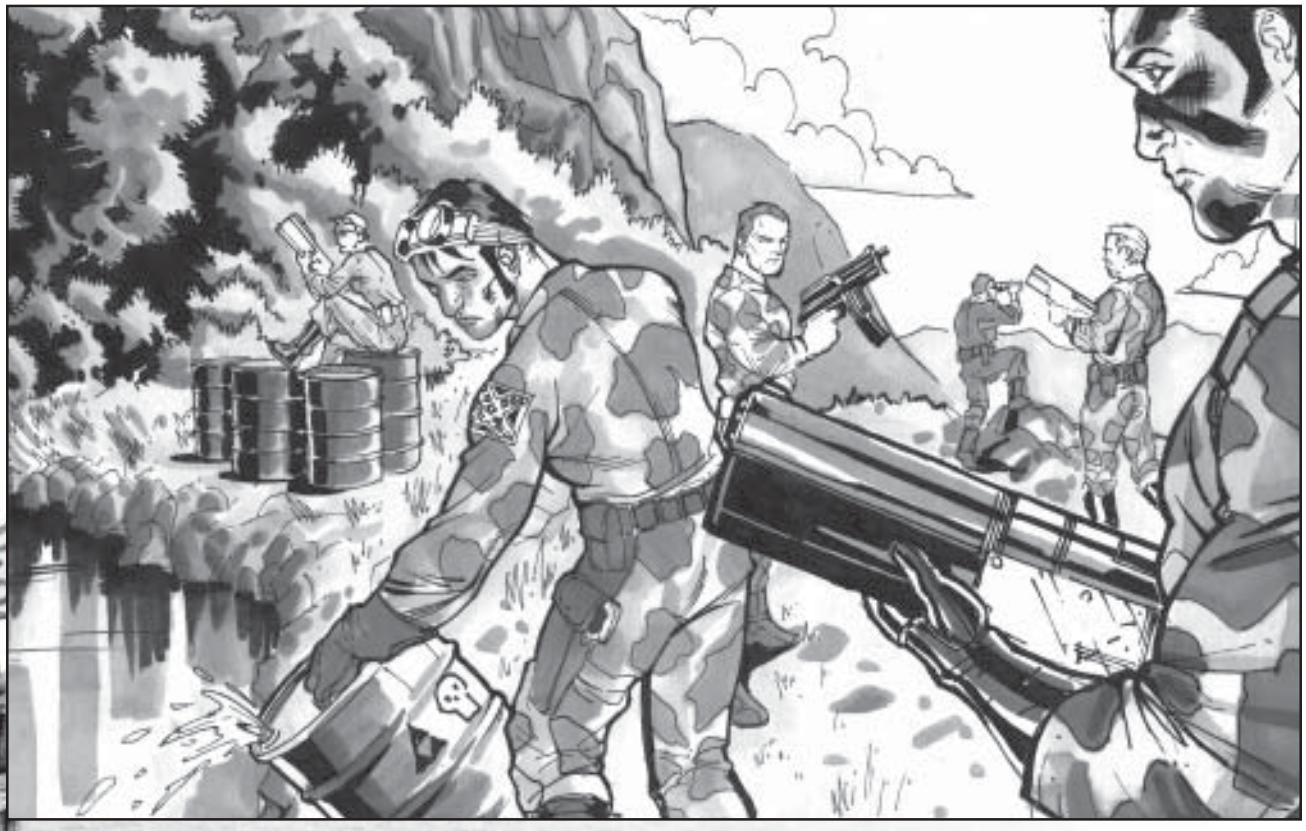
Think of it as the "mad cow disease" of frogdom, isolated and turned into a biological agent. Even better, this stuff somehow seemed to slip through most of the filters and other purification methods the Northern Alliance troops used when they had to rely on natural water supplies.

The Reb commandos were to pour the toxin into a stream somewhere near a large enemy camp and let it work itself into the local water table. Then they were supposed to find a good vantage point and see if the Northern Alliance soldiers started killing each other.

There just happened to be a large camp a few miles outside of Elko—where Leedsville is now. It was fed by streams from the local hills, and the commandos' position in the Ruby Mountains would give them an excellent vantage point to watch the results.

Unfortunately, the Rebel survey team screwed up. The streams didn't run to the military camp—they ran directly into the Humboldt River, which ran into Elko. The large civilian filtration systems cleaned out most of the virus, so the civilians were safe (or so it seemed).

The commandos were about to retreat and try again somewhere else when a Northern Alliance helicopter spotted their camp and rocketed them to Hell. A ground team was dispatched to investigate the camp, but it couldn't find Secret Pass, and an airborne search party was aborted



the next day to be rerouted to a battle elsewhere. So the Confederate camp was never searched, and when the end came the toxins still lay in the Ruby Mountains, dripping frog pus into the tributaries of the Humboldt and on into Elko.

Frogtown

After the Apocalypse, the muties who remained in the ruins of Elko had no "public" water supply to drink from, so they got their water from the Humboldt. The ghost-rock radiation from Elko is by far the stronger mutagen in the area, so folks gained traditional mutations first.

Strangely, the g-rays mutated the frog-pus virus—which was still active in the Humboldt—as well. Now the virus not only turns people into violent psychopaths, it also slowly transforms them into froglike beings—very mean froglike beings.

The first few "Froggers" to become violent were simply thrown out of the main mutie tribe—the Elkos. Think of them as trogs with a theme. Later, as the population in "Frogtown" (the west side of town) grew dangerously large, the Elkos were forced to put to death anyone who contracted the strange mutation.

Twisted Triangle

That's the situation the posse stumbles into. The Froggers have grown into a large and dangerous tribe. Many of them have mated and produced more Froggers. The Elkos are still the larger community for now, but every few weeks another of their number contracts the disease and must be slain. And sometimes more muties come into town and are "adopted" by the Froggers. It isn't long before they contract the strange mutation as well.

To make things worse, the people of Leedsville need critical parts for their generators. They think some of these parts might be found in town, so they put together armed parties to go in and scavenge. Should a mutie get in their way, they kill it. They make no distinction between Froggers and Elkos.

Enter the Doombringer

Martha Whait was a naturalist before the War. She walked nature trails, ate gorp, and sent money to Greenpeace (a very militant terrorist organization by 2080, by the way). She loved animals and hated people.

When the bombs fell, Martha was hiking the trails of NorCal. Fuming at the stupidity of man for "poisoning" the planet, she wandered into the ruins of Sacramento and promptly mutated. Her particular mutation was to grow thick black claws and patches of coarse brown fur.

A few years later, driven to insanity by her hatred of humanity and the feral nature of her mutation, Martha had become little more than an animal herself. She hunted the old hiking trails, catching animals and occasionally people trying to avoid the gangs on the main roads.

One day she saw a band of muties pass her ambush point. She jumped in among them and was promptly beaten senseless by a large fellow with three arms. When she awoke, the mutants had her bound and helpless. Martha was sure the end had come, but she was wrong.

The mutants were on their way to Las Vegas to join a great gathering of mutants under someone called the Prophet. Martha could join the "pilgrims" if she wanted. Some semblance of sanity overcame her, and she agreed. A few weeks later, the pilgrims reached the former city of sin, now Lost Vegas.

Martha was amazed by the Doomsayers' power and asked to join. It took her a while to learn their powers—she was becoming more and more feral as the days went by—but eventually she learned at least a bit of the Way of the Atom.

When Damon Plague Bringer asked Silas for a special corps of radiation priests to initiate his new Doombringers, Martha was one of the Prophet's first choices (she wasn't much good to him anyway).

Thus Martha Whait became a Doombringer, and a particularly savage one at that. She keeps a band of Grundies and trogs with her, and she rewards those who prove the most bestial.

We'll get back to Martha in just a bit. Now let's work on why she and her band are after your posse.

The Setup

It's easy to get your posse involved in this adventure. In fact, they don't have much choice. Wherever it is they're traveling to, they run into an ambush. The Froggers are trying to bushwack some of the norms from Leedsville when the party falls into their trap instead.

Chapter One: Froggers!

The posse is cruising or walking down a highway when the Froggers spring their trap. If the heroes are in vehicles, the Froggers hit it (them) with a rocket launcher. If not, they're limited to small arms. Either way, your goal is to take the vehicles out and get the heroes on foot. To do this, you probably want to cheat. Roll some dice, look sad, then wreck their rigs. If you've got a problem with that, see the sidebar opposite.

The Ambush

Back? Okay, enough preaching. Here's the situation. The heroes get blasted. If we haven't talked you into depriving them of their prize vehicles, at least disable them for a while. You need the group to head to Elko after this encounter, and if they've still got working rigs, they might not do it.

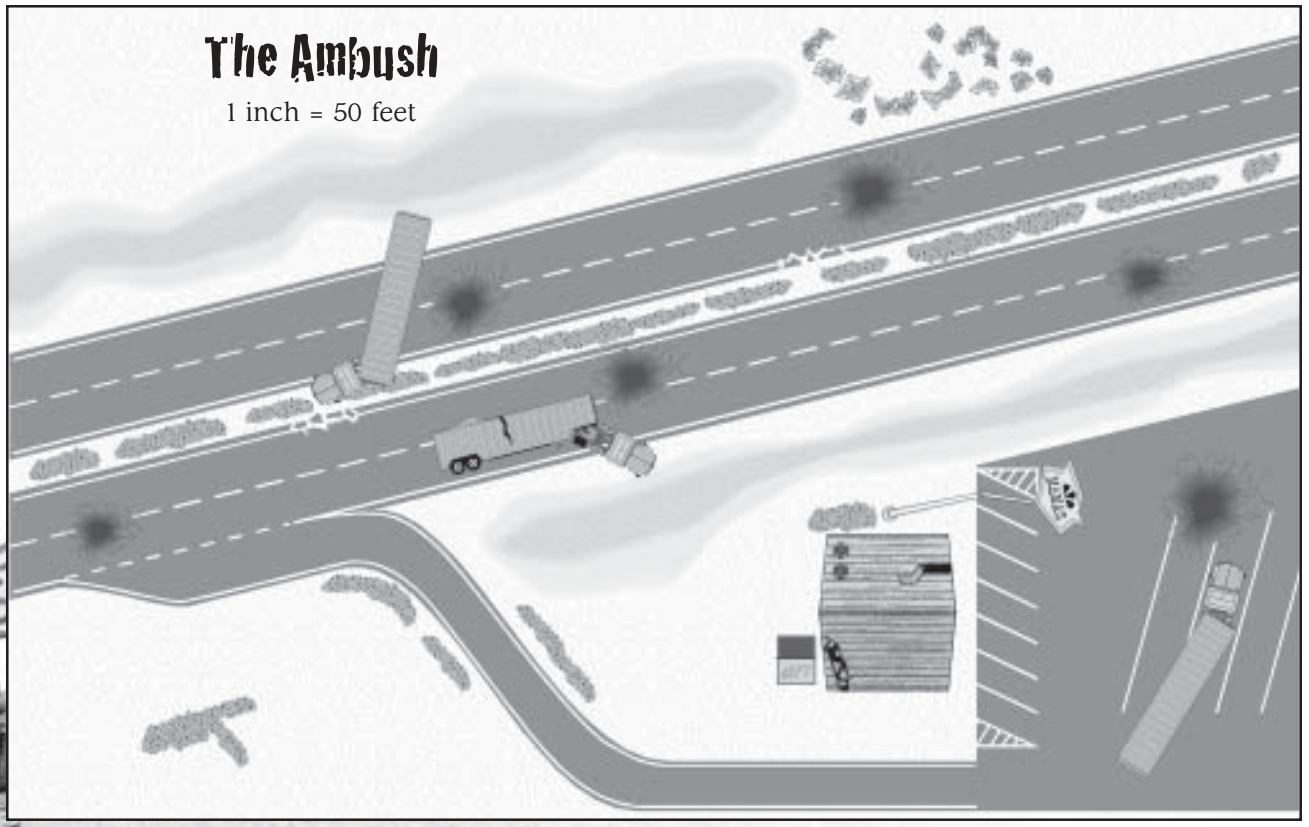
Assuming the heroes have vehicles, the ambush starts with a rocket blast knocking out the one in the lead. A second blast knocks out the one in the rear, then subsequent blasts pick off any remaining rigs as the Froggers move in to take on the survivors.

If the posse is already on foot, simply begin the attack with lots of gunshots and charging Froggers.

The fight takes place as the party passes an old gas station. If you're using the locales we suggested, this is probably I-80, a battered interstate running east-west across the top of Nevada. When the party hits the middle of the area, the Froggers attack. There are four of them for every party member. One out of every four is armed with a hunting rifle and a few rounds. If the posse is in vehicles, some of the riflemen use rocket launchers for their first attack, then switch to rifles.

Typical Frogger

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d10, S:3d8, Q:3d6, V:2d10
Climbin' 3d8, dodge 4d10, fightin': brawlin' 4d10, shootin': rifle, rocket launcher 4d6, sneak 4d10
Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge 2d6, guts 3d6, overawe 3d6, search 2d6, survival 3d6
Pace: 10 (but see below)



Size: 6
Terror: 5
Special Abilities:

Frenzy: The froggers have been driven mad by their condition. Their maniacal frenzy gives them +2 to all hand-to-hand damage rolls, the ability to ignore 1 level of pain modifiers, and +2 to rolls to recover from stun checks.

Infection: Anyone who handles the Froggers' slimy skin has a chance of contracting the frog-pus disease. Have him make a Fair (5) *Vigor* roll immediately. Failure indicates that he's been infected. See the sidebar on page 119 for details.

Leaping: The froggers' strong legs allow them to leap, meaning they can move their entire Pace in one action.

Warty Skin: Froggers have light armor –1. The slime also gives them a +2 to rolls to escape wrestling holds and the like.

Gear: Baseball bats, iron pipes, axes, and other scavenged hand weapons (STR+1d6 damage). One in four has a hunting rifle with six rounds.

The Attack

The Froggers are attacking because they want Leedsville's goods. Remember that while most of them are too far gone for complicated tactics, a few manage to retain their intelligence. One of these is their leader. He is called Croaker because of his deep, froglike voice. He's pretty sly, and the ambush is his plan. You'll find his statistics later in this adventure.

Still, after a few rounds of fighting, it should be fairly obvious to the heroes that the ambush is the extent of Croaker's plans—or at least of the Froggers' ability to follow a more detailed plan of attack. The Froggers simply charge into battle, attacking whoever's closest. They don't work together or coordinate to take out the most dangerous opponents. One or two might realize which foe is doing the most damage and gang up on him, but otherwise they're fairly simple beasts.

The Froggers attack until they are victorious or about half have been slain. If the former, they pursue any prey that doesn't seem too dangerous, but they are mostly after vehicles or the loot of any who fell in the ambush. If the Froggers are losing, Croaker blows a whistle to signal their withdrawal. When that happens, they fade back through the ruined semis and escape. If somehow cornered, they hide in the wrecks and attack whoever comes in after them. That's

Cheating

It might seem a little unfair to nuke the heroes' rigs so arbitrarily, but truthfully it's something you ought to do every so often anyway. Part of the fun of a post-Apocalypse setting is scavenging, stealing, or fighting for loot. A group that has all the vehicles, fuel, guns, and ammo it'll ever need is missing out on the drama of this setting. We know it can be tough to keep 'em poor when they keep beating up bad guys and taking their stuff, so we've got a few suggestions (beyond randomly destroying their vehicles) on how to do it.

For starters, keep your bad guys poor. A road gang may have a ton of vehicles and weapons, but they don't have to have a lot of fuel and ammo. If you stage your encounters so that most of that fuel and ammo is used up in the fight (or, better yet, burned up in fiery car wrecks, along with the gang's vehicles), your heroes can win without becoming insanely rich.

And what they do capture doesn't have to be in perfect shape. Maybe a car needs new air filters or leaks oil. Maybe the rifle they captured misfires half the time.

Of course, it's okay if this gear functions at its best when the bad guys use it or if the bad guys have more ammo when they're fighting and less when they're dead. Is it fair? In the most obvious sense, no, but in the real sense, yes. Your job as the Marshal is to make the game fun. In a post-holocaust game, struggling for survival is part of that fun.

Sometimes, despite your best efforts, the party ends up with a ton of loot. What then? Glad you asked. There's a lot of greedy, lawless people in the Wasted West. Wealth attracts trouble. It also sways even honest folk: town "entrance fees," rent at inns, and the cost of bartered goods are all relative, and people demand more from a rich, well-armed posse than they would from a ragged band of wanderers. Don't feel bad about giving and then taking away.



a very dangerous idea, as the wrecks offer plenty of cover, and there's lots of jagged metal and glass to get knocked into.

Aftermath

When the fight is over, many of the Froggers have likely fled. Croaker should definitely have escaped, since he didn't actually get in on the fighting. A few of the Froggers should still be clinging to life, allowing the heroes to interrogate their strange attackers.

When they do, one of the Froggers—a former accountant named Phil, who has three legs in addition to his warty green skin and bulbous eyes—says that the Froggers need more gear after the Leedsvillians attacked them last week. Phil is very confused, as he still assumes the heroes are from Leedsville. Let him rant about how the posse attacked him and his friends several days before and they were just getting a little payback.

Phil is fairly well-behaved once he's subdued. He toadies up (sorry) to whoever is nicest to him and begs that they not kill him. If he's figured out the heroes aren't from Leedsville, he apologizes profusely.

If pressed, Phil says that other muties, the Elkos, call his people the Froggers because of their similar mutations. They live in the ruins of Elko, inside the maelstrom on the west side of town. The Elkos call their home Frogtown. The Froggers and the Elkos don't get along, but the norms from Leedsville hate them all. They came into town looking for salvage recently and killed every mutant they could find, Elko or Frogger.

If there's a Doomsayer in the party, he should realize this is just another case of norms and muties suffering a violent misunderstanding. It is part of his oath to investigate the people of Elko, determine if there is a reason they are attacking these mutants, and somehow put an end to the situation. If you're lucky, the player will push the group to Elko himself. If not, point out that Elko is likely the nearest source of ammo, repairs, fuel, or whatever the group needs in the aftermath of the ambush.

Phil doesn't recommend the heroes go to Frogtown. He says the group would have to pass through the storm, which is very dangerous. He also claims there are hundreds of Froggers there (there are actually around 50 adults left) and they'll still be riled up from the fight (which is true). It would be best to stay away from

Frogtown altogether, he says, because the Froggers aren't really getting along with anyone right now, so anyone who doesn't look like them isn't welcome.

Phil can give directions to the Elkos, if asked. They live on the east side of the ruins, just outside the maelstrom. He also gives directions to Leedsville. It's just five miles or so down State Route 28. Can't miss it.

When you're ready, move the group on to Chapter Two.

Bounty

Surviving: 1 white chip each.

Getting information from Phil: 1 red chip for each main interrogator.

Getting involved: 1 red chip for the Doomsayer if he chooses to get involved in the fight between the Froggers, the Elkos, and people of Leedsville on his own; 1 white if you have to nudge him.

Chapter Two: The Leedsville Blues

This chapter assumes the heroes go to Leedsville, but posses being made up of free-willed souls, they might screw the best-laid plans of mice and Marshals. Here's how to get them back on track if they go astray.

Elko

Don't worry about it. Most of the information on Elko is found in Chapter Three. Here's what the heroes learn if they go here first however.

The Elkos are fairly peaceful people. Their boss, Big John Carna, is very open and forthcoming as long as the posse is respectful. He tells them about the frog disease that strikes so many of them and how they have to exile someone who beings exhibiting symptoms before they become violent and hurt someone. These froglike folks have gathered together inside the maelstrom, in a place the Elkos call "Frogtown."

About the attack, Carna says the norms from Leedsville did come scavenging the other day, and there was a fight. They shot a few of the Froggers who wouldn't stay out of sight. They took a shot at an Elko too, but fortunately missed. The Elkos stayed out of the norms' way. The Froggers aren't so submissive. Carna says the Froggers are very violent and might even have attacked the norms first, though he doesn't know for sure.

Frogtown

Hopefully the heroes don't want to go here first. If they do, they must first cross into the Elko maelstrom. If they survive that, they wander deep into dark, crumbling ruins before coming to an old park.

In the middle of the park is a pond, and on one bank of the pond is a large number of mutants, all with some telltale sign of this strange frog contagion. They are gathered around a bubbling stew pot. Sticking out of the stew pot are half-human, half-frog legs. These come from some of the fallen the Froggers either dragged away from the battle with the heroes or who died on the way home from their wounds. This should be a strong clue that the posse is not really welcome here—except maybe for dinner, if you catch our drift.

If the heroes insist on entering Frogtown, the Froggers are easily angered and violent once they get riled, so they probably attack. The posse cannot possibly defeat all 50 Froggers and must

The Frog-Pus Disease

Here's the scoop on the Froggers' disease. A character must make a Fair (5) *Vigor* roll every time he touches a Frogger or any local frog while on dry land. If he drinks the local water, make that an Onerous (7) TN. If he gets into contaminated water, have him make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll every for hour in running water or 10 minutes in stagnant water, or any time he touches a frog or Frogger. Failure at these rolls means the hero is infected.

Infected characters slowly take on the attributes of a frog over the next 1d6 weeks. They becomes violent (give them *mean as a rattler*) and gain all the abilities listed for the Froggers.

Only *touch o' the Doomsayers* (TN 13) cures this disease.

eventually retreat to relative safety through the rubble-strewn streets and the maelstrom.

Should a really clever group find a way to either cow the Froggers or defeat them, they'll want to speak with Croaker (or a replacement if Croaker was slain). Croaker confirms what Phil said. His people were attacked by the folks from Leedsville, and they wanted some payback. If "lectured" by a Doomsayer or other character and the tribe has already been defeated, Croaker goes along with whatever the hero says—until he's out of sight. Then it's business as usual. Try your best not to let the heroes and the Froggers get into it again—not just yet, anyway.

Leedsville

Fear Level 3

Leedsville was once a large rest-and-relaxation camp for shell-shocked soldiers and walking wounded. Northern Alliance troops from the many field hospitals scattered around the West could come here and recover after the worst of their wounds had already healed. The Confederate commandos who tried to poison them knew this, but orders were orders.

The camp itself consisted of various, unconnected sandbag barricades and small shacks covered with camouflage netting. The lightly forested area proved ideally suited for hiding from Southern Alliance reconnaissance drones (the high-tech spy satellites that could pick out a zit on a general's ass were shot down early in the war).

Of course, the Rebs found out about the camp the old-fashioned way—through a spy in nearby Elko—and they decided this was the perfect place to test their poison.

The camp survived the commandos and even survived the end of the world. After the bombs fell, many of the soldiers went off to find their units, and others went to check on their homes and families. Those who stayed were a mixed lot of Northern Alliance nationals and even a few Confederate prisoners who were quickly freed when the extent of the Apocalypse became clear.

The people renamed R&R Camp #3317 "Leedsville," after the camp commander who remained to take care of his people.

Colonel David Leeds took charge right away. He put the troops to work scavenging for supplies, then set them to constructing a connected barricade all the way around the town. They built a solid wall out of boulders, wrecked vehicles, and sandbags to protect their settlement.

Refugees were allowed to join on a case-by-case basis. Women and children were only rarely denied entrance. Despite the fact that women served as soldiers in the Last War, just like men, Colonel Leeds is a bit old-fashioned.

Leedsville Today

Today, Leedsville is fairly prosperous. It is surrounded by fields full of crops, and there's a generous supply of surplus foods (leftover crops, milrats, and canned goods) stored inside the compound proper.

Leedsville has a hospital, a school, a jail, town hall—the whole nine yards. The 300 or so residents are pretty happy.

Except for one thing: the town's generator broke down about a week ago.

Leeds quickly put together a salvage team to go find replacement parts. The Leedsvillians knew about the mutants in old Elko. Some of them had attacked the town many years ago when they were refused admittance. Small groups who went into Elko for other salvage have also been attacked by mutants there. Leeds and his people know there are several different "tribes" of mutants in the ruins, but they don't consider one any different than the other.

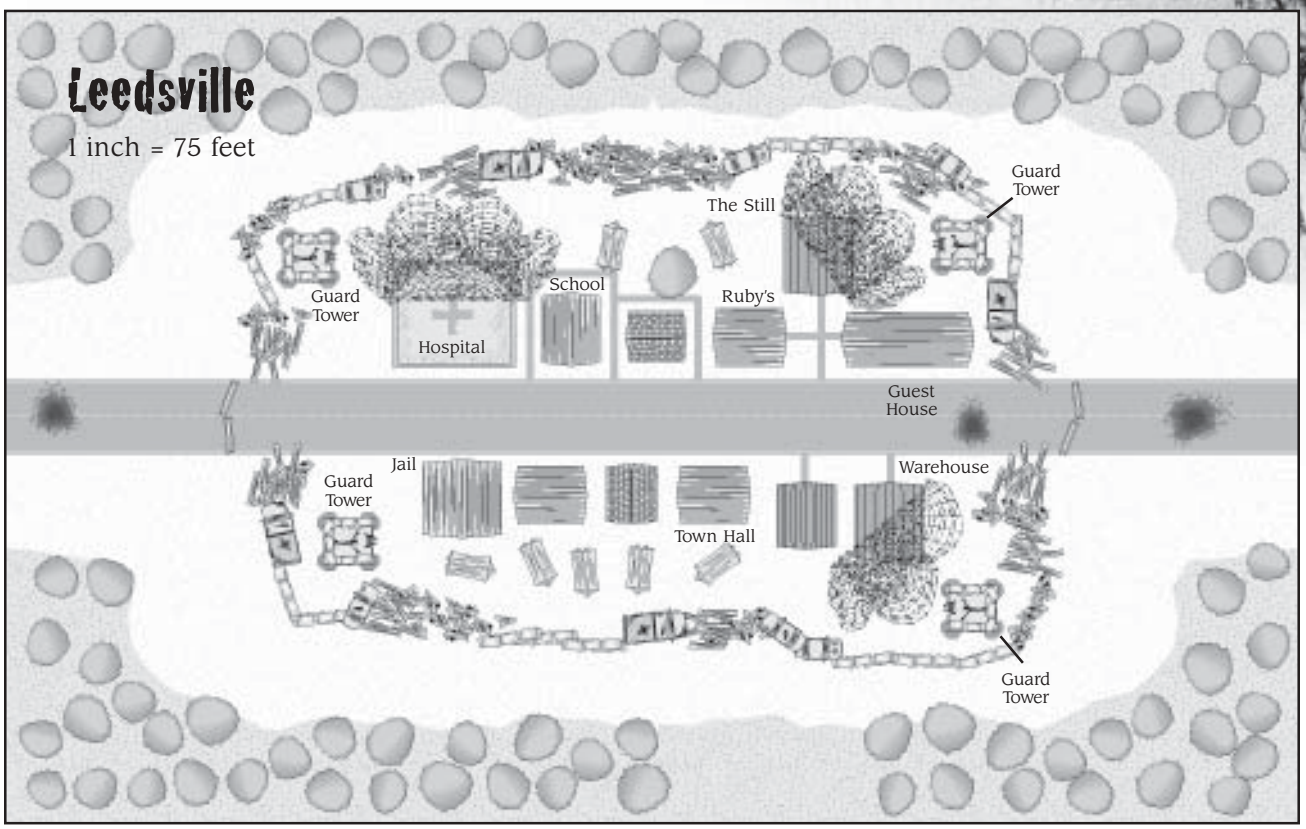
When the group went looking for the generator parts last week, they saw the hideous Froggers and attacked. The Froggers fought back, the Elkos got caught in between, and this whole nasty story got started.

The Leedsvillians never found the generator they were looking for, but they didn't get to complete their search. They were afraid the shots they fired at the Froggers would attract more muties (and they were right!).

Enter the Heroes

When the heroes get to Leedsville, they're stopped at the gate and asked their purpose. If the heroes just ask basic questions about the events described previously and the nature of the Froggers or Elkos, the gate guard, Gunter, a former German infantryman, fills them in. If they seem particularly competent, Gunter calls for the Colonel. Move on to The Proposition.

If the heroes want to come in and ask questions, they have to check their weapons with Gunter. He doesn't search them, but he does look them over. If a hero wants to hide a weapon that could possibly be spotted (such as



a large pistol in a coat), allow Gunter an opposed *search* roll against the character's *sneak/Smarts*. If caught, Gunter simply confiscates the weapon and shakes his head. He doesn't get violent about it unless the hero does.

Should a fight break out, 5d10 other soldiers run to the sound of the guns immediately. If the fighting gets really serious, the troops move to the machine-gun nests stationed around the town and turn them inward. Two of them are NA SAWs, and two are SA SAWs. A few of the Leedsvillians are sykers as well.

Once violence starts, these hard-bitten veterans don't take prisoners, and they confiscate every single bit of equipment on the attackers' bodies.

Typical Leedsvillian (Includes Gunter)

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:3d8, S:3d8, Q:3d8, V:2d10
Climbin' 3d8, dodge 4d8, fightin': brawlin', knife 4d8, shootin': any 5d10, sneak 4d8
Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d8
Area knowledge: Nevada 3d6, artillery: various 3d8, guts 3d8, language: English 2d6, overawe 3d6, scrounging 4d6, search 2d6, survival 3d6
Size: 6
Wind: 18
Pace: 8
Gear: Most have armored vests and NA assault rifles with a spare clip. Some also have a grenade or two tucked away, and a few may even still have their old infantry battlesuits. In a quick fight, the former soldiers are only able to grab their assault rifles and maybe their vests and grenades.

Following Leeds

Assuming the heroes don't make a mess of things, they should get a chance to talk to Colonel David Leeds, the town's leader. He's a large, white-haired man who still wears scraps of his military uniform. Leeds is in his 70s now and not in the best of health. He would like to leave the settlement as prepared as possible before his eventual death, so in addition to training potential replacements, he wants to ensure that all long-term needs are taken care of as best as possible. Currently, the biggest such problem is securing parts to repair their generator.

Doom Comes to Frogtown

The Proposition

Leeds' men can do the job themselves—they're very competent fighters—but the colonel sees no reason to endanger his people if there are "mercenaries" who will do the job instead. Unless the heroes are actively hostile to Leeds and his people, he offers them a job. If they can recover the generator parts from Elko, he'll pay them $500 each in food, repair their vehicles, or provide whatever else the heroes are in need of. It doesn't matter if they agree or not. You can drag the heroes kicking and screaming into the rest of the adventure, even if they refuse the job. Read on.

Town Locations

Here's a quick description of the most important town locations. If you need more information on any of these places, wing it.

Guest House

Leedsville actually does get a few visitors—mostly passing caravans. They trade their surplus corn and other crops for ammo, ghost rock to fuel the generators, and other necessities they can't scavenge locally.

Joan Allen, once a soldier from Deseret assigned to the Northern Alliance, runs the guest house. She lost a leg in the war and was sent here to recuperate. When Joan heard that the Mormons had disappeared from Salt Lake City, she decided to stay here.

Leeds assigned her to run the guest house. Here she rents Spartan 10-foot by 6-foot, windowless rooms to visitors for $10 a night. More importantly, peepholes in the ceilings allow her three helpers to keep an eye on anyone they suspect might cause trouble. The caravaners stay free during their frequent visits.

The Hospital

Doctor George Kingman was the camp's attending general practitioner before the War. He stayed after the bombs fell, knowing that his family in downtown Casper, Wyoming had certainly died. He's a competent soul who treats citizens' wounds for free. Visitors are asked to pay $50 for his services. He also has most of the drugs featured in the Wasted West locked away, but he refuses sell them under any circumstance. In dire situations, he might give them to heroes however.

Jail

Jose Fernandez, a Latin Alliance soldier stranded here during the war, is the town's sheriff. He actually doesn't do much, as the crime rate is very low here, since everyone knows everyone else. Occasionally, however, soldiers are soldiers, and there's some sort of dispute. Jose throws drunk or violent soldiers in jail until the situation can be resolved peacefully. If anyone ever commits murder, the penalty is death. Fortunately, that hasn't happened yet. Citizens who get too violent (it's happened twice) are thrown out of town.

Ruby's

Ruby's is the town's only bar. No one named "Ruby" is actually affiliated with the place; it was actually named after the nearby mountains.

Leeds knew soldiers had to drink from time to time—it's just in their nature. So he allows former-Corporal Jeff Seetan, a one-armed veteran of the NA, to sell a limited amount of mash from the town still. Jeff is aided by at least two other soldiers when the crowd gets thick. Fights are stopped quickly, and anyone who gets involved, whether in self-defense or not, is thrown in jail until the matter can be worked out to everyone's satisfaction.

The Still

Private Roberto Klingler runs the still. Some of the output is given as sour mash to Ruby's. The rest is turned into fuel.

Town Hall

Leeds and his most trusted friends meet with the rest of the town here to discuss any major plans. Most of the time, the former soldiers—used to strict discipline from their superiors—simply listen, argue a few minor points, and do what they're told. On occasion, however, there's a genuine discussion that calls for many opinions. This is where it happens.

The Warehouse

This is where the town stores all its leftover crops. In the last few years, the people have begun to trade with passing caravans. There's one armed guard stationed just inside the warehouse at all times—mostly to patrol for rats.

Bounty

Agreeing to Leeds' proposition: 1 white chip for each assenting player.

Chapter Three: Back to Elko

The posse's target is an old industrial supply shop situated smack in downtown Elko, just a few blocks from Frogtown. The heroes have been advised to proceed quietly.

Into the Maelstrom

Fear Level 6

The posse must enter the downtown area to find the old supply shop. That means a trip through the Elko maelstrom. Resolve this, then describe the blasted ruins. Buildings lie in mounds of rubble, cars sit smashed in the street, and old corpses dot the landscape. It's dark in here even at midday, thanks to the maelstrom, so play up the shifting shadows and beady eyes that follow the heroes as they move through the ruins. These are radrats. Don't let them attack, but use them to make the posse constantly nervous.

(This would be a great time to play Track 7 on your *Toxic Tunes* CD. What? You don't have one? By the Atom, friend, you'd best get one quick!)

Assuming the heroes are being stealthy, have them make *sneak* rolls every few minutes just to make them nervous. Finally, after a half-hour of poking around, they find the industrial supply store. It has mostly collapsed, so someone must dig for a bit to get inside. This takes 2d6 rounds. Once the heroes get past the door, the rest of the place is relatively intact. Unfortunately, the generator the Colonel hoped would be present isn't.

In fact, with a Fair (5) *scroungin'* roll, it seems everything related to generators is missing. A Fair (5) *search* or *trackin'* roll reveals that whoever took the parts did so many years ago.

Eventually, the heroes must leave. When they do, have them start making *sneak* totals again. After they've traveled only a few hundred feet, they spy a dark shape looking at them from a rooftop. Then they see another lurking behind a window. A third glares from a storm drain.

These are the Froggers, though the heroes may not know this at first. Let 'em worry.

After a few minutes of spying these figures, the posse finally notes that there are well over 20 of them. In fact, there are 50 some. The Froggers are poised to attack, but this time, they've got help.



Another Ambush?

Martha Whait and her feral band are with the Froggers. (Bet you thought we'd forgotten about Martha, huh?) In fact, Martha has recruited these mutants and swayed them over to the Cult of Doom. She plans on testing the posse's prowess against these minions before unleashing her far-more-valuable Grundies and veteran trogs.

She opens the fight from the shadows, unleashing a *nuke* to soften the heroes up (you can read that as: suck up the party's Fate Chips). This is the Froggers' signal to attack.

All 50 leap from the shadows. One per character drops from the rooftops, gaining +4 to its first damage roll if it hits. The rest swarm from the abandoned buildings and piles of rubble. They are armed as described in the previous encounter. Those with rifles are stationed in second-floor windows.

Run the fight for a couple of rounds, letting the heroes realize they're completely outnumbered. Fortunately, Martha can't cast another *nuke* for fear of hitting her own troops (she doesn't want to waste them so early in the fight, but she doesn't actually have any compunction

against sacrificing mutants for her cause, or just for the Hell of it for that matter).

After a few rounds (your call, Marshal), the cavalry shows up in the form of the Elko muties. They just happened to be nearby scrounging for food when they heard the ruckus and decided to come and help. The leader of this scavenging party, Blue Mattie, opens up on the Froggers with a SAW and sends them running.

Martha is disgusted by her subjects' cowardice, but she realizes discretion is the better part of valor and withdraws unseen into the shadows.

Interrogation, Part Deux

Blue Mattie is a huge woman with blue hair, blue skin, blue lips, blue eyes—you get the picture. She used to be a truck driver. Now she's one of the strong but silent voices of the Elkos. She introduces herself and tells the party what she knows about the Froggers—that everyone in the area ends up that way eventually. She has to kill those who still lie wounded in the street, but she doesn't want the heroes to see her do it if they seem easily offended.

When the heroes interrogate one of the Frogger survivors (it's Phil, if they let him go earlier), he seems more excited than he used to be. In fact, he claims the Froggers have a new leader. Croaker is dead. A great High Priestess of the Mountain Frogs came into camp and cut him in half with a beam of sizzling green energy. The High Priestess said she came from the mountains where the frog gods dwell, sent to punish those who were not fulfilling their destiny: to wipe out all those who did not bear the mark of the frog gods.

The High Priestess is Martha, of course. Anyone familiar with Doomsayers might recognize the green robe and sizzling energy for what they are.

Blue Mattie is just as confused as the heroes likely are. Truthfully, so is Phil (or whoever).

The whole notion of turning the Froggers' similar mutations into a religion has some appeal to him, but it'll take some getting used to.

What the Hell?

If the heroes tell Blue Mattie what they were looking for, she tells them her people, the Elkos, scavenged most of the useful stuff from this area a long time ago. Their leader, a woman named Cybil, has lots of parts like the posse describes. Mattie suggests she might be willing to trade, but she can't speak for her. She'll escort the heroes to Cybil if they want.

The Elkos

Fear Level 5

The Elkos make their home in a series of old apartment buildings outside the maelstrom on the east side of town. They've connected the buildings via crude walkways on their roofs, allowing them to totally seal all the ground and second-story exits. Only one door actually remains on the bottom, and it's locked and guarded at all times. The Elkos are well aware that they live in a Deadland that spits out monsters every now and then.

Inside, the buildings are a mess but not actually dirty. Rubble and debris lie everywhere, but the muties are careful not to leave food, food wrappers, and the occasional radrat corpse lying about where they can attract more vermin. The buildings are a firetrap however.

When the heroes are announced, muties emerge from all the various rooms and look them over. If they heroes are mostly norms, the Elkos seem cautious and wary. A few might even seem angry. If the posse has several mutants, the Elkos are less so.

The procession moves to the top floor of the central apartment building. There Cybil and several other important-looking Elkos are sitting around on old lounge furniture. Cybil asks why Blue Mattie has brought these norms to her, and Mattie simply says, "They were looking for parts downtown and got jumped by Froggers. Only this time the Froggers had some kinda 'frog priestess' with 'em."

Cybil is very intrigued by this information. She's wondered for years what causes the frog mutations, and this is the first time she's ever had any kind of outside lead. She's quickly forming a plan in her mind, but she wants to hear what the heroes have to say first.

Let the posse say what they will. Below are the topics they are most likely to discuss, and Cybil's reactions to them.

Leedsville

The Elkos haven't had much luck dealing with the people of Leedsville. Cybil would very much like to trade salvage with them for fresh vegetables. She'd also like to meet the caravaners who come to Leedsville and try to arrange trade with them too. The worst part is

that the former soldiers used to come to town all the time before the war, and they were always treated nicely. A few of the soldiers even married girls from town, and some of those girls have surviving family members here today. Cybil even knew Colonel Leeds personally. These days, however, the soldiers want nothing to do with the "Elko muties."

A good Doomsayer should sense an opportunity here.

The Froggers

Cybil explains that all the people who live here in the apartments are mutants. They get their food from scavenging or foraging and hunting in the woods nearby. Their water comes from the Humboldt River and is boiled before anyone drinks it.

Unfortunately, every few weeks someone seems to develop what they locals have taken to calling "the frog curse." The mutant becomes violent and angry, his eyes bulge, and warty, green patches erupt on his skin.

The violent part is what the Elkos cannot tolerate. When the disease takes hold, they now immediately put the victim to death (regretfully, as most of the victims are friends or family). They used to exile the victims, but that only led to a larger and more dangerous Frogger population.

The Frog Priestess

Cybil is very intrigued by this new information. Could this person know why the frog curse strikes the mutants of Elko? Perhaps she's even behind it.

Generator Parts

Cybil has all the parts the posse is looking for. The basements of the apartment buildings are filled with salvage the tribe thinks might prove useful in the future. She readily gives them to the heroes if they promise to help her find out what causes the frog mutations and end it.

The only way to get this information is to head into Frogtown and find this "Frog Priestess." Move on to Chapter Three when you're ready.

Bounty

Interrogating the Frogger: 1 red chip to the primary interrogator for finding out about the Frog Priestess.

Meeting the Elkos: 1 white chip each.

Chapter Four: Frogtown

The Froggers' homes aren't nearly as nice as the Elkos'. They live in a long street of rubbled buildings, most of which were downtown hardware or drug stores, fast-food chains, and so on. The heroes will know they're in the right area because Croaker's blasted body hangs from an old street lamp in the middle of the block—oh, and the entire remaining population of Froggers is milling about the ruined street as well.

The Froggers are in great distress. Their leader was slain, and the Frog Priestess returned to the mountains, saying she would keep watching them. She also said those who wore purple robes were "false prophets" who would attempt to eliminate (read: cure) the "blessing" of the mountain frogs, and they must be slain!

Yep. That means the Froggers attack if the posse's Doomsayer shows his face, and they head for him first. If the Doomie isn't around, they still move to attack. They're in a bad way.

The attack can be stopped if the posse is quick however. The Froggers are totally leaderless, and anyone who seems a strong



commander can at least gain their attention long enough to be heard. If someone attempts such a thing, let her make an *overawe* or *persuasion* roll (her choice) to forestall the Froggers' attack. The current leader of the bunch is simply the Frogger closest to the posse. If this one stops, the others will stop as well. Give the Frogger a +2 to his roll if there is a purple-robed Doomsayer present.

If the character is successful, the Froggers halt for a moment and hear her out. What happens next depends entirely on what the heroes say and how they say it. A commanding voice works better than a polite one.

Assuming the posse doesn't do something disastrous, the Froggers say the priestess returned to the mountain frogs. They know of no such creatures but are now convinced they must exist (otherwise how could there be a High Priestess?) and that the frogs are somehow responsible for their "blessing."

About this time, one Frogger, an old-timer with a gray beard hanging from his warty green chin, says that the frogs must live in the Ruby Mountains—the only ones around here. He points off to the southeast and says that the mountains are also the only place where they could look down upon Frogtown.

This should lead the posse up into the mountains and the conclusion in Chapter Four. If the heroes should happen to get into a fight with the Froggers instead, you have to run the fight and then allow them to get that information from a survivor.

If Things Don't Go So Well

Should a fight break out at any point, the Froggers aren't backed down easily. They're fighting for their home turf now. Only when reduced to five or so do the survivors scatter into the ruins.

Most of the survivors attack hand-to-hand as usual, and a few fire rifles from cover. Another handful take to the high windows and rooftops and chuck rubble on the heroes from above. This causes STR+2d6 damage, and don't forget to add +2 on the Hit Location Table for the height advantage.

Bounty

Heading to the mountains: 1 white chip each.

Talking to the Froggers: 1 red chip for each person that talks to them.

Chapter Five: Mountains o' Doom

It isn't hard to follow Martha's tracks back into the mountains—as long as the posse sets out before the next rain. She didn't bring her Grundies and trogs into Frogtown, but she did leave them waiting nearby in case of an emergency. As you can guess, these bad boys left quite a trail. They aren't exactly dainty.

A Fair (5) *trackin'* roll follows the trail to the mountains. A second one picks up the trail and leads to a secluded forest near Secret Pass. One final roll finds the way through Secret Pass and on to the old campsite.

The bad part is that Martha's vantage point over the town allowed her to see the posse coming. She's put her Grundies on one side and her trogs on the other (see the map, bunkie). She then sits in the middle of the camp, waiting for the heretic and his "minions" to arrive. When they do, she plans on pronouncing their doom and opening with a *nuke*. That's the signal for her Grundies and trogs to move in for the attack. Yeah, it's not original, but it works.

Martha Whait, Doombringer

See the Doombringer description in the *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* rulebook. Martha has the following miracles: *Atomic blast*, *black hole*, *China Syndrome*, *glow stick*, *ground zero*, *nuke*, *questioning hand*, and *tolerance.*

Typical Grundy

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d10, S:3d12+2, Q:3d6, V:2d12+2
Climbin' 3d10, dodge 4d10, fightin': brawlin' 4d10, sneak 3d10
Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:3d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge 2d4, guts 3d6, overawe 5d6, search 1d6, survival 1d6
Size: 6
Wind: 20
Pace: 10
Gear: Martha's Grundies carry great axes (Speed 2, DB +1, STR+2d10).
Special Abilities:
Thick-skinned: The Grundies can ignore 1 level of pain modifier.

Trogs

See the trog description in the *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* rulebook. These trogs carry great axes.

Battle to the Death

Martha is a Doombringer, so only the party's Doomsayer can kill her. She knows that, so she's instructed her Grundies and trogs to kill the heretic first. That's no problem for them—they've been trained to hate the enemy anyway.

When she first stands, she lists the heretic's offenses (including whatever brought him here in the first place). Here's what she says afterward:

> *"For these offenses, heretic, you must die! I came here to do so myself but found the Glow had already blessed the Chosen of the town below. These containers, once weapons of humanity, have been turned into instruments of salvation by the all-knowing Glow!*
>
> *"I tell you this for it is the last truth you shall hear. Now, heretic, I pronounce doom for you and your minions!"*

At that, Martha cuts loose with *nuke*, and the fight begins.

Running the Battle

Martha hangs outside the brawl and uses *black hole* to trap the posse with her troops. Her Grundies and trogs charge straight in and start hacking with their axes.

These wasters have been trained well. When a foe is down, they quickly move on to another before finishing the wounded. Only when all the foes are incapacitated do they go back to make sure the deed is done by hacking the wounded to bits.

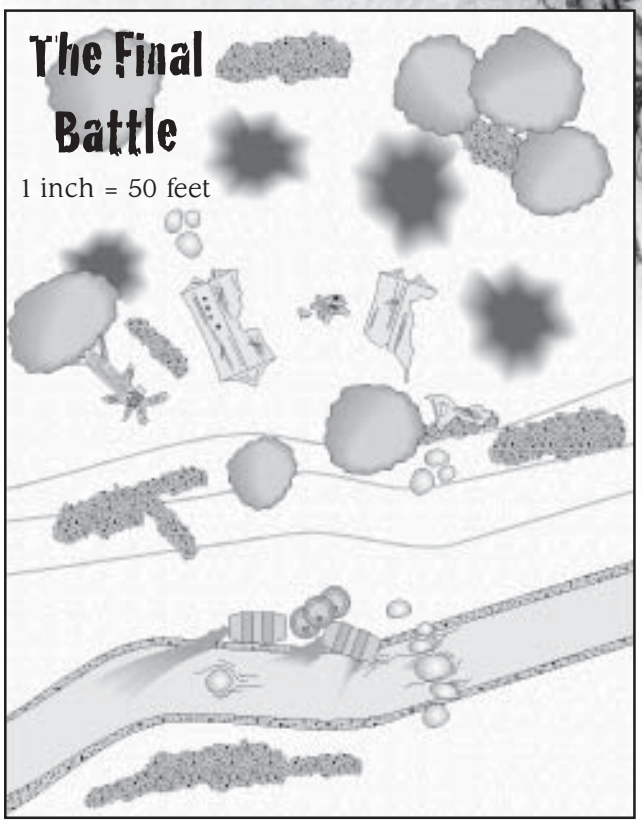
If the heretic is killed, the Doombringer doesn't show any mercy to his "minions." She continues to attack, and she orders her troops to do the same. Call it a case of guilt by association combined with a hatred of the living.

As long as Martha remains "alive," the Grundies and trogs fight on regardless of their losses. If she is slain, the trogs keep fighting to the death. The Grundies flee however, and if not caught, they eventually become the "bogeymen" of these woods.

Aftermath

After the fight, the heroes can piece together what happened here from an old dataslug found on one of the commando corpses. Copy the briefing on the next page and hand it to whoever searches the bodies.

If the party takes this information to Cybil in Elko, she lives up to her promise. She allows them to take whatever they need for the people of Leedsville from her basement stores. If they want more, they have to trade for it normally.



Now the real adventure starts. This is a great opportunity for a Doomsayer to live up to his oath to Joan and the Schism. With a little persuasion, he might be able to convince the Elkos to take the surviving Froggers back in, or at least care for them until the disease can be cured in each and every one. This can be done, but it requires a *touch o' the Doomsayers* roll of 13. The Templar ability *lay on hands* cannot cure this disease.

The Doomsayer can also work out the tensions between Leedsville and the Elkos with a little effort. He has to get the Colonel and Cybil together and then convince them that cooperation is in their best interests. That shouldn't be too difficult, but you'll just have to judge his words and actions on your own.

Bounty

Defeating Martha: 1 blue chip each, plus 1 extra blue chip for the Doomsayer.

Peacekeeping: 1 blue chip per "peace treaty" for any character heavily involved in forging peace between the three factions.

Operation Order for Covert Operation
Cell #313, 24th SpecFor Btn
Major Frederick Johnson, Commanding

Operation Codename: Michigan Rag
Operation Period: 11/17/80-1/31/81

Major, as covered in last week's briefing, your unit's task is to deliver the chemical toxins, with which you have been supplied, to the water supply of the Northern Alliance camp outside of Elko, Nevada, and then observe the apparent effects of the toxin on the soldiers in that camp.

As you know, the toxin you are to deliver was derived from the "frog-pus disease" outbreak we had in Louisiana last year. Make sure that once you insert it into the local water supply, your men do NOT drink, bathe, or otherwise contact the water. The virus remains dormant in water and comes alive once it makes contact with mucous membranes. This is how the frogs caught the disease and later passed it on to humans they attacked or were eaten by (you know how those Cajuns love frog legs). You will know if your men have not followed these orders if they become overly violent or aggressive. Should this happen, you must put them down quickly. If any of your highly-trained and capable personnel were to come under the influence of the toxin, they'd be far too dangerous to control.

Once the virus is inserted in the designated stream, maintain your base camp and watch the military camp below. Our survey indicates the streams will carry the virus to the camp in less than two days. It should then take another 24 hours for the virus to infect the camp residents. Their filtration system will not handle this virus.

Maintain your observation post, and use the gear we've assigned you to monitor and record what happens at the Northern Alliance camp. With luck, we'll have found a way to make the damn Yankees kill themselves.

Major, we've been friends for a long time, and I know how you think. You're probably concerned about the local civilian population. Don't be. Commercial filtration systems have proven 99.7% effective in removing the virus. Only the smaller systems used for temporary military camps are ineffective. That's why they're the perfect targets.

God speed, major. And don't get caught.